

THE *Sign*



NATIONAL CATHOLIC MEDIA CENTER



Picture of the Year
The Sign Award
(See Page 58)

Chore Exile

the Church's voice

January

Claire Bellamy

the Church's voice

January

This Month

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**SIT
BACK,**



READ,



**AND
RELAX**

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THE SIGN, Welcoming Thousands of New Subscribers,
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And Also Provide Enjoyment Through Its Features,
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To "Sit Back, Read, and Relax."

THE *Sign*
NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE



Next Month Is

Catholic Press Month

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• Teachers

• Students

THE SIGN'S Catholic Press Month Exhibit Material will be ready for mailing January 10th. Your request should reach us by this date, or by January 20th at the latest, to receive this package:

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- 3 copies of the January cover for posting in your exhibit.
- 4 sample copies of the January issue.
- 25 Individual Subscription Forms. (If you need more, tell us when you write.)
- 3 Large Subscription Folders—for schools, CYO, and other church groups planning drives. More of these, too, are yours for the asking.
- A Two-Color Poster (14" x 21") especially designed for student drives in February.

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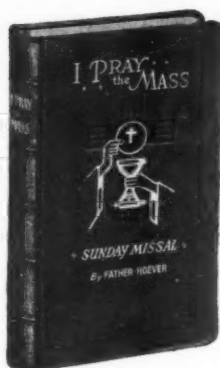
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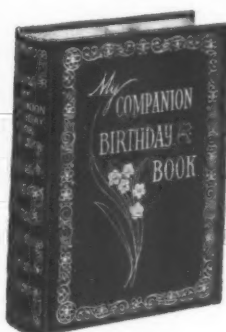
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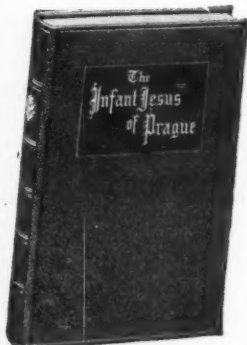
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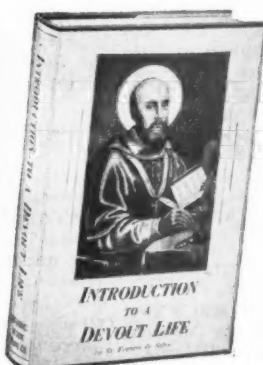
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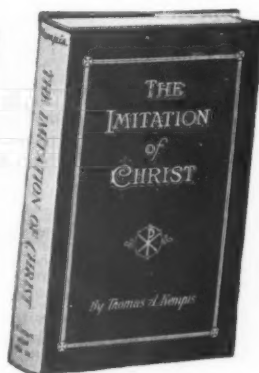
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for Catholic Press Month

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For the convenience of those interested we offer a check-list:

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A 20% commission will be allowed you on all orders obtained for these books during Catholic Press Month. Orders accompanied by payment—less your 20%—must be mailed by March 15 to the address below, to which inquiries should also be sent:

THE SIGN

BOOK DISPLAY DEPT.
UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY

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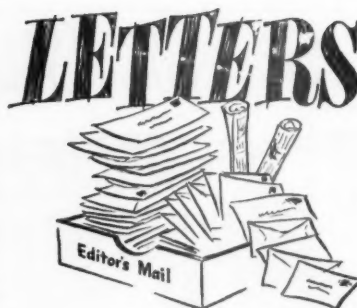
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of the
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One thousand dollars in prizes
Contest closes March 31, 1948
Winners announced May 25, 1948
Manuscript Length:
Not exceeding 10,000 words

FIRST PRIZE — \$600
SECOND PRIZE — \$250
THIRD PRIZE — \$150

1. The contest is open to all Catholic writers. Authors are limited to three manuscripts.
2. Stories may deal with any theme so long as, in their general tenor and treatment, they do not impugn basic Catholic concepts. Religious themes may be employed but will not receive privileged consideration.
3. All manuscripts must be submitted to Contest Chairman, Catholic Press Association, Box 389, Davenport, Iowa.
4. All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight of March 31, 1948.
5. Publication rights of the prize-winning stories are retained by the authors. The stories may be neither sold nor published prior to the announcement of the prize winners.
6. All manuscripts must be in the English language, typewritten, double-spaced, on sheets 8 1/2 x 11 inches. The name and address of each entrant must appear in the upper left hand corner of the manuscript.
7. No manuscript will be returned unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed envelope of adequate size and with sufficient postage for its return.
8. The Committee reserves the right to withhold its prizes if the quality of the submitted manuscripts is below sound literary standards.

(Please note Rule 3. Do not send entries to The Sign)



Gretta Palmer

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

This is just a line to say how very much I enjoy and commend your magazine, especially its latest issue, featuring as it does still more new and worthwhile items and departments.

I do however—and this was in no way the occasion of this note—resent the printing of a certain expression in Gretta Palmer's article, "Why I Became A Catholic." Prudish as it may appear to you or others, I feel that such terms in print, however true the recounting, smack of newspaperish realism and have no place in a Catholic magazine paged through by youngsters whose eyes are quick to locate such terms, harmless as they might be in themselves. The idea is generally, readily and effectively, conveyed by omission and the more so when the author is a woman, notwithstanding the fact that she may be only quoting.

Please, however, do not misconstrue this. My primary purpose was that of commendation and appreciation of what I consider our finest Catholic magazine.

REV. JAMES P. SWEENEY

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Disagreements

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

A hearty "Amen" to Leon V. Almirall's letter on the OPA in the October SIGN. Personally, I feel competent to "take your editorial apart," and, in addition to "take apart" the whole pro-organized labor economics by which your economic attitude is apparently dominated. But I doubt if you would read it if I did—much less publish it.

HERMAN F. ARENDTZ

Cocoa, Florida

The "New Look"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

May I offer my sincere congratulations on the "new look" in THE SIGN.

It is edifying to note that its staff is ever striving to meet and surpass the demands offered in countless other monthly magazines. I can truthfully state that out of six magazines we receive in our home, THE SIGN is the only one I read from cover to cover.

I am a working girl and do not have the time to delve as deeply into current events as I would like, but I feel that I can rely on THE SIGN's version of them as an interpretation without prejudice and according to the ideals of Catholicism.

The other features and stories are attractively and wholesomely presented—al-

ways with a trend toward improvement over the previous month, if that be possible. To praise all the other articles, poems, etc., would be merely repetition on my part. (At times, we have minor disagreements but these are far surpassed by the more important things of which we have mutual understanding.)

Long may THE SIGN continue to be the champion that it is!

(Miss) MARY THEXTON

Boston, Mass.

"Lord Pakenham"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Lord Pakenham never said "he had been brought up twenty miles from a railroad station at Pakenham Hall." There are three stations within five miles of his home—one less than four miles away—and a fourth less than ten. I know, because I lived there for years.

Why must Americans, referring to Ireland, always find an Irishman was either reared in a bog or remote from civilization to give color to their story? Before this they had to find a pig in a parlor. While only a few Irishmen live twenty miles from a railroad station, thousands of Americans live fifty miles from one.

Incidentally, the article does not do him justice.

JOHN T. KEOUGH

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Behind The News

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I think THE SIGN is a masterful representative of the Catholic Press. The "Behind the News" articles interpreting the European scene are tops in foreign comment. I particularly relish all reports and editorials on Russia, because I can sit back and murmur "um-m, huh—that's just what I think!"

I can't help wishing that our government leaders had been exposed to THE SIGN earlier in the war—seems such a shame that our government is discovering only now what THE SIGN has known for so long: the truth about Comrade Stalin and his fellow travelers!

Keep your magnificent courage. It is such an inspiration to us little people who go about tilting at windmills.

CONSTANCE HOFFMASTER HUTCHINS
Batstow, Maryland

"Color Scheme"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

It's tragic when the excellent story, "Color Scheme" is denounced as "party line on race questions" and suitable for the *Daily Worker*. Let the lady glance through *Mit Brennender Sorge*, *Summi Pontificatus*, *Quadragesimo Anno* or, to be brief, the *Allocution of Christmas, 1942*, none of which came from Communist headquarters but rather from the Vatican. Fearful that the lady and other protestants may be too busy and these mentioned documents not too handy, please let me quote from the *Allocution* three sentences:

"He who would have the star of peace shine out and stand over society should co-operate, for his part, in giving back to the human person the dignity given it by God from the very beginnings. . . . He

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Sign

NATIONAL CATHOLIC
MAGAZINE

Monastery Place, Union City, N. J.

JANUARY 1948

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EDITOR'S PAGE

Wake Up, America

IN VARIOUS parts of the world, fierce battles are being waged in the political, economic, propaganda, and military spheres. Are they the aftermath of war, disturbances which will subside gradually as they did after World War I, or are they the opening skirmishes of World War III?

We don't know the answer to that question. In fact, we don't think anyone outside the Kremlin does.

And yet our whole future, the future of this world of ours, depends on the answer. If we can't arrive at reasonable certitude, then it is a matter of elementary prudence to act on the probability that in spite of our efforts and good will we are entering the opening phases of World War III.

As a matter of fact, there is no secret about Soviet intentions and actions at home and abroad. As the Nazis developed the myths of race and party, the Soviets are inculcating the myths of party and of patriotism to Mother Russia. The leaders of the Kremlin are teaching the Russian people the superiority of Communism over decadent capitalism and are conditioning them for a holy war to spread Communism as the sole means of salvation for the world. Hitler's cry of encirclement has become with the Soviets a sustained outburst against capitalist warmongers and aggressors.

Nor is there anything enigmatic about Soviet policy abroad. It is perfectly clear to anyone who will open his eyes that the U.S.S.R. has embarked on a program for Communizing Asia and Europe.

Wherever it is thought politic, active military assistance is given Communists, as in North China and in Greece. In Western Europe, however, the first objective is defeat of the Marshall Plan, because success of this Plan would strengthen the Western democracies, natural allies of the U. S. in the event of war. Moscow has directed her fifth columns, the Communist Parties in France and Italy, to engage in strikes and sabotage in order to wreck the economy of those countries. She hopes thus to make the Marshall Plan so expensive that Congress will refuse the necessary aid or that U. S. economy will be wrecked, a depression inevitable, and further aid impossible.

In the meantime, as Molotov's obstructionist tactics at London have shown, Soviet Russia will do everything possible to prevent the making of peace treaties. The purpose of this is to permit the Russians to continue to maintain a vast army in the heart of Europe outflanking Eastern Europe and the Balkans and poised to strike westward to the Atlantic and southward to the Mediterranean.

In the face of this ominous threat, the American people have returned to a quiet, peaceful life. We have allowed our army to shrink to peacetime size, our air force to evaporate to almost nothing, and our war industries to be converted to the manufacture of luxuries. We have permitted ourselves to be lulled into the belief that the technical peace we have at present is real peace. We are so afraid of being called warmongers that we are almost ashamed to speak or write of the strong indications that Soviet Russia is simply waiting for the opportune moment to strike at us with all her power.

WHETHER we like it or not, we must rearm—and quickly. We must organize a force capable of striking with speed and power at the centers from which the Red Army is supplied and equipped. The American aircraft industry, which has sunk to the 1939 level of production, must be at least partially restored to a wartime basis. The miracle of American aircraft production during the war is so recent that we forget that it was a miracle that took four and a half years to perform. This time we may not have that many months—at least we shouldn't gamble on it.

As long as there is a single powerful nation that heeds only the language of force, we shall be obliged to maintain a powerful military establishment, however much as Christians we may hate war. To do otherwise in such circumstances would be to invite attack and to provoke the very war we would avoid.

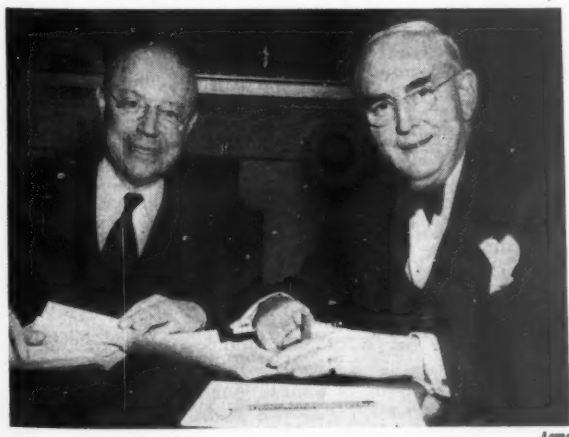
Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.



EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT



Old Signora Maria prays for a safe return to her home town of Pola, given to Yugoslavia in Trieste Agreement. Artificial boundaries always cause misery to border folks.



Senate Republican leaders Taft and Vandenberg discuss Emergency Aid Bill. We hope they will be "unpartisan" when they discuss and amend the future Marshall Plan.

ON AUGUST 14, 1945, Japan surrendered unconditionally. But the war did not end in the Far East. It has not ended yet. China is still ripped asunder by a war that could have been stopped long ago had the United States of America been wiser, less confused by deliberate propaganda lies, less sensitive to the jibes of by no means

Our Policy Toward China

disinterested persons masquerading as lusty liberals. That this is true may yet be made evident to all. The Republicans seem to be making an important contribution in the field of foreign policy by throwing a merciless light on our Department of State's habitual clouding of the true issues in China. The Democratic Administration has done an admirably realistic job in portraying our vital stake in European freedom from Soviet overlordship. The Republicans seem bent on doing a commensurately good job in ripping aside the thick curtains of fog hiding the vital stake we have in a free China who refuses subservience to the Soviet dictatorship.

For the past few years now we have been constantly having dinned into our ears "feudalism," "corruption," "reaction," "oppression of the people," "oligarchy of ruthless, grafting war lords," whenever Chiang Kai-shek's government has been discussed. We have had it drilled into us that the only hope for democratic reform was in supporting the Communists' inclusion in what was euphemistically called a coalition government. Now that we have seen what Communist coalition governments have done in Europe, we are less prone to lend a guilelessly believing ear to the siren song of those who told us democracy would never come to China until we undermined Chiang Kai-shek and broadened our aid to include the Yen'an Communists.

Yet even during those years of smear propaganda, a few voices tried to tell the truth so many applaud a Bullitt or a Dewey for telling today. In these very columns as long ago as January of 1946 we remarked: "For a long time now there has been a crusade of vilification against Chiang Kai-shek and Ambassador Hurley, a crusade sponsored by leftists. We have been told the glories of the insurgent Communists war lords in Northern China. We have been told how they battled the Japanese. And of course we have been told of their agrarian reforms and their popularity with the people. Apart from the fact that a web of falsehoods has been spun for the American people, it is still a simple and stubborn truth that China has a legitimate government with which we were allied in the long years of the Japanese war."

Again in November of that year, when the issues should have been even yet clearer, we were very much in a minority in writing: "To get a picture of the situation, it must be remembered that the Communist group has set up a state within a state. They issue their own money and passports, have their own army, levy their own taxes, have established a blockade against the rest of China. It is not a question of a mere opposition party. It is a matter of civil war. And as someone has pointed out in parallel, General Marshall's and



Aome

Secretary of State Marshall is shown as he left for London Conference. He was patient but unyielding at the sessions—which is the only way to deal with Russia.



Harrie & Ewing

General Omar Bradley was appointed the new Chief of Staff. He deserves the support of all in improving our armed forces, for the "cold war" might suddenly become hot!

Ambassador Stuart's attempts to settle the dispute by uniting the Central Government and the Yen-an faction are like someones' having tried to settle the American Civil War by uniting Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis in a coalition government. Yet that is precisely what Chiang Kai-shek has offered to do. And the magnanimity of the gesture cannot be belittled or obscured by all the charges of corruption in the Kuomintang and all the revelations of Chinese bureaucracy. For the one thing China needs is unification, and that is the one thing the Communists have obstructed." Time has served only to substantiate the truth of these assertions.

The Marshall Plan and China

THE charges of corruption, that the Central Government is not truly democratic, disturb many sincere observers. They would hesitate to support this sort of thing by giving aid to China. Yet the fact is that by failing to support this admittedly imperfect but free Central Government, we have fostered a rival, subservient government that is truly ruthless, truly foreign, truly undemocratic. It is Communist, and that should describe it sufficiently.

One of the saddest blots on the escutcheon of American democracy is the treatment we have meted out to a friend. When we were crippled after the Pearl Harbor disaster, it was China who went on fighting the Japanese, although they had been fighting since 1937 and could have made an easy and profitable peace. We were given time, thanks to China whom we repaid in the coin of Yalta. Despite our proclaimed friendship for the Chinese government we still officially recognized, we sold it down the river once the Japanese surrendered.

Our stupid, blind folly has reduced China to the chaos of economic inflation and military debacle, brought her people close to the despair that makes men wonder if Communist dictatorship could be worse. Our own vital interests in the Orient are seriously menaced. Perhaps our belated recognition of past blunders will spur our representatives on to effective aid to China at last. Perhaps they will see that it is imperative to include in the Marshall Plan for world reconstruction for peace in the face of Soviet enslavement, those stalwart, long-suffering friends of America, the Chinese people. Once China has peace, then we can hope for better government there. But before worrying about better government, we'd better worry about preventing one incalculably worse.

THE Taft-Hartley Law, and on this both its critics and defenders can agree, has done nothing to remove emotional partisanship from the area of industrial relations. A cry of indignation went up last month

when Secretary Schwellenbach told the House Banking Committee that profits far more than increased wages are responsible

for the cost of living being at the highest level the United States has ever known. And when Mr. Philip Murray of the CIO announced that his unions would seek a third round of postwar wage increases, the indignation was supreme. Especially was it noticeable in the foyers and lobbies of New York's Waldorf-Astoria where the NAM was sponsoring the fifty-second Congress of American Industry. Nor were nerves perceptibly soothed when at one of the sessions Mr. Frank Rising, General Manager of the Automobile and Aviation Parts Manufacturers, Inc., said that in addition to another round of wage increases, labor unions would confront some managements with a "push for joint economic planning" through industry councils. He called this really "something worth worrying about."

Now whether Secretary Schwellenbach was accurate in his statement or whether CIO President Murray is justified in his program, we are not at this moment concerned. But we

are concerned with the dismal, Manchester philosophy that underlies such a preposterous reason for worry as Mr. Rising adduces. Why, we should suppose that by now this would be the very thing management would desire. To combat inflation, NAM speakers all called for more production. Now production depends on management and labor and machines. But labor is not a mere chattel like the machines. It is a partner with management in working the machines. It should be a co-planner with management. And if the NAM really wants more production, then the sooner it welcomes labor's partnership, whether this be through industrial councils or otherwise, the sooner there will be an upswing in production. And better still, the sooner there will be industrial harmony. The Taft-Hartley Law cannot give this peace of itself. It will come only from the grass roots, from local plants in which management and labor face the simple economic fact that so long as they pose as hostile forces there is always going to be industrial war, laws or no laws.

WHEN the sixth anniversary of the Pearl Harbor attack found another December seventh falling on a Sunday, the *New York Times* ran a front-page story recalling the placid atmosphere which enveloped our nation's capital on that eventful Sunday in December, 1941. No doubt many members of our present Congress read that article.

Peacetime Conscription and Atomic War

No doubt, too, the more serious-minded men among them could hardly allow that anniversary to pass without making a few reflections upon the wholesale chaos that would be World War III were it ever ushered in with another sneak attack. Mindful of our own need for security at a time when all the world expects us to bring security to others, the Congressmen probably reminded themselves that a new Pearl Harbor, as the Compton Commission advised the President last June, would be an affair of "incalculable horrors." By 1955 it could be an inhuman show featuring atomic bombs and bacterial warfare; the first day of an undeclared war could witness the crippling of our twelve main cities; the almost immediate disruption of all transport communications would be just another routine tactic in the mid-twentieth-century formula for waging war. And the whole mechanism of destruction would be launched with supersonic speed.

That this nightmare should never become a reality in the life of the United States must be a prime concern of Congress. So within the next few weeks it will very likely turn its attention to a matter which the same Compton Commission termed "an essential element in an integrated program of national security"—the question of universal military training.

According to the plans adduced up to this time, universal military training would be a form of peacetime conscription whereby every boy, either upon reaching his eighteenth birthday or upon completing his secondary education, would undergo six months of basic training. Later he would sign up for another six months in a reserve corps or in some technical work approved by and conducted under military surveillance. Such a program would involve an outlay of from two to three billion dollars a year. To justify this expenditure, its proponents maintain that in a third World War there will be no time for training men once hostilities have begun and, consequently, universal military training is the best way to guarantee a reserve of men who can be promptly mobilized—men able to supply, not only trained efficiency and qualified leadership in prosecuting the war, but also intelligent handling of problems connected with civilian defense and the disaster resulting from severe bomb attacks.

Several times within the last couple of years, editorials in *THE SIGN* have put us on record against any movement for universal military training. At a time when warfare is becoming more and more mechanized, when new and more terrible weapons are constantly replacing less barbarous ones, when even the training given to veterans of World War II is al-



International

A blind Navajo Indian, 84, shivers with rest of family in a mud hut in the midst of the Arizona desert. We have cause to blush for our treatment of these poor natives.



Press Assn.

Premier Schumann talks with journalists as he leaves an important Cabinet meeting. Whatever his political future, he deserves praise for his great work during the crisis.



International

Stanislaw Mikolajczyk, Polish Peasant leader, arrives at LaGuardia Field. He accepted the agreements made at Yalta—and we anxiously await an explanation long overdue.



A heroine at 11, Marguerite Vansteenbergh receives the Croix de guerre at 15 for her work in the Underground. Too bad that youth must shoulder these responsibilities.



Leon Jouhaux, Secretary of French Labor Unions, with James Carey, Secy.-Treas. of CIO. Carey is to be praised for his defense of the Marshall Plan before French Labor.



President Chiang Kai-shek casts a vote at Nanking. Despite criticisms, especially from Leftists, he has worked wonders in keeping his country united during the civil war.

ready said to be antiquated, the argument for universal military training is remarkably unconvincing. The least important element in military preparedness is the training of all youths in the fundamentals of old-fashioned ground fighting. And we think that so eminent a military expert as Hanson Baldwin summed up the case nicely when he said that it is "a horse-and-buggy military policy in an atomic and missile age."

APART from a few thoroughbred military men who glorify rigorous discipline for its own sake, there are few Americans who do not genuinely bemoan the inevitable effects of any

Much to Lose with Little to Gain

system of peacetime conscription: the interference in personal freedom, the regimentation of young lives, the exposure to moral dangers, the engendering of a militaristic mentality, and the unnecessary drain upon national economic resources. But even these disadvantages, great as they are, could be tolerated if it were evident that the advantages accruing to ourselves and to the world far outweighed the unfortunate concomitants of universal military training. But the so-called advantages are almost negligible. As a deterrent to a hostile country which might contemplate an attack upon the United States, a mass army of reserves with basic training would be no threat at all. The only effective deterrent to such an enemy in a world where even the winner of a war may celebrate his victory in the rubble of his own ruined cities is an opponent's ability to retaliate in kind. The answer to a possible atomic attack is not millions of half-trained youths but an arsenal of such potential destructiveness that it will frighten any aggressor nation into curbing the barbarity of a twentieth-century war.

So if a realistic attitude necessitates our continued preparedness for a possible war in the next decade or so, we ought to spend our money on the pursuit of scientific improvements and in the production of a first-class air force manned by specialists. If we need a larger standing army, let it be gotten in a democratic way—by making the job of soldiering attractive enough financially to draw volunteers who want to make a career out of army life. If we can keep order in the world only by inspiring fear, then let's have rockets and robots and atomic bombs which we will use only if we can do so with justice and for the sake of self-defense. But let's not impose a favorite device of totalitarian statism upon the liberty-loving youth of our own land.

IT WAS Chesterton who said some place that the only reason there is any sanity left in the world is that men are still living on the remnants of their Christian common sense. Fortunately, the muddled modern

A Party Without a Guest of Honor

mind does not always follow its half-articulated principles to their logical conclusions. It holds on to some thoroughly Christian emotions without holding on to the truths to which the emotions are tied. A striking example of this mentality was evidenced recently in a controversy over the exclusion of carols from the Christmas celebrations to be held in some Brooklyn schools. Both a regional principal and the borough superintendent of schools wanted the children to celebrate Christmas as a season of good will and gift-giving and traditional gaiety. But there was to be no reference to Christ. It was all right to have all the jubilation of a birthday party as long as there was no guest of honor to be acknowledged as the cause of all this Christmas joy. Although this incident may have warranted only local attention, it is symptomatic of a deep-seated malady of the American mind—a tendency to think that emotion exists in an intellectual vacuum, that a feeling is meant to stand alone long after the only logical reason for the feeling has been blatantly denied.

THE CHILD IS BORN

Thoughts evoked in the mind of an
old champion of the Faith by the celebration
of Christmas and Twelfth Night

by **HILAIRE BELLOC**



Hilaire Belloc

IN THE midwinter and the turning of the year to new things, Christendom has fixed the Mass of the Incarnation: of the divine birth, the renewal, the recovery of mankind.

Those who sneer at our origins tell us that the long dark pagan time, which ended in a dawn, made this season also sacred to the Nativity of the Light. Let them learn that we glory in such coincidences. All those groping instinctive worships, symbols, and imaginations, with which our Fathers sought to mitigate human despair, are the advent of the Faith. The Faith put substance suddenly into those shadows, and the forms of myth became alive with reality. The Child was born.

The Child is born; it is the Mass of Nativity, and the growth begins of That by which mankind is to be saved.

So long as Christendom held in one body and was quickened by a universal life—so long as our western world, the leader and teacher of the globe, was Catholic—the season was one of recognition and mere happiness. A Guest had arrived and was to be received with general ecstasy. All men were brethren in the feast, for all were hosts and subjects of that Guest. After the promise of this holy night, the sun which rose would shine forever. Such a spirit inhabited Christmas and the Twelve Days.

But can a secure rejoicing be the spirit of Christmas today? Hardly. Within the household of the Faith it remains undimmed, but without these walls, in the growing murk of the modern world, it is fading or has gone. For long, even those who had abandoned unity (and, at last, all doctrine) retained some savor of the thing. It was weakened, lessened, and diffused into a vague kindliness, the cherishing of human ties and a sort of sentimental pretense to forget mortality for a while.

Later, even that vague reminiscence grew tenuous. Now at last, in our very time, for millions, increasing in number, the faint vestiges of Christmas glory are disappearing—have disappeared. The old despair returns.

What, then is the command issued at Christmas to us of the Faith? It is our pride and boast that we have stood the siege and that, within our fortress, the Feast retains its splendor of reality. If we only look inward we may have the same business with Christmas and the Epiphany uprising as has been the practice of all our blood for fifteen hundred years.

But what if we look outward? From our walls we survey twilight and ever darkening plains whereon the great mass of men sink back from the high order which the Faith had erected, into chaos. The shades, as they spread, grow confused by an extending cloud wherein men clash at random, stumbling through fruitless effort and envenomed with mutual hatreds, following uncertain lights that drift and fail again, float tenuously for a moment in the thick night air, and lead no whither. The host has become a herd. Its blind energies move toward its own destruction.

It would seem that in such a peril the command we receive at Christmas is to recover the world—if that may be—before it shall be lost. The ancient joy, the unchanging beauty, of the Twelve Days and their music we may cherish for our own heritage; but that does not redeem those who feel them not any more, nor can conceive them. Yet it is the spring of growth, the entry into life, this season of the Twelve Days; and the command issuing from it is that we restore the world: for, lacking ex-

tension of the Faith, even the mere material body of the modern world is doomed.

This task to which, in the crisis of such new but final evils we are summoned, has about it little of festivity and nothing of repose. Each of those who obey must prepare himself for an encounter.

But the Child is born and shall command us through what will have the semblance of a losing fight. That air of failure and those temptations to abandon the effort shall be our guarantees, our witness to divine inspiration. The ever-wavering line can only advance at the cost of such wounds, and they that are the victims of them are, even as they renew their suffering, victors.

What weapons are provided us with which to attack the spreading evil? What common ordering have we? What accepted tactic which can even doubtfully reassure us?

Long ago such a war was waged and won. The heathen was thrust back and Christendom was established; the struggle was desperate and long but hopeful and united, and it was concluded—or seemed concluded—on our own terms. The Catholic Faith at last illumined all Europe. But the settlement did not endure. Four hundred years ago it was menaced. Unity, by which alone a thing is what it is, suffered shipwreck and the fragments drifted apart into the welter before which, today, we stand appalled.

The old victory was won upon a rising curve. But a summit was passed, and now for long the curve has been falling. We have lost ground unceasingly for generations and are still losing ground. What prospect can there be of reversing such a tide?

To all of which questions, and many more (and worse) to come, the answer is the proclamation of this season: The Child is born.

HILAIRE BELLOC, one of the greatest writers of modern times, is at present in ill health. For years he appeared monthly in *THE SIGN*.



A dramatic personal story
of love and devotion by the wife of
the former Austrian Chancellor

I CHOSE EXILE

by VERA VON SCHUSCHNIGG

IN the diary of my mind, February 12, 1938, is inscribed with huge and ineradicable clarity. It is an anniversary of fear and hope, of the end of one world and the beginning of a new one whose terrors were as yet uncharted.

The long fuse of history that was lighted that day reached its culmination exactly one month later. March Twelfth. The date of *Anschluss*—the finish of an era. The consequences of that day were to lead me to exile, to unimagined personal hardship, to voluntary entry into the dark underworld of the concentration camp, to seven years of terror and captivity in the hands of the most accomplished sadist the world has ever known. On that day I resigned my prerogatives as a countess and became a refugee.

But February 12 was the beginning. The day before, Dr. Kurt Schuschnigg, the Chancellor of Austria, had gone to Berchtesgaden to make a personal plea to Adolf Hitler for the preservation of the national independence of his country. And I sat at the silent telephone in my flat in the *Theresianumgasse* and waited. On that day, inanimate things were my enemy: the telephone that would not ring, the clock that would not alter its inexorable pace . . . Kurt had told me that he would be back at three. It was now five. Between the silent telephone and the ticking clock there was an invisible balance on which rested the fate of my country and the man I loved.

At last, I could wait no longer. I called the *Ministerium*. They were worried there,

and they made no attempt to conceal their concern. They had had no word from the Chancellor, nor were they able to establish contact with Berchtesgaden. I telephoned to Skubl, the Chief of Vienna police, whom I knew well.

"I am sorry, Madame," Skubl said. "Communication with Berchtesgaden has been cut off."

I recalled that Kurt had told me he would try to get in touch with the police at Salzburg when he left Berchtesgaden. I put in a call to Salzburg. Nothing. The last they had seen of him was when his motor car had gone off down the road to the frontier. There was nothing for the Countess to worry about (though the voice of the official was itself heavy with gloom), and at the first sign of his appearance a message would be sent through to her. . .

I RESUMED my lonesome, anxious watch at the telephone—a vigil which, in one degree or another, was to last through seven years.

Curiously, Kurt Von Schuschnigg and I had become acquainted through our sons by former marriages. Both boys were students at the *Catholiqueschule* of Vienna, where they had become inseparable friends. Young Kurt had evidently spoken with such enthusiasm of my Rudolf that

the Chancellor felt impelled to invite him, with his mother, for a social visit at the *Ministerium*. I had met Dr. Schuschnigg briefly in 1935 at a formal gathering, and I had known his wife before her tragic death in a motor accident, but to all purposes this was my first real meeting with my future husband.

After that we saw much of each other. We went together to the opera, to the theater, to fashionable dinner parties. We fell in love. Although there were no formal obstacles to our marriage, there were private reasons why we could not marry at this time. Regretfully, though we knew it was for the best, we decided to postpone our nuptials; for the moment, we were compelled by circumstances to forego the substance, to be content with the shadow.

Yet it was a period rich in personal memories, dearer perhaps because they are now echoes of a world which no longer exists, of a Vienna which can never again be restored. Even today, I can remember a slow, tender waltz we danced together at the *Operaball*, a gay sleighride through the powdery snow near St. Anton am Arlberg, a day in the country with our two amused sons as chaperons. . . .

Waiting, always within reach of the telephone on that long day, I was beset by all the immemorial fears of anxious womankind. The imagination roved, seeking out always the darkest recesses of probability, as if, imagining the worst, it must be better. And so it was. Sometime in the night, in the darkness, the telephone

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finally rang. It was Kurt. He had just passed over the border from Germany into Salzburg. My beloved was safe. But, in the lonely night, I had had my first glimpse into another world—a world until then foreign to me—whose inhabitants were uncertainty, terror, and the dark abiding fear of death. In time, I was to know those inhabitants well; I was to become their constant neighbor.

The Chancellor arrived in Vienna at seven o'clock in the morning. His voice, on the telephone, was tired, but it was not defeated. He was capable, even, of a grim joke: "It was not I who should have gone to see Hitler, but a psychiatrist."

I sat in the gallery of the *Bundestag*, the Austrian Federal Diet, on the twenty-fourth of February, and listened to Kurt von Schuschnigg give his answer to Hitler. The enthusiasm was enormous, the feeling of excitement was electric, and I stood with the others in that assembly and cheered when he had finished.

But Hitler, the Austrian who hated his own country, would not be denied. *Anschluss*—that ironically gentle word for subjection by force—was less than a week away. One month to the day from the time Chancellor von Schuschnigg had gone to Berchtesgaden.

When, on the morning of March 12, Kurt did not telephone me, as was his

custom, I could not suspect that it was his last day as Chancellor, the last day of a free and independent Austria. It was not until the afternoon that I began to feel somewhat worried. For months now, he had never failed to phone me, even if only for a fleeting moment. Feeling rather ashamed at my own fears, nevertheless I put in a call for him at the *Bundeskanzleramt*. I spoke to his secretary, who was in a highly nervous state, and then Kurt himself was on the wire. And thus it was that I heard from the lips of the Chancellor himself of the downfall of Austria (strangely enough, had I been listening to the radio, I would have known of it earlier). He could not say much, beyond the bare and terrible fact that this day our country had lost its identity . . . but there was not much more that I needed to know. His voice still held a small, flickering note of hope, but the odds against him were great. He promised to call me again when he had a free moment. And then he rang off.

My emotions? Exactly those of every Austrian who loved his homeland and despised Hitler.

Near six o'clock, the telephone rang, and it was with shock that I recognized the voice that spoke as Kurt's; it was tired, tired, and there was now no longer any hope in it. He told me that it was all over, that Austria was lost, and that he had no

other course than to resign. He was going on the air in a few moments, and he asked me to listen.

I turned on the radio and heard the final public address of Chancellor Kurt von Schuschnigg. ". . . The German government today handed me an ultimatum . . . we have yielded to force. . . ." At his last words—"God bless Austria"—I burst into tears.

THERE was not much to be said when he telephoned again. He had only one wish now—to find me waiting when it was all over.

For a long time I did not move from my seat near the telephone. Outside, there was a continual hubbub—shouts, murmurs, cheers, and an occasional scream; the Nazis wasted no time in familiarizing the people with the benefits of the New Order—but it seemed remote, distant, and I heard it only as in a daze. At eight o'clock, two friends came, grim-faced, carrying rubber truncheons. They would escort me the short distance to Kurt's house.

Outside, a huge crowd milled, and the noise was deafening, as if confusion had created its own huge voice. For the first time, the swastika was in evidence. Gestapo agents were everywhere in the crowd, their faces hard, eyes searching.



Left: Dr. and Mrs. Kurt von Schuschnigg arriving in this country with their daughter Sissy, who was born in a Nazi concentration camp. Below: Herr von Schuschnigg addressing a gathering of Austrians at the time he was Chancellor of Austria



Kurt's brother and sister-in-law, and his old father, a retired army general, were at the house, and together we waited for Kurt to come home. He arrived at last near one o'clock, his face gray with fatigue, his eyes sodden with defeat. He sank wearily into a chair, and for a moment he said nothing. Then he looked at me and tried to smile. When his brother and sister-in-law left, shortly, Kurt urged me to allow them to see me home.

"No," I said. "I will stay."

"It will be better. And then you can return in the morning."

"No. I must remain."

And I remained. Kurt lay down on a sofa and in a few moments fell into an exhausted sleep. I covered him with a blanket and went into an adjoining room, where I lay down. Sleep was a long time in coming, but finally, despite the background of ominous sound from outside and the chaotic fantasies that crowded in on me, I must have dozed off. But when a hand shook me gently by the shoulder I was immediately awake, staring through the gloom at the face bent over me.

It was Kurt's adjutant, Colonel Bartl. He whispered with urgency: "Are you awake, *Gräfin*?" I nodded and sat up. "Listen to me," Bartl said. "I have a car outside. The Chancellor is in danger of his life. We must get him over the border."

I was on my feet. At last it had been said—what everyone feared, yet hesitated to put into words, as though leaving it unspoken could change the facts.

"We must get him over the border to Hungary," Bartl said. "There is no time to lose." He paused, and then he added, slowly, "You must persuade him to come with me."

I went into the next room and woke Kurt. I told him what Bartl had said. He shook his head and said that he would not leave.

Frantically, I attempted to reason with him, but he was adamant. Yes, he knew that his life was endangered, that Hitler's hatred of him was personal as well as political, that there was nothing more he could do to help—but he would not leave. With the desperation of fear, I continued the argument, sitting there in the gray dawn.

"You are no longer Chancellor," I said. "Now we can get married. We can get married as soon as we reach Budapest."

Kurt smiled. "That, at least, makes sense."

There was a knock on the door, and Colonel Bartl entered. "It is too late," the Colonel said. "The house is surrounded by the Gestapo. There is no more chance of escape."

At nine o'clock in the morning, Kurt was placed under house arrest. I was included in the order. And thus I made my first acquaintance with captivity.

For six weeks, together with Kurt and his father, I lived under constant sur-

veillance of Hitler's Elite SS. In retrospect, and compared to what we underwent later, the rigors of that house arrest were mild. But at the time it did not seem so.

The nights were bad. Our SS guards had set about deliberately to make things unpleasant. They made a practice of banging on our windows from the outside, and, when we went to investigate the sound, they would suddenly thrust a loaded gun into our faces. Or they would make hideous noises in an attempt to frighten us. Or keep us awake by tramping through the house with heavy boots and by childishly putting a pin in the doorbell to keep it ringing.

And so it went. For some reason our radio was overlooked, and we were able to listen to the foreign broadcasts. This was at once a blessing and a bane. We could listen, this way, to uncontrolled news broadcasts, but at the same time we heard things it would have been better not to hear. One evening, for instance, we were shocked to hear the French radio say: "Schuschnigg will go on trial in Leipzig soon, before the *Volksgerichtshof*." Trial before that so-called People's Court, that dread travesty on justice, meant certain death. For Kurt's benefit, I tried to laugh it off. "Nonsense," I said. "It is a stupid rumor."

▶ The test of good manners is to be able to put up pleasantly with bad ones.
—LIBERTY

But, thereafter, I tried to keep Kurt from the radio. When Hitler made a widely announced speech I misled Kurt as to the time of the broadcast. In that way, I was able to listen to it alone. Curiously, it was a speech from which I drew comfort. "Schuschnigg is not worth killing," Hitler said. "I'll give him his life. But he will disappear from the scene." I overlooked everything—the contempt, the belittlement—except the phrase, "I'll give him his life." That was all I cared about.

On the twenty-eighth of May, Kurt was reading aloud to me from Heinrich Mann's novel "*Die Gottinnen*," when suddenly I heard a sound in the room and looked up. There, cold and haughty with menace, stood the tall, black-clad figure of an officer of the SS (later I was to learn that he was Ernest Kaltenbrunner, one of the principals in the recent War Crimes trial at Nuremberg, who went to his death by hanging). I had been so absorbed in listening to Kurt read that I had not heard him enter. Now, looking at him, with my mind not yet completely divorced from its interest in the book, the SS man seemed like a visitation from the beyond. On his head he wore the *Totenkopf*, the death's-head hat, and I could see only this, the grinning skull, and I thought: *Now it has come; this is the end.*

Suddenly, the room had filled with SS men, who moved quickly to form an impenetrable ring about the chair in which Kurt was sitting. Kurt looked up inquiringly, still holding his finger in the book at the place where he had been reading, as though this were a mere minor interruption, and he would go back to reading when it was over.

Kaltenbrunner addressed Kurt with imperative harshness: "You have ten minutes to pack a bag and be ready to leave with us. Ten minutes. Quickly!"

Two of the guards escorted him out of the room, and when I attempted to follow, others restrained me. To all my questions—Where were they taking him? Would I be allowed to accompany him? Would I be able to say good-by to him?—the SS men maintained a stony silence. I attempted to rush past them to the door, but they caught me and pushed me into a chair. When the door opened, and an SS man put in his head, issuing a command to the men in the room, I struggled out of the chair despite the efforts of my captors to restrain me. But my arms were grasped quickly, and held to my side.

I said to the SS man in the doorway, struggling to keep my composure, to maintain calmness in my voice: "I wish only to say good-by to him."

"It is too late," he said coldly. "He is already gone."

So I did not have even that; I did not even say good-by. I fell back into the chair nervously, and now for the first time I lost control. Sitting in the chair, while the SS men filed silently and stiffly out of the room, I wept. I wept bitterly.

At last I became aware that I was not alone in the room. I looked up. An SS man stood beside my chair, regarding me without expression. We looked at each other for a long time, in the gloom, without saying anything. Then he spoke, and although his voice was casual, my heart leapt with hope at the undercurrent of meaning I thought I could detect in his tone, as though he were trying to tell me something in code.

He said: "Do not worry, *Gräfin*. He will have good food."

I stared at him. "What does food mean to him?"

"He will eat *our* food." I gazed at him stupidly, and presently he said again, with even more emphasis, "He will eat *our* food. *Ours*."

And at last I knew his meaning. He was telling me that Kurt was being taken to the Metropole Hotel, for the Metropole was the headquarters of the SS. I looked at him gratefully, and started to thank him, but he interrupted me.

He said sharply, "Quiet!" And then he drew himself up formally, black and tall, and said, "You are no longer under arrest, Countess. You are free."

I was free. It was the final irony!

[Concluded next month]

The News You Get--XV

Hearst's Newspaper Dynasty

This last article in the series on newspapers takes a look at perhaps the most controversial figure in journalism—Hearst, whose aims are sometimes good, whose methods are sometimes bad

by ARTHUR MULLIGAN

ALMOST everyone would like to be a god or at least play at it.

Here's one man who plays at it, practices it, almost lives it, yet he has been accused of being a devil.

He is eighty-four-year-old, heavy-jowled, gray-haired William Randolph Hearst, head of a dynasty of newspapers, magazines, and radio outlets. He presides over his journalistic kingdom from the doubtful seclusion of his 250,000-acre estate in San Simeon, California. Still robust despite his age, he has perhaps exercised more control over the thought processes of the American public than any publisher.

William Randolph Hearst is the man who was summarily ousted from Harvard following an elaborate practical joke in the form of Christmas presents sent his various professors on the occasion of that joyous season, Anno Domini 1885.

Perhaps this youthful contempt for stuffed shirtism on the part of others was one of the most valuable assets with which a young man destined to be his own reporter, editor, and publisher at twenty-three could be blest. He became a crusading, lampooning, and at times, utterly unethical exponent of the policy that news is news, no matter how embarrassing to the individual involved and no matter what tactics were used to get the story.

When he got back to California after his two years at Harvard and a short sojourn as a reporter on the *New York World*, his father, the late George Hearst, United States Senator, turned over to him the conservative *San Francisco Examiner*, which

was on the rocks financially and had a circulation of only five thousand. His father had picked it up in payment of a bad debt. In a few years Hearst made it a leading paper on the Coast, and it still is to this day. Its daily circulation now is over 250,000, and on Sundays it sells more than 600,000 copies. Last March it celebrated its sixtieth anniversary under Hearst, and above all papers it is still, like a first son, his pride and joy.

Hearst took over the *Examiner* on March 4, 1887 and immediately transformed the formerly complacent and literary-minded city room into a madhouse. Veteran writers who had grown fat on their sonorous phrases were hustled out of the office to leg it to an interview with the latest belle of the town who'd been caught with her amorous defenses down.

No bizarre angle of a story was left uncovered, and the more lurid the tale, the bigger and denser the black and red banner heads which Hearst introduced to the American newspaper reader. Often the more important but less interesting events were relegated to inside pages.

Hearst has stuck to this formula of news presentation through the years—and it has paid dividends. Witness his eighteen papers in thirteen major cities in the United States, also his magazines and radio stations. Hearst today employs 40,000 persons, give or take a few, and his weekly payroll is over \$5,000,000.

As early as his Harvard days, Hearst had studied the methods of Joseph Pulitzer, publisher of the old *New York World*. Pulitzer at that time was noted for his sensationalism, although later he became so conservative that his publications were referred to as "family papers"—the kind you'd let your thirteen-year-old daughter read.



The Chief—William Randolph Hearst, heavy-jowled, gray-haired, eighty-four

Hearst, after spending ten years and a good bit of the family fortune putting the *Examiner* on a profitable basis, trained his sights on New York, the "Mecca of Journalists." He purchased the one-cent *Morning Journal* and the *American* and decided to "Out-Pulitzer Pulitzer." The phrase "Yellow Journalism" came into existence when Hearst lured the then famous comic strip, "The Yellow Kid," away from the *World*.

He and Arthur Brisbane, who was later to become the pet propounder of Hearstian philosophy, roomed together at this time. Brisbane was editor of the *Evening Journal* and Hearst of the *Morning American*. In 1940, when he was seventy-seven, Hearst felt so keenly about Brisbane's death and was so certain that no one else in the Hearst organization could express Hearst's ideas so simply and vividly that he personally wrote a front-page column for more than two years. It was well done, but it wasn't Brisbane.

Brisbane's place has never been filled, and his space on the left-hand side of page one, which millions of readers were accus-

ARTHUR MULLIGAN has been an active newspaperman in New York for the past eleven years. He also teaches in the journalism department of Fordham.

tomed to glance at first, is now taken up by regular news stories. Brisbane's forte was in his choice of a simple word to convey a complex idea. His equal in simplicity of style will probably never be found in American journalism.

Shortly after Brisbane's death, Hearst hired George Dixon away from the *New York Daily News*. Dixon, former rewriter, had made a name for himself by his respectful kidding of the King and Queen of England on the occasion of their visit to this country. When Hearst waved his usual bait of what working newspapermen call "front-office dough," Dixon was covering Washington for the *News* and writing John O'Donnell's column on O'Donnell's two days off.

After Dixon's transfer to Hearst to grind out Washington columns on a daily basis, it was rumored that the "Old Man" was grooming him to follow in Brisbane's steps as the one who said what Hearst wanted to say in the way that Hearst wanted to say it—often without even consulting Hearst. Somewhere along the line the idea evidently curdled. Dixon is still doing his Washington stint.

HEARST'S raids on other staffs weren't confined to Dixon and the "Yellow Kid." Whenever he thinks a man on another paper has something to contribute to his outfit or is cutting into the circulation of a Hearst paper, he sets out to get him into the Hearst "family."

Instances are too multifold to list here, but some of the people who turned up in the Hearst fold in late years are Westbrook Pegler, formerly of Scripps-Howard; Walter Stewart, probably the greatest sports stylist of all time, who after

switching from the *New York World-Telegram* to the *Journal American*, wound up happily in his sunny southland in the comparative anonymity of sports editor of a local paper; Inez Calloway Robb, who delighted rich and poor alike with her pointed darts ridiculing the foibles of New York's smart set when she was society editor of the *New York News*; and George E. Sokolsky, *New York Sun* columnist who is syndicated by Hearst outside New York City but refused to desert the *Sun* because of loyalty.

Hearst could never understand why his *New York Daily Mirror*, a tabloid founded in 1924 to annoy the late Joseph M. Patterson's amazing *Daily News*, could never catch up with the *News* in circulation or reader interest. Hearst's old saw, "If you can't originate, imitate," was worked overtime on this particular battle front. He hired Phil Payne, managing editor of the *News*, to run the *Mirror*, and for two years, Payne, with his knowledge of the inside workings of the *News* city room, was able to foretell the strategy of the *News* staff to such an extent that he put the *Mirror* on a self-sustaining basis. Today, the *Mirror* has the second largest circulation of any paper in the country, but it is still less than one-half that of its rival.

Several years back it was suggested to Captain Patterson that if he chose to run as complete racing results and forecasts as the *Mirror* and wean Winchell away from Hearst, he would put the *Mirror* out of business in two months.

Patterson, who had no love for Winchell or for what he considered the raff race-horse clientele, did neither. Like Hearst, he was always happiest when he had a battle on his hands, and he felt

that competition was good for the members of his staff.

Hearst was always a battler. As a rich man's son, he could have sat back and enjoyed the wanton spending of the family fortune. But his first love was newspaper work.

From his ranch in San Simeon, he still directs the editorial policy of his eighteen newspapers. Under the familiar "The Chief suggests" directives, sent over wires of his International News Service, he is a specter ever present in the city rooms of his various publications. Old-time newspapermen who have worked for Hearst believe he is one of the greatest geniuses of the American press.

OTHERS are vitriolic in their contempt for Hearst, his organization, and his policies. He is either loved or hated. He believes in Americanism first, an understandable philosophy. But he drives it home with such vehemence in editorials and, at times, in supposedly straight news accounts, that it has made him the number one target of left-wingers and Communists in the country.

The Hearst organization combines its attacks on Communists with assaults on labor leaders whom it feels are adhering too closely to the party line. A typical example is Michael Quill, New York City Councilman and head of the CIO's Transport Workers Union. No one has ever proved that Michael Quill is a Communist, nor has he ever admitted it, as have some of the underlings in his union. Yet, the implication is there, and the Hearst papers have never missed an opportunity to refer to him as "pro-Communist Mike Quill," or some other epithet which conveys the idea that he is a Red without actually saying so. Certainly, Hearst seems within his rights in so doing, for Quill, unwittingly or not, is always aligned on the side of the extreme left-wingers.

Because of such tactics Hearst has gained the reputation of being antilabor. One of his present "patriotic writers," as the left-wing press describes it, is Howard Rushmore, former movie critic of the Communist *Daily Worker*, who broke with that poor excuse for a paper because he happened to like the movie, *Gone With the Wind*, and said so in a review he submitted for publication. When his superiors told him to rewrite the article and tear down *Gone With the Wind* because it did not conform to the party ideology, Rushmore quit. As an exponent of the Hearst Americanism-first philosophy today, Rushmore is restrained only by the libel laws in his contemptuous treatment of his former comrades.

Asked point blank to define Hearst's attitude toward labor, a top executive of the Hearst organization blinked, swallowed, and said, "Hearst is merely trying to place labor in its proper position to management, to work out an agreement



Hearst has five sons. These are three (usual order) John Randolph, William Randolph Jr., and just plain Randolph

Seeing is Believing

► A Texan heard that a factory in Fremont, Ohio, was interested in buying bullfrog skins. He wired the company that he could supply on demand any quantity up to 100,000. The factory wired him to send in the whole 100,000 as soon as possible.

Ten days later, a single, dried-up little frog skin came through the mail with a pathetic note enclosed:

"Gents. I'm sorry about this, but here's all the frog skins there are. The noise sure fooled me!"

—Quote



harmonious to both. Hearst's policies on labor are those contained in the labor encyclicals of the Popes." Just how Hearst interprets the encyclicals is still open to debate.

Hearst's international policy is, of course, closely linked with his abhorrence of Communism and dictatorship in any form. In the years prior to World War II he assailed Fascism as well, although his considered attitude seemed to be that Mussolini and Hitler were the buffers that might possibly stave off the eventual spread of Russian Communism toward the Western Hemisphere.

Today the Hearst correspondents watch with wary eye the actions of Russia in the United Nations Organization and the bloodless conquests in European countries of what he has termed "Red Fascism." Hearst, along with the American Legion and the Catholic Church, was the first to recognize the dangers of Bolshevism to America and its religious freedom, back in the early 1920's. In the past year, with Russia's high-handed and smirky Gromyko throwing monkey wrenches into the efforts of the UN to achieve a worldwide setup for peace, and with the gulf ever widening between American and Russian ideologies, Hearst's forebodings of thirty-five years would seem to stamp him a prophet.

Politically, Hearst has always been a jumper, rather than a fence straddler. Since 1934, when he began to feel that Roosevelt's social reforms were taking the country in the wrong direction, his sentiments have almost always echoed or set the pace for the Republican Party.

Early in his life he had political ambitions of his own, possibly inspired by the fact that his father had been a United States Senator. Although his personal ambitions toward statesmanship met with no more success than his election to two two-year terms in Congress in 1902 and 1904, he has always been a factor to consider as a man behind the political scene. In 1905, while still a Representative, he ran for Mayor of New York City against the Tammany machine. Defeated by a few votes, he demanded a recount, but boss

Charley Murphy and his cohorts saw to it that ballot boxes in Hearst-controlled districts wound up in the East River. In the recount Hearst lost out by a mere 3,474 votes. Four years later he ran again for mayor and lost, and in 1909 he was defeated for governor of the state by Charles Evans Hughes. Earlier in 1904, he was boomed for the presidential nomination but was defeated in convention.

Only twice again did Hearst try to run for public office. In 1919 he sought nomination as a United States Senator from New York but did not make it. A year earlier he wanted the Democratic nomination for governor but stepped aside in favor of Al Smith. When Smith was elected, Hearst felt that because of his support he should be the recipient of certain favors which were not granted.

This was the beginning of the Smith-Hearst feud which reached its culmination in the 1928 presidential campaign when Hearst supported Hoover and assailed Smith editorially and in cartoons as a bulbous-nosed rummy and a product of New York's lower East Side, who was out of his social element in aspiring to the Presidency. Old-time New Yorkers who knew Al Smith, and Catholics who rallied to his support, have never quite forgotten the vitriol of Hearst's attacks at that time.

At the Chicago convention in 1932, when through Hearst's influence, the John Nance Garner block of votes was switched to Roosevelt assuring him of the nomination, Al Smith took his famous "walk." Two years later, Hearst, fence jumping again, followed suit.

From the very start of his journalistic career, Hearst recognized the part that sport plays in the life of any American. A good deal of space in his papers is given to it. He certainly recognizes the basic interest in the "sport of kings," particularly where the two-dollar bettor has a chance to come away from the cashier's window immeasurably enriched by the happy choice of the right two-horse parlay. The names of the late Damon Runyon, Ring Lardner, Dan Parker, and Bill Corum are synonymous with the best in sports writing.

Hearst also has always devoted much

space to drama reviews, particularly in New York, and to the movies. He features so-called intimate shots of Hollywood stars relaxing in the various swank night spots that glittering city supports. These photos, despite criticism they are by no means technically perfect or in good taste, are allotted prominent space in the picture pages with which Hearst seems to dress up his sometimes news-lacking publications.

Of late, especially in New York, the Hearst press has sought to gain the attention of the so-called Four Hundred. Circulation-minded Hearst men beam when they tell you that sales on Park Avenue "have soared." Possibly one reason for this is Cholly Knickerbocker's minute attention to the comings and goings of the city's upper crust. This year Cholly devoted much of Hearst's hard-to-get newsprint to list in double-column space the names of the 1947 Fall crop of debutantes in the *Journal American*. No one, except possibly the doting parents, socially eligible bachelors, and the girls themselves could have cared.

THESE are some of the techniques used by Hearst in his papers, all of which follow the same general pattern. Through his eighteen newspapers, nine magazines in this country and three in England, his three radio stations, and three syndicates, it has been estimated that Hearst reaches as many persons directly or indirectly each day as a single Truman broadcast or a Roosevelt fireside chat ever did.

Hearst's emphasis on sex is something that should be, and has been, deplored. His Boston tabloids, the *American* and the *Record*, sacrifice wordage for the sake of pictures of scantily clad beauties which are run for little or no reason beyond that which they portray. His *American Weekly*, probably the most carefully edited magazine in the country, is an example of one of the lowest forms of cheap sensationalism.

Here the microscope of Hearst's specially picked feature writers is turned upon the more macabre aspects of stories which have no place in straight news coverage.

Hearst syndicates, besides International News Service which takes care of general news happenings and the "Chief suggests" memoranda, are King Features, which distributes comic strips, columns, and feature articles, and International News Photos, Hearst's picture service.

When we add to these syndicates Hearst's eight or ten magazines and his three radio stations, it is obvious that his influence on public opinion is tremendous. And there are those who believe that so much power should not be vested in the hands of one man. Regardless of how we feel about this matter, there isn't much that can be done about it. An only child himself, Hearst has five sons, all of them executives in the Hearst outfit. So whether we like it or not, it seems that the Hearst dynasty is here to stay.

SPORTS...

by Don Dunphy

During the last football season I had the opportunity of calling the play-by-play on the Brooklyn Dodgers professional football games at Ebbets Field over CBS Television Station WCBS-TV. Ever since, I've been astounded by the magnitude of this new communications medium from the statistical and operational standpoints especially. In doing these football games, I learned so much about television I hadn't even imagined existed that I thought you readers might like to know a little something about what goes on in a sports telecast.

Unlike radio, where one technician — with what amounts to a vanity case of equipment — can set up a broadcast, every televising of a football game, a baseball game, a boxing bout, or any other sports event is a major project. Approximately a ton and a half of technical equipment for an indoor remote; a little less, probably a ton, for an outdoor pickup, plus a truck, plus a minimum crew of eight, is the WCBS-TV tested recipe for a good "on location" telecast.

Equipment must be on hand at a remote point at least two hours before rehearsal time. It takes seven technicians and a supervisor about two hours' time to get it set up, tested, and operating so that a satisfactory picture can be viewed at the transmitter and studio control room. The technicians then step into their broadcast roles — two as cameramen, two as camera control operators, one as audio man, one a link transmitter operator, and one in relief. The supervisor, of course, is in charge. In addition to the technical personnel, there's the play-by-play sportscaster, a spotter or researcher, and a director for the program.

All the personnel, except the sportscaster, are hooked up on an intercommunication "headphone" system. As a result, the director is in touch at all times with his entire crew. The spotter or researcher takes messages and comments from the director for the sportscaster and relays them when convenient.

Incidentally, the sportscaster has a monitor or screen in front of him, so that he can comment on the picture that is being sent out on the air rather than go off on a tangent on something that is entirely different.

The entire crew is always alert for "color" material to brighten a telecast — celebrities sitting in a box, brawls, amusing incidents, etc. Superstitions of players also are good fill during dull periods in the pickup.

The director and the camera control crew in their little recess, wherever it happens to be, attend all sports events telecast, but rarely if ever get outside their cubicle to see the action "live" as it were, having to be content to see it on the camera monitors or screens in front of them.

The director is the over-all boss of the operation. He calls the show and issues the final instructions. However, everyone has to be on his toes and anticipate the action coming up.

The director has three monitors in front of him, one for each camera, and an air monitor which is the actual picture as you would receive it at home. On one camera monitor is the picture which is also going out on the air; on the other one, the director is framing his next picture. When it is set to his liking, he calls for a switch; that is, he sends that picture out on the air. The first camera is thus disengaged, so he communicates with the

cameraman calling for another picture on it. For instance, at a football game one camera may be on the team in the huddle. That will be the picture you see at home. Meanwhile the other camera might be on the hands of the clock showing two minutes to go in the game. At the end of a play shown on camera one, the director will call for two and you will see the clock showing how much time is left. Meanwhile, camera one could be on one of the coaches nervously pacing up and down or talking to a substitute about to be sent into the game.

Yes, indeed, since there's more to radio than meets the ear, there's more to television than meets the eye, and I thought you might like to know something about it.

Sports Quiz

(You're terrific if you get them all right. For answers see opposite page.)

1. Name the Detroit bowler who has been the only kegger selected on the All-America teams picked by Mort Luby of the *Bowlers Journal* from 1940 to '47 inclusive?
2. Give the real names of the following boxers:
a) Ray Robinson
b) Beau Jack
c) Charlie Zivic
3. Name the manager who won the most pennants in the big leagues.
4. Has Notre Dame accepted a Bowl bid?
5. Give the full names of the following:
a) Jack Dempsey
b) Gene Tunney
c) Babe Ruth

The WCBS-TV camera control unit at Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, N.Y.



Sports Flashes

It isn't generally known but Tommy Henrich, great New York Yankee outfielder, was faced with a difficult decision a year ago, and he came through in fine style. You may recall that the New York Yankee football team was playing the Cleveland Browns for the All-America Conference championship in Cleveland in the fall of 1946. The football Yankees, of course, belong to the same organization as Tommy's baseball Yankees. And to make things more interesting, Paul Brown, coach of the Browns, is a personal friend of Henrich's. Tommy wanted very much to see that game. However, he had promised to sing at a Catholic Church in his home town of Massillon, Ohio, that same Sunday. So Tommy kept his promise and skipped the game. No wonder they call Tommy—Old Reliable.

Look for Buddy Hassett to move up quickly in the New York Yankee baseball organization. Buddy, former Manhattan College baseball and basketball star, clicked as manager of the Yankee farm at Norfolk, Va., last year and is highly regarded by George Weiss, Yankee General Manager. Hassett is the aggressive, teaching type of leader the Yankees want.

George Vico will be the first baseman of the Detroit Tigers in 1948. He's a husky power hitter, and Charley Dressen, Yankee coach, tabs him the best fielder to come up at the initial sack since Bill Terry. Steve O'Neill, Tiger boss, may use Roy Cullenbine as trading material or as an outfield sub.

In a colder vein, John McIntyre, former C.B.S. engineer, tells us that the Canadian Winter Olympic teams will be

Television shooting a football game at Baker Field in New York



January, 1948



Milt Schmidt—fastest center

at St. Moritz for the winter sports January 30 to February 8.

Mac also relates that the Canadian Olympic hockey team will be chosen from among members of the Canadian Armed Forces and will be coached by Frank Boucher, Jr., son of the New York Ranger manager.

Sammy André, director of photography for *Pic* magazine, is an authority on Notre Dame football and probably has the most extensive picture file on the Irish in the whole country. Yet when he saw this past year's Army-Notre Dame game, it was the first time he had ever set foot on the Notre Dame campus.

Pauline Betz, former women's tennis champion, recently turned professional,

has switched to ping pong and is touring the country giving exhibitions of the table game. And guess what? Pauline is making a lot more with the pings and the pongs than she did as a tennis pro.

Coming back to baseball and television, both the New York Yankees and the New York Giants are reported very cold to television offers for 1948, and the Dodgers reputedly want a hundred grand for the rights to their games. All three want to make sure the new medium won't hurt attendance. Then there's that contract with the Twentieth Century Sporting Club for the Madison Square Garden fights. That's going to be a tough one to negotiate.

Tony Zale will accept no fights until he meets Rocky Graziano a third time. And if the former middleweight king loses that scrap, he'll retire.

Joe Cumiskey, starred with Bill Brandt on Mutual's "Inside of Sports," recently addressed the annual meeting of the St. Bonaventure Alumni at Elmira, N. Y. Joe was a four-letter man for the Bonnies in his college days, competing in football, baseball, basketball, and track.

Art Ross, veteran manager of the Boston Bruins, says that Milt Schmidt (Milton Conrad Schmidt) is the fastest of modern centers. Last season he was the N.H.L. all-star center—he beat out Max Bentley, league-scoring champion for the honor. Milt was born in Kitchener, Ont., March 5, 1918. He is a left-hand shot, 5-11 in height, and weighs 180 pounds. If Milt is second to any Bruin of all time for speed, spirit, and popularity, it is only to Eddie Shore. Last year Milt led the Bruins in scoring with 27 goals and 35 assists for 62 points and was second to Maurice Richard of Montreal in the balloting for the Hart Trophy, which goes to the most valuable player in the National Hockey League. He was the keyman of Boston's famous "Kraut Line," which had his home town mates Bobby Bauer and Woody Dumart as right and left wings, respectively. The line was broken up this year when Bauer retired from hockey. This is Milt's ninth year in the big time.

ANSWERS TO SPORTS QUIZ

1. Joe Norris
2. a) Walker Smith
b) Sidney Walker
c) Charlie Affr (Developed by Fritz Zivic, Affr took his name as a Nom de Ring)
3. The late John McGraw of the New York Giants won ten pennants. Joe McCarthy, now of the Boston Red Sox, has won nine.
4. Yes. Notre Dame played in the Rose Bowl January 1, 1925 and beat Stanford with the Four Horsemen starting for Knute Rockne.
5. a) William Harrison Dempsey
b) James Joseph Tunney
c) George Herman Ruth



So you're going into business

by BEATRICE TAINES and JEAN BECK

THIS very day, over eleven hundred businesses were started in the United States. More than 90 per cent of these represent the great American dream, "a small business of my own." But, three years from today, a little more than six hundred will have failed—and no figures can tell the total in human misery, financial hardship, and shattered hopes.

America's three million small businesses form the very backbone of her free enterprise system. Although one-third of them are run solely by their owners, they still employ almost half the working people in the country. Yet, today there are left only two million firms of the sixteen million established between 1900 and 1940. Only about one fifty-second of small enterprises ever celebrate their fiftieth anniversary. And, of the five hundred businesses which close their doors every day, 96 per cent have fewer than four employees.

Where can we lay the blame for this tragic rate of failure? Experts place it squarely on the small businessman himself. Amos E. Taylor, Director of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, declares, "Records over a long period of years point to the fact that one of the principal causes of business failures

is a lack of experience and management know-how."

The list of things which must be learned to achieve what Director Taylor calls "management know-how" is tremendous. For example, the man who would run a small grocery shop should know that it generally takes about three hundred people to support such a store. The prospective owner of a retail shoe store must know how to figure out the per capita purchase of shoes in his area, to determine whether or not the community can support his store.

One prospective manufacturer planned on opening a small knitgoods factory employing ten men. He located a desirable building in a pleasant town and started shopping for his machinery. Then a casual conversation with a stranger in a restaurant made him aware of a problem which he had never considered—that of labor. Further talks with local business organizations confirmed what the stranger had suggested. The large corporation which owned the biggest factory in town offered such unusual inducements in the way of pensions, vacations, and superior working conditions that no small businessman could hope to compete. He could only expect the dregs of the labor market, and

could look forward to having his best men continually leave him just as soon as the larger factory had a job open. He chose a new site in another town, saving himself from possible failure through a simple bit of "know-how."

And thus, each business has its individual problems. Then, there are the many processes essential to all business operation—insurance, taxation, government regulation, labor laws, bookkeeping, inventory, stock records, pricing for profit, credit.

CREDIT is probably the most important of all. There is hardly a business, large or small, which is started without a loan. Mr. John B. Paddi, Vice-President of the Manufacturers Trust Company, says that in making a loan, his bank takes into consideration three major factors:

1. *Reputation*—Reflected in paying habits and ability to live within means.
2. *Capacity and Competence*—Revealed by the nature of occupation, industry, and continuity of employment.
3. *Degree of Stability*—Indicated by age, health, etc. However, Mr. Paddi emphasizes that, "On business loans there is more stress on experience and working capital, and on personal aptitude, which

nowadays is commonly known as "know-how."

The community has a twofold responsibility in making its citizens successful businessmen. One is to make all the necessary information not only easily available, but so well publicized that every would-be businessman will see it as prerequisite for opening a shop. The second responsibility is to educate its young people to the problems of business before they have a chance to have their first failure. The obligation to these future businessmen should be the affair of every citizen in commerce.

Several organizations throughout the country have set up programs to work on the problem. Five thousand students in twenty-six New York City vocational high schools are being taught the essentials of business management by experts in the field. The program exists as much to tell the wrong youngster to stay out of business as it does to tell the right one to go into it.

The comprehensive curriculum gives the students a thoroughly realistic picture of the obligations and responsibilities of being an employer. Actual retailing experience is obtained through the "sales

has meant the difference between success and failure. For instance, a veteran used his G. I. loan to buy a site in a middle-class, Southern city for a proposed electrical appliances shop. His plans were for a highly modern, handsome store. Luckily, when he was about midway in his building, he conferred with the local Department of Commerce office. Their experts showed him how to compute costs accurately. With this knowledge, he figured out his capital, and realized that, with so disproportionately large an investment, he could not make a profit on the price-fixed goods he would sell. Just in time, he changed his plans, canceled his order for a glass-brick shop front and two large, elaborate show cases. With this more modest store, he is now able to make a good living.

Of special value because of their familiarity with local problems are the state, city, and business agencies—for example, the local office of the State Division of Veterans Affairs, your State Department of Education, your State Department of Commerce, the local Better Business Bureau, and Real Estate Board. Of course, every businessman should be familiar

people than ever are hopefully going into business on their own. The Veteran's Administration says that, in the year and a half between September 1945 and April 1947 close to sixty thousand ex-G. I.'s have been granted over \$187,000,000 in business loans and since then requests continue to come in at about the same rate. The loans average about \$3,500 each. Most frequently of all, veterans seek loans to open package liquor stores. Then come bar and grills; restaurants; grocery stores; taxicabs; stationery, book, and shoe stores.

BUT bankers have been dismayed to find that most veterans do not have a definite idea of what business they want to go into. Mr. Paddi of the Manufacturers Trust Company says, "The majority seemed to be willing to go into businesses about which they had little knowledge or no experience . . . For example, they talk about one type of business, and when their logic is exhausted, they will inquire what other kinds have possibilities."

One gets the impression that their desires to enter business were first formulated in the few quiet moments allotted to them in Army life, and bear the marks of idealism, rather than the practical attitude that should be characteristic of those entering the highly competitive field of private enterprise.

He points out that on three-year loans for the purchase of equipment, \$4,000 must be paid off, even on the lowest finance charges, at the rate of \$118 a month out of earnings. This means the business must yield a 100 per cent profit on the investment in three years—this after taxes, and reserves for depreciation—and provide a living for the owner and his family. Moreover, it should be remembered that almost one-third of small firms fail within the first year.

All of this does not mean that there is no room for small business. It simply means that, as one expert said, "all the angles must be known beforehand to stand even a fifty-fifty chance for permanent success." With 96 per cent of all business in the United States employing fewer than one hundred workers, America's economic system depends upon her small businesses.

To give its members every chance for success, the community should see to it that all prospective businessmen know "all the angles." Every available source of information should be co-ordinated to this important end. With the co-operation of the schools, the banks, and the local business organizations, every citizen interested in opening his own business could obtain a true picture of exactly what his new enterprise entailed. The appalling rate of small business failure can be reduced only through such united action for thorough education.

Small business, the backbone of our free enterprise system, is on the decline. Five hundred shops close down every day. Causes and cures presented here as a community problem

laboratories." These are going shops set up in the school, and run entirely by the students. They have the same problems and need the same working knowledge as does any other small business. Along with buying and selling, the students learn other fundamentals, such as advertising, insurance, contracts, store layout, location selection, bookkeeping. The course is sensibly placed at the very end of the vocational training so that it comes at a time when the pupils are ready for it. The program is still fairly young, but it can already boast of dozens of success stories.

The U. S. Department of Commerce conducts a widespread information program which is offered to everybody. The Department publishes reams of material on every type of small enterprise. The minutest details of every business from an Automobile Repair Shop to a Small Sawmill are given in these books. Other titles include: "What a Good Package Should Do," "How to Fix Compensation for Salesmen," "Errors in Figuring Cost," "Direct Mail Advertising," and almost a hundred others. Each booklet contains a list of field offices where businessmen and would-be businessmen can get information and advice from experts.

A visit to one of these field offices often

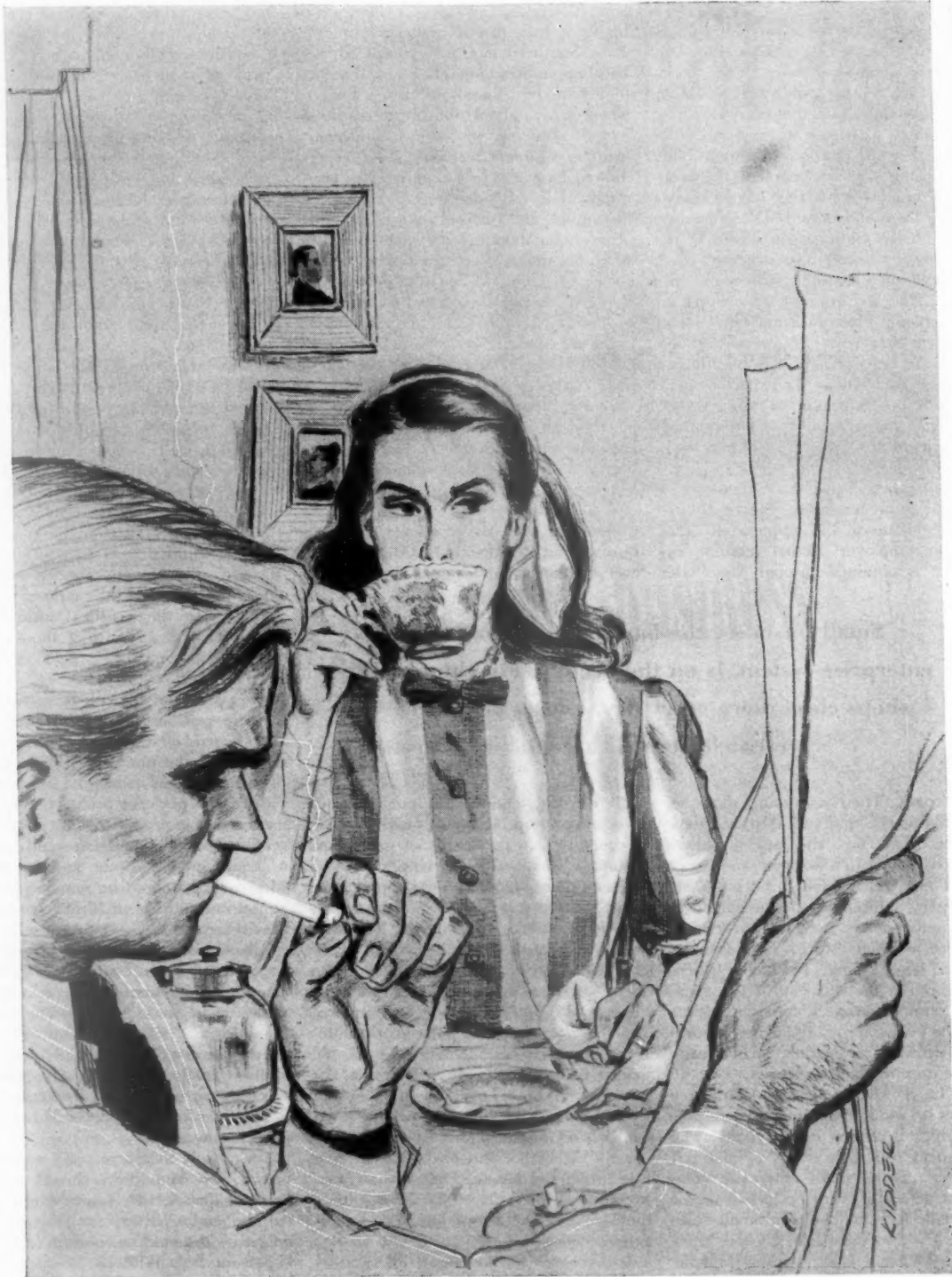
with the publications put out by trade associations especially for his business. Frequently, banks, boards of trade, and insurance companies offer help.

One failure could have been prevented easily. Two young men formed a partnership to open a drive-in movie. To them, the arrangements looked perfect. They capitalized on contacts which had taken them years to build up. The spot they chose was opposite a large picnic area which was crowded all through the summer. But there was one major flaw in the arrangements which only a resident of the community could have known. The picture area, popular by day, was deserted at night because of poorly lit roads winding through woods so dark that driving was considered unsafe. The partners plan to open another drive-in, but this time they'll consult with local business organizations before leaping in.

It becomes obvious that information has been compiled and put into available form. But none of these scattered programs has made real inroads on the failure rate. The reason for this is that not enough people make use of the information.

Today, because of the large numbers of veterans eligible for business loans, more

Breakfast was eaten in stark silence



ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY KIDDER

**If the priest could be trusted with the confessional's deep, dark
secrets, couldn't his friend keep one innocent little secret?
Winkler was sure he could, never dreamed it would be so hard**

SEAL OF THE BENEDICT

by ALBERT EISELE

MR. SERENO WINKLER stood in the open doorway of his garage and watched the gleaming new car as it backed out of the building. In the street the car came to a standstill, then shot swiftly forward as the proud driver and owner, Father Hubert Meyers, waved a hand in farewell. The garage man stood there a moment longer, his eye following the car as it passed down the main street of the town and out toward the country. A superb car, yes sir, and furthermore, if Father Meyers was proud to be the owner of such a car, then he, Sereno Winkler, was proud to be its salesman and local representative. Sereno looked up at the sky; it was a January sky, heavy and gray, and from the east a raw wind was blowing. But Father was only going out into the country a short distance, was going to take just a little spin to try out the new car; there wasn't much danger of his getting caught in bad weather. It really wasn't an ideal day to take out a new car, but Father had been waiting for it so long, and so patiently, that it was the most natural thing in the world for him to come and get his new car just as soon as Sereno had phoned him to say that it had come in.

Father deserved his new car, if anybody did. In addition to his own parish, which was not a small one, he had a mission, which was ten miles away, where he said Mass every Sunday, to say nothing of sick calls and other pastoral trips that were necessary during the week. About a year ago Father had brought his old car in, saying that the gear shift lever was popping out of position, and it was found that the transmission box needed fifty dollars' worth of labor and new parts. And shortly after that a brake cylinder went out, and that meant another thirty dollars' worth of labor, new parts, and brake linings. But now Father had a new car, and he could forget these repair bills for a while.

The skies grew heavier, and by twilight Sereno heard reports that ice was forming on windshields and that driving had become difficult and dangerous. It was soon the hour for closing, and the mechanics quit work and went home. Sereno himself was just getting ready to lock up when he

heard a car honking at the shop door. He walked back to the shop; outside the car was honking impatiently. It was true that there was a "Honk Your Horn" sign on the wide door, but Sereno nevertheless found himself irritated—there were too many of these motorists who were always acting as though a garage door should fly open the very instant that they drove up. Sereno threw up the door; a new car drove in. The car's windows were iced over; then the car door opened and Father Meyers stepped out.

"I had bad luck!" said Father Meyers nervously, and Sereno then saw that the left front fender looked like a piece of crumpled carbon paper.

"The ice! The sleet! It's terrible!" said Father Meyers. "I skidded into the bridge a mile west of town. Can you fix it? Can you smooth it out, make it look like new again?"

"Not that fender," said Sereno. "It's got a big gash in it here, you see. But I've got a new fender in stock—I ordered it for Henry Schultes, but he hasn't showed up yet, and as long as he isn't in a hurry I'll let you have the new fender, Father."

"Any one else here?" Father Meyers asked.

"No. The boys have gone home. I was just getting ready to close up."

"Well, Sereno, I want to ask you a favor—I want you to fix up my new car on the sly, see? I want you to fix it up without letting anybody know that I banged into the bridge! It's not that I care about my-

self, but there are a lot of people in this town who would like nothing better than hear a Catholic priest took out his new car and smashed it up! You know how they'd laugh! I've got a few even in my own parish. So you see how it is, and how it would be a favor to me to fix this up on the quiet and not let it leak out at all!"

"Sure, Father, I'll do it! I'll put the new fender on myself—I'll come to the shop after supper tonight and do it, and then you can get your car first thing in the morning. Are you sure that no one saw you drive in here with the bad fender?"

"I'm sure no one saw me. This afternoon I drove out into the country farther than I intended, the car handling so nice, and when I hit the bridge on the way back it was dark already. Hardly anybody was on the street when I got back to town, and even if somebody happened to notice the fender, the windows were iced over and no one could have recognized me. And after I pulled up in front of the door no one walked past—and by the way, that's why I honked the horn so loud, because I wanted to hurry and get inside."

"I've got two mechanics," said Sereno, "but one isn't feeling very good—he has a bad cold, and the other one I wouldn't trust. So I'll put the fender on myself—I'm only out of the shop a little more than a year, you know, and I still know a few things about tools. I've got a pair of coveralls here, and after supper I'll come back and get to work. I'll have the lights on only in the shop, and nobody'll know a thing about it. So now don't you worry about a thing, Father. Leave it all to me!"

Sereno went home then, and after supper said, "Emma, my dear, I've got to run up to the office for a while tonight—a few odds and ends to be looked after."

"Office!" echoed his wife. "It's always the office! It just seems that you haven't any time these days for anything except the office! Don't you think I'd appreciate a little home life? I might just as well be a widow. Well, don't stay too long."

"I'll be back as quick as I can, my dear. I don't like this running away after supper any better than you do, but business is business. You know how it is."

ALBERT EISELE has had stories published in many Catholic periodicals. Mr. Eisele collaborates with his wife, Susan, on a weekly farm column.



"I skidded into the bridge a mile west of town"

He returned to his office, changed into his coveralls, and was soon back in the shop. He brought out the new fender, and, after having gotten his tools lined up, put out all the lights except his working bulb. The car was new, with nothing rusty, but Sereno discovered that he himself was a little rusty in his working technique and that it would take him longer to put on the new fender than he had figured. So he phoned his wife, telling her that a few extra items had popped up and that he would be home later on. He finally got the new fender in place, and painted, and the car looked just as if it had come off the assembly line. He took off his coveralls, washed up, and glanced at the clock. Holy smokes, was it that late? He hoped that his wife wouldn't be too cross when he got home.

He had walked down—it was only three blocks, and now, as he walked back, he felt himself glowing with satisfaction, not only because he had done Father Meyers a good turn, but also because he had become the custodian of a secret. It was not, it was true, a deep secret, but it was a secret nevertheless, even if of an innocent nature, and Sereno couldn't, offhand, recall that he had ever had a secret in all his life, at least, in his adult life. And this was a secret that he would keep, too. You bet he would. Father Meyers was counting on him—and here was another angle: if Father Meyers could keep all those heavy and dark secrets that came to him in the confessional, couldn't he, Sereno Winkler, keep this one, poor, little, anemic secret of the crumpled fender? He would punch the nose of the first man who said that he couldn't! The seal of the confessional—wasn't there maybe a counterpart among the laity—the seal of the married man?

Or the seal of the benedict? Yes, that last was the proper term.

When he got home he found his wife up yet. "But my dear!" he said, "I had expected you to go to bed! There was no need of you waiting up for me!"

"I didn't expect you to stay this late! How many games of billiards did you play?"

"None!"

"You bowled, then!"

"I didn't bowl! I told you that I had some work to do at the office, and that's the truth. I didn't even stop at a beer parlor on the way home."

"What kind of work did you do at the office?"

"Bookwork."

"But you told me only this morning that you were all caught up on your bookwork! Just this morning you told me that! How come a lot of bookwork piled up on you all of a sudden?"

"Emma, I said bookwork, and I don't see why I should be cross-examined."

"I'm not cross-examining you. I only asked you what kind of bookwork it was that made you stay till after midnight, and you get huffy! I'd hate to think you're holding something back on me."

"Oh for goodness sake, stop your chewing! I'm tired! I've had a hard day."

"I ask you a simple question and you avoid it!"

"You ask me unnecessary details!"

"Unnecessary details! You didn't play billiards! You didn't bowl! You didn't stop at a beer parlor! You were all caught up on your bookwork! Then what were you doing until after midnight?"

"Oh, so you don't trust me, eh? So you don't believe me any more? Do you want to insult me?"

"Insult me, he says! I sit here till past midnight playing the neglected wife and wondering whether he's really at the office or whether he's making sheep eyes at only God knows—"

"That's just enough!"

"Don't you shout at me like that!"

"I will shout, if I feel like it! And you're going to act toward me as if you really knew your place! Now shut up! You hear me? Shut up!"

There was silence. They had quarreled. It was a major quarrel, too, not just an ordinary family jar. It was one of those bitter, corroding, mute affairs that came to them about once a year. And now there would be two or three days of silence, a stubborn, unnatural silence.

They went to bed, in the same bed as usual, but back to back and each careful not to touch the other. He rode one bed rail, she the other. In the morning he got up and started the fire, and then she got up and made breakfast, which was eaten in a stark silence punctuated only by the amplified sound of dishes and of mastication, each sound as distinct and disturbing as a snore in church. Then it was time for him to go to the office. He went. No kisses at the door, no good-bys.

All day at the office he was depressed, and he tried to review the whole case and justify the way he had acted. She had had no business cross-examining him about what he had done at the office—acting as though she thought he had spent the time with another woman. The ideal wife was submissive, kind, and never asked questions, even if her husband came home with a black eye or with a long blond hair on his coat. On the other hand, he had messed up the whole thing when he had told her he had done bookwork. In the first place that was a lie, a white lie of course, but even white lies were treacherous things. He should have had his explanations all carefully worked out before he stepped into the house. Instead of that he wasn't prepared, said glibly, "Bookwork," and the damage was done.

Bookwork! A master hand he was at deception! Here he had tried only to do Father Meyers a good turn, had worked past midnight on that fender, had taken the skin off his unaccustomed fingers in three or four places, and the only visible reward that he had gotten was that he was in the doghouse!

That night he couldn't sleep very well, but neither could his wife, although it was true that the moon had risen and was shining right in her eyes. Now she didn't like to have the moon in her eyes, so Sereno got up and moved the bed, which was on rollers. His wife went to sleep right away, but he didn't. In the morning he got up, grabbed at his trousers, which he had left on the floor and which now seemed to be snagged; he gave an angry jerk, and a

(Continued on page 77)

RADIO

by DOROTHY KLOCK

Little Pitchers

There are plenty of radio programs on the air these days for little pitchers. But few people have discovered that there are now several series about rather than for the little pitchers, designed exclusively for the listening ears of their elders. This is a very good sign indeed.

For far too many years, broadcasters aimed to delight the kiddies and, on the other hand, almost completely neglected the all-American problem, the raising of children. Here is a fertile field for a happy combination of good public service and vital, worthwhile program content. Your radio is now helping you to find the answers to youth problems.

Doorway to Life (CBS, Sunday, 1:30 to 2 P.M., E.S.T.) uses a simple dramatic format. There's always a youngster who is a problem case, of course. (Wonder why somebody doesn't do a program about a fine, normal, healthy child with the aim of showing what makes him thus!) We are assured that these are authentic cases and they sound that way. Nothing is done with blood and thunder; the exposition is simple and direct. The age-range of the children considered in the series is wide, running from preschool to high school. A single case is considered each week. Usually, it's a teacher who is the guide to happier days for both child and parent. And—o tempora!—usually it's the parent who's the culprit. *Doorway to Life*, to quote the Columbia Broadcasting System, "is prepared in consultation with a board of leading psychiatrists, child psychologists, educators, and social workers." Very formidable array, indeed. Let's hope that along the line there just happens to be a parent or two among the -ists, -ers, and -ors. The programs are pretty frank in saying on the air just what is wrong and why. Good taste is observed, of course, but the general honesty is refreshing.

It's the American Broadcasting Company which seems to be the most child-conscious network, however. It has had on the air for more than a year one of the best and yet easily the most frightening program about young people. It's a Sun-

day afternoon series, *Are These Our Children?* (ABC, 4 to 4:30 P.M., E.S.T.), broadcast each week from the studios of the ABC affiliate in San Francisco. You have to be willing to face facts to take this one—and what parent is worth the name if he can't do that? These are dramatizations too, well-written and well-produced, telling the stories of young delinquents whose case histories are in the San Francisco files. The location is unimportant; you could find the same kind of youngsters in any city in America. And for the same reasons. The excellent feature of the series is that it points out in subtle ways, without direct sermonizing, that young people who go down delinquent paths come from all types of homes, even the most sheltered, and that delinquency is not always the companion evil of poverty and privation. Here's a call to a war that is yet far from won, a war in which every citizen can find a job for himself, if he loves children and values their future as others valued his when he was young.

The other ABC program about children is unique in many respects. Called *Child's World*, it goes on the air on Sunday nights 7 to 7:30 E.S.T. Of course, if you're one of those who feel that Jack Benny is the only one who can set you up for a week of work, you won't hear *Child's World*. But never mind about yourself some Sunday night. Instead, use this chance of sitting in on a vocal jam-session when the kids get together and talk about what's troubling them and why they do what they do and how they hope the old folks will leave them a decent world to live in. That's the way the programs run.

Helen Parkhurst, founder of the Dalton School in New York, and an experienced educator of national repute, thought up the idea. She worked on the format for two years before she approached ABC. She went around the country with a wire recorder, talking with children, or rather, getting them to talk. To them, she represents none of the long arms of parent, school, or church; she's just a nice stranger who is interested in them and in what they have to say.

Such a program has obvious dangers. Youngsters are naturally repetitious; the situation is one which frequently elicits braggadocio, although there is a surprising minimum of this; the over-all interest and value of the program are necessarily spotty. There are peaks and valleys, but for the patient listener, there is much that touches home. There's a good deal of variety to the topics discussed—radio programs for children, truancy, prejudices. You'll hear some very plain speaking on the part of the youngsters, especially the boys. They tell why they "play the hook," how they manage to make it appear legal, where they go when they're out of school, and what they tell their moms to cover up. It's not good radio fare for your Tommy or Susie, of course, but it's not meant for them. So when they're off to the movies, try *Child's World* for a look at the inner tickings of the mind of your juvenile or adolescent.

Painful though this will be, it would not be right to leave the field of children's programs without comment on one of the most objectionable programs on the air in this country, *Juvenile Jury*. I am reluctant to mention the network, day, and time lest by that even one more listener be added to its home audience. But because you have the right to judge for yourself, here are the vital statistics—MBS, Sunday, 3:30 to 4 P.M., E.S.T. Precocious children on the stage or in the parlor can be very irksome; on the radio, they are unbearable. But the annoyance stirred in the listener is the very least of the evils of this program. Here, in the making, is a whole set of warped personalities; children who are led to believe by a guffawing studio audience that practically everything that comes out of their little mouths is brilliant. There should be a common law prohibiting the encouragement of such conditions.

Far happier the task of reporting to you on the most delightful of the programs for children, *Land of the Lost* (ABC, Saturday, 11:30—Noon, E. S. T.). It has a rightful place in this discussion because it numbers among its listeners as many adults as children. It is the story of Red Lantern, the fish, and his two friends, a boy and a girl from our world. Each week, Red Lantern takes them on a journey under the sea to the land where all the lost things go. Their adventures are full of whimsy and imagination, and sly comment on human character and the strange ways of the world of politics and business. Here is all the pixie humor that makes *Gulliver's Travels* and *Alice in Wonderland* books for young and old.

Mutual is busy hopping on the kiddies' bandwagon too, with a documentary series called *Your Children Today*. The scripts are by Arnold Perl, and the direction by Mitchell Grayson, very able gentlemen in their respective fields.



The Flow Of Time

by

IGNATIUS SMITH, O. P.

ON JANUARY the first, the Feast of the Circumcision, some of us will begin a new year. We will open a new era of time. For others time will be no more because death will have erased time for them and will have ushered them through the courtroom of God's judgment into a new measurement of duration. Time measures the duration of the body and of material change. The soul is subject to the measurement of time because it is joined to the body. In another world, separated from the body, its duration will be measured by a new measurement. Only God is completely eternal.

Time is a succession of instants, and the only certain factor in time is the fleeting "now" or present instant. The instants that have gone make up the past. The future instants have not yet arrived and they may never come. The past is largely beyond our control. The future is not yet in our grasp. The only certain element of time is this present fleeting moment.

Scientists may measure time by years, months, days, hours, and seconds. They may measure time by the sun, the moon, and the stars. Some philosophers may make time only a mental contribution to reality. But Christian thinkers cannot consider time with its past, present, and future without reference to the eternal God. Time for us is the measurement of human life, of that period when body and soul live in intimate and happy or unhappy companionship on this earth. Time is life, and life comes from God. For us every instant of the past has come from God. This present instant comes from God. Any moments of the future that we shall have will come from God. Life expectancy is controlled not merely by iron laws of health and

safety but ultimately by God, the Master of life and of death. Hence we approach New Year's Day with gratitude, with intelligent planning, and with holy resolution.

We thank the timeless God for sustaining our lives and for granting us more opportunity to enjoy time before entering into eternity. We thank God for this precious blessing of time, for this present instant, and for the moments He may send us in 1948.

We will be intelligent in planning for the godly use of time in the new year. An old allocation of time each day gave eight hours to work, eight hours to sleep, and eight hours to leisure. This is a practical and wise division if the eight hours of leisure time are intelligently used. Some leisure time must be devoted to uplifting recreation necessary for the full development of human personality. Some leisure time must be used for the meeting of social obligations we owe to others. Some leisure time must be devoted to the God who gives it to us. He is entitled to a return on every endowment He makes in human life and a part of our time must be spent each day in meeting our obligations to Him. We meet this obligation to Him by our prayers and other acts of religion. This makes for intelligent planning for the new year.

We approach the new year in a spirit of holy resolution. Every minute of our lives has come from God. Every second has gone back to Him. How have they returned? Wasted and devoid of any accomplishment for self, neighbor, or God? Profaned by the grime of sin? We must be resolved, if the new year is to be a happy new year, that every instant will be sent back to God bearing some deed performed for our God, our fellow man, and our eternal salvation.

You ought to know that . . .
METROPOLITAN OPERA AUDITIONS OF THE AIR will begin again on January 4. Between 1936 and 1945, these auditions have brought forty-two new young artists to the personnel of the Metropolitan Opera Association in New York. (ABC, Sunday, 4:30—5 P.M., E.S.T.)

WORLD SECURITY WORKSHOP (Sunday, ABC, 12:30—1 P.M., E.S.T.) has introduced a new format, featuring radio court tribunals on major international issues. Students of Columbia University's Schools of Law, International Relations and Public Law, and Government are the participants.

UNITED NATIONS ACTIVITIES will be the subject of a series of public service dramatic programs to be broadcast from Hollywood. Outstanding personalities of stage, screen, and radio will play leading roles in them. The work of the less publicized agencies of the UN, including World Health, Food and Agriculture, International Labor Office, the International Refugee Organization, and the United Nations Appeal for Children will be explained through dramatic-narration techniques.

THE GILBERT YOUTH RESEARCH ORGANIZATION, founded three years ago by Eugene Gilbert of Chicago, now aged twenty-one, has been engaged by the National Broadcasting Company to test the popularity and cultural value of its Saturday morning programs. Young people all over the country, high school and college students, are used by the organization to seek "youth facts" through interviews with their fellow students.

TELEVISION VISIONARIES predict that the industry will boom into a six-billion-dollar industry, employing 250,000 men and women, in the years to come. By the end of 1948, the NBC Television network expects to bring television programs into the homes of 22,000,000 people.

THEATRE GUILD TELEVISION'S second offering was *The Late George Apley*. Leo G. Carroll again played the title role as he did in the Broadway production.

R.F.D. AMERICA, Mutual's new quiz program (Thursday, 9:30—10 P.M., E.S.T.) has two new features. It will permit farmer participation in a type of radio program formerly limited to urbanites and secondly, the prizes for these farmer-participants will be strictly utilitarian.

TO SECURE THESE RIGHTS, the President's Civil Rights Committee's Report, will be the basis of a series of programs on the Mutual network, beginning in January. The broadcasts will be both dramatic and documentary in form.



by O. A. BATTISTA

**Rare and precious elements of great importance
to industrial and human progress are being extracted
from below the surface of the seas**

DID you know that there is much more than salt in sea water? Covering as it does almost three-quarters of the surface of our planet, sea water is the most fabulous treasure house in the world. Astronomical quantities of common as well as rare and precious elements are invisibly dispersed within the depths of the oceans. And some of these ingredients of sea water are being extracted today on a commercial scale.

For example, hundreds of thousands of tons of "sea water" metal, magnesium, are being mined each year from inexhaustible reserves to help ease the strain on your back and mine. Full-sized magnesium alloy furniture for household and office use, furniture one-third the weight of ordinary styles, 12-pound wheelbarrows, 5-pound ladders, and 3-pound tricycles are appearing on the market in ever-increasing quantities. And the peacetime story of magnesium is just beginning.

According to Dr. Frank W. Clarke of

the U. S. Geological Survey, the estimated world supply of sea water is three hundred million cubic miles. If all of the common table salt which is dissolved in this phenomenal volume of water could be recovered, there would be enough of it to envelop the entire North American continent from the Yukon to Mexico with a coating more than one mile thick!

On the other hand, if we consider a more precious substance like gold, equally impressive figures may be quoted. In comparison with the amount of gold which floats about within King Neptune's empire, the stock pile of bullion buried in Kentucky stacks up as a meager supply against the more than seven trillion dollars worth of this yellow metal which lies below the surface of the seas.

One of the first products to be extracted from the sea on a commercial basis, other than common table salt, was the red, highly corrosive sister element of iodine called bromine.

Back in 1924, the yearly production of this potent liquid element in the United States was less than two million pounds. A little later, high-compression engines were designed for automobiles, and an era during which cars "coughed" and "knocked" along the highways was ushered in. The high-compression engines were just too much for the best grade of gasolines available at the time, and "engine knock" became one of the biggest headaches which ever plagued automobile manufacturers.

After years of extensive research, it was discovered that a very poisonous chemical called tetraethyl lead would kill the incessant pinging in high-compression engines. But, by itself, it had a serious drawback. In short order, it would foul spark plugs, engine valves, and piston rings. Then it was that Thomas Midgley, Jr., and his co-workers discovered that an almost perfect antiknock fluid could be manufactured using tetraethyl lead in gasoline, provided ethylene dibromide was added to offset its fouling tendencies.

O. A. BATTISTA, research chemist and graduate of McGill University, has written on scientific matters for outstanding national publications.

This discovery skyrocketed the demand for the element bromine, without which ethylene dibromide could not be manufactured. Existing land resources for this element were quite inadequate, and scientists were forced to look to the sea.

With the arrival of bromine in unlimited quantities and at a much reduced price, thanks to its successful recovery from sea water, "engine knock" all but disappeared from automobiles filled with premium gasoline. At the same time, the groundwork was laid for the manufacture of those superfuels which are classed today as high octane gasolines.

The success of the bromine venture led scientists to probe the sea for other elements which might be coaxed out in a practical manner. Their attention focused on the element magnesium because there had developed an almost insatiable demand for this metal by the expanding aviation industry; iron is four and one-half times and aluminum one and one-half times as heavy as magnesium.

The stock pile of magnesium metal in sea water is so tremendous that it could be mined at the rate of five million tons a year, and after some two million years there still would be plenty left.

The largest plant for the removal of magnesium metal from sea water is located at Freeport, Texas. It is operated by the Dow Chemical Company, whose scientists have been frontiersmen in developing the practical processes now in use for the production of magnesium metal from sea water.

The site of the Freeport plant was carefully selected. It is located near great beds of oyster shells which are required for the economical manufacture of magnesium from the sea.

The oyster shells, consisting as they do of almost pure calcium carbonate, are "slaked" in huge kilns to form calcium oxide or slaked lime. In this form, they are added to sea water in tremendous troughs and tanks. At this point the lime from the oyster shells and the magnesium which is invisibly dispersed in the sea water join up into pairs which settle out in the form of a white paste. Essentially this paste is identical with the "milk of magnesia" sold over drugstore counters.

The milk of magnesia paste is next mixed with a strong acid, usually hydrochloric acid, and an electric current is applied. Presto! Magnesium metal floats to the top of the electrolytic cells and is removed by means of large ladles.

In its pure form magnesium metal is soft, and it has little or no strength. But in the form of alloys, it is transformed into a tough and very strong featherweight structural material.

Magnesium metal from sea water has made possible lighter military and civilian aircraft. It burns with a bluish-white flame which water cannot extinguish. For this reason, great quantities were used for

the manufacture of millions of incendiary bombs, flares, and tracer bullets during World War II.

As Dr. Willard H. Dow recently pointed out to a Senate Committee, magnesium offers small businessmen wonderful peacetime opportunities. There are literally thousands of uses to which this metal may be put in alloy form if aggressive and far-seeing individuals wish to exploit them.

In combination with aluminum, for example, magnesium alloys are giving the plastics a run for their money in certain fields. It is cheap, light, durable, and versatile. It may be used in the manufacture of pots and pans and dozens of kitchen utensils. There is no reason why it could not have a corner on lightweight baby carriages and vacuum cleaners. In addition to furniture, many types of structural materials, shovels, automobiles, low-cost domestic planes and helicopters, and hundreds of other peacetime articles will uti-

lize the strength, permanence, and lightness of this remarkable metal to great advantage.

While bromine from the sea continues to eliminate "engine knock," and sea-water metal expands its usefulness in meeting the needs of man, we can expect scientists to capture additional vital materials from the depths of the oceans.

At least two California concerns are now manufacturing pharmaceutical grades of "milk of magnesia" as by-products in the manufacture of high grade common salt. Calcium sulfate or gypsum is another product being mined from the sea.

All these and many more resources of the sea are as free as the air we breathe. They are there for the taking in unlimited quantities. As present land resources become depleted, man will be forced to go down to the sea with test tubes and stills to coax more elements from their resting place in the oceans and put them into the service of mankind.

Photos from Dow Chemical Co.

Right: Durable skis are being made from alloys of magnesium—world's lightest structural material



Below: Magnesium framework gives strength and great permanence to lightweight "kiddie furniture"



Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

On the Ending of Wars

UNTIL THIS MONTH I have answered personally and at least by card all letters which came to me from readers of this page. I have for the first time had to give up doing this with the letters received on the subject of the ending of wars and the beginning of peace. I answered a few and then saw there would be no time left to do anything else if I answered them all. There was so much in them; they were so sensible, so intelligent, so warm, so troubled; each deserved its own considerable reply.

I am thanking here every one of the women who wrote to me, and I only wish it could be an individual thanks rather than this collective letter.

There were, of course, varieties of opinions. Since these were Catholic women, there was an insistence in some of the letters that a great deal could be done through prayer. I agree fully on the necessity of prayer. Catholics ought to pray, and devotion to Our Lady of Fatima, as several suggested, could not but be the source of help. But there is also the fact that in this campaign one wants to enlist all women, of whatever faith or even of none. And in addition to prayer we need action—action on the part of all women who are united in this one hope and aim—that war cease.

Women's Views on Peace

I AM GOING to quote short excerpts from some of the letters, which came from many states—Illinois, New York, Arkansas, Maine, Wisconsin, Louisiana, the Dakotas, Ohio, and one from Mexico City. They were a good cross section of national opinion: "Your message stirred me, for I have young children; often I brood on what future lies ahead of them. Are plans even now being formulated which may blast their hopes and ideals—even possibly enslave them as Europe was enslaved?" . . . "The thoughts you write have been foremost in my mind . . . men made war. Let women make peace." . . . "Women must rise up everywhere all over the world to stop war. The years' history courses I took in high school were merely a story of one war after the other—men's wars with the women attending to work back home. We women could start an antiwar movement and see if in time the women of France and Italy and other countries would follow, catching on in Germany and other nations through underground channels, the way help for saving prisoners did in war." . . . "The one great objective for women all over the world—to stop war. I don't think there is anything foolish or daring about it—and of course our first act would have to be to try to convince the men that they must work for this end too." . . .

"To me the greatest defect of the plans of UNESCO is that we are planning to educate the minds of all but are very little concerned with the hearts. We cannot only think of peace—we must feel and desire it with all our hearts." . . . "A mighty chain of good will, beginning within our smallest neighborhood, would reach across continents and oceans and boundary lines, a chain of mutual understanding which is the enemy of all war. I have tried so hard to express what is in my heart but words get in my way." . . . "Half the delegates to the UN should be women. Men have handled diplomacy too long and it has become routine. There is too much thinking on their part that war is inevitable and nothing can be done about it." . . .

One letter wanted "a simple prayer that would ask Him to

teach us and from His mercy gain peace for all nations." Many said we needed a prayer for the occasion, the danger. But one of the nicest letters of all thinks the prayer is a simple one to find; she suggests it, in fact. She lives six miles from a church and her one envy seems to be of those who can go to church whenever they want because they are near one. Her husband died last year and left her with ten children, six of them boys. She sent me a little card with a petition on it to Our Lady of the Cenacle and she wrote: "Is not this the answer—'persevering with one mind in prayer'? My great help has been prayer, and without faith I couldn't go on. We can pray for wisdom as the right step to take, and for a prayer I would suggest the Lord's Prayer. I always think that covers everything."

I can add little to these letters save that it shows women are aware, that they are facing the situation intelligently and with controlled emotion, that they are bitterly troubled, but not despairing. They feel we need prayer but that we need action too, as the Pope himself has said.

Some of the letters thought I should not urge women to weep together, but they put too narrow an interpretation on the word. I did not mean to imply that they should weep in sheer sorrow, but in pity, in loving charity for others. And there is among the occasional prayers in the Missal, a lovely one called "Prayers for the Gift of Tears."

Working Together

AS FOR WOMEN'S being too small in number in the UN and other organizations, let me tell of a folder which came to me giving a listing of the speakers at a luncheon conference which is to discuss the subject of peace. There are six men's names—all good names, all worthwhile, all those of men who truly want peace. And it listed one woman. When I looked to see who she was I found she is going to "sing a few ballads in her own inimitable way."

I could, of course, play with that phrase with a certain amount of ironic fun. At first reading it made me angry enough to do just that. Then a sadness came over me when I realized that it was just one more thing to emphasize the fact that women as women must act. It is not that I want them to be inimitable or imitable either at a conference. But I do want them there to speak their minds and not to sing tunes. The women I have quoted here are proof that women too should be allowed to speak their thoughts and feelings in such conferences not at some future date, but now.

Perhaps one simple way to start to express ourselves would be to become members of a group which is already large in membership, and is now recruiting for more. Says its president, Mrs. Norman Whitehouse, "the women of America working together can make their voices heard and their influence felt for peace in the halls of Congress and in the councils of the United Nations. We can no longer be passive about peace. It is action we need now: action to stimulate public opinion and to make it heard. Every individual must feel responsible for the peace—the women above all."

Here is a good place to begin. Some of you may want to add your names to this group. Send your names to me on a postcard and I will present them collectively or, even better, write directly to the Women's Action Committee for Peace, Inc. 1 East 57th Street, New York City.



Bishop Kearney presents an honorary degree (Litt.D.) to Miss Merrigan, awarded her by Nazareth College.



As Chairman of the Book Fair, she examines the blind exhibit which includes a braille typewriter.



If joy and good humor are necessary qualities for an organizer, then this picture gives the reason for Miss Merrigan's great success.

PEOPLE

To all who could employ their talents in the cause of Catholic Action but use the lame excuse that "they can't find time," allow us to introduce Miss Nell Merrigan. Since 1934 Miss Merrigan has been an active member of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae and is, at present, the Governor of the New York Chapter. She insists, and rightly so, that the Alumnae Associations have a definite purpose beyond that of merely conducting socials. It should be a means of keeping in touch with scholastic developments, an avenue for the exchange of ideas and valuable experience. In brief, it is one of the most effective ways of helping the young graduates of Catholic institutions to apply their religion to everyday affairs rather than hide it away in the corner of their minds as they would file away an old diploma.

Though busily engaged as an English teacher in one of the New York Public High Schools, Miss Merrigan finds time for many Catholic activities. Her chief interests are three: Catholic books, which she promotes through her work at the Catholic Book Fairs; the Missions, of which she is the international chairman in the IFCA; and Layman's Retreats, of which she is a zealous promoter.

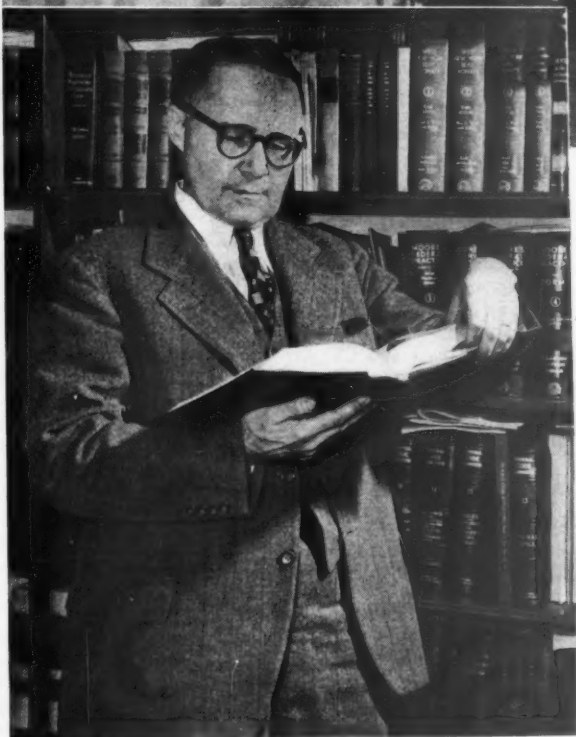
THE SIGN salutes the fervent, energetic apostle of Catholic Action!

THE † SIGN

Mr. Schmidt reads a story to his favorite audience: Marianne, Paul, Agatha, Peter, Colette.



World-Telegram



In a more serious atmosphere the lawyer chases down the answer to a disputed point in a hard case. Mr. Schmidt is active as an arbitrator.

Students at Fordham's Law School know Mr. Godfrey Schmidt as an unusually lucid professor of Constitutional and Labor Law. Men seated around a collective bargaining table have learned to look upon him as an outspoken champion of whatever is "reasonable" in a labor-management dispute. His friends among the clergy aren't surprised any more when they hear Mr. Schmidt talk about St. Thomas' *Summa Theologica* or when he manifests an astonishing familiarity with modern moral theologians. But to his five lovely children he is just a daddy of whom they are very proud—one who always finds time to share their fun and who can read them stories like no one else in the world.

Family story-reading has become a favorite recreation with the Schmidts. From Marianne to Colette, all the children are enthralled by their daddy's skill as a narrator and his versatility as an impersonator. Even Mother puts a halt to her busy day to be present at this family fun. Lately, the fun has been heightened considerably, for now the boys and girls are a very frank board of advisers who help their father to decide what story he should read on his radio program. Every Thursday night at 6:30, Mr. Schmidt reads a story for children over WNBC. His fan mail has all the charm of letters to Santa Claus. The kids express their thanks artlessly and bring great joy to a busy labor lawyer who is glad to entertain them.

She was young and lovely and craved youth's harmless pleasures
—but they shut her out. What is left for girls like Dolores?

My name is Dolores

by ROSE MARY LAWRENCE

MY NAME is Dolores. My mother says that I am beautiful, but I am not so sure. "*Querida hija mia*," she says, "if we were only in our own country! *Los caballeros* would be swarming around you! And oh, what parties we would have!" (She speaks in Spanish, for she has never learned English. My brother John and I, however, always speak English, except to Mama.) Pedro Quiroga and the boy who walked me home from school last week also told me that I am beautiful. And tonight when I looked in the mirror over the sink I think perhaps I saw beauty. The mirror had not been wiped off; and water from the tarnished faucet had splattered upon it, leaving a spotty, grayish film through which my face glowed strangely in the dimness. For an odd moment it was as though a stranger looked out of the mirror at me—an alien person with full red lips that tipped down at the corners, large eyes so dark as to seem all pupil, and a black cloud of hair framing a smooth, rose-under-copper face. The girl in the mirror did not look like the girl in my mind ought to have looked. For I do not feel beautiful. Especially at school, when I see the other girls with their fair skins and gay laughter and well-cut clothes, I think of my own dark face; I look at my hand-me-down black skirt and the blouse I made myself, and I feel plain and ugly and without worth.

I was feeling just that way one day last week when I was walking home from school. A summer shower had flurried suddenly and as suddenly ceased; little rivers flowed on the sides of the street along each curb; gleaming puddles striped with reflected, wavy tree branches blocked my way; and leaves dripped water gently on my head. A squirrel scampered across the damp grass and up a tree, freezing half-way up with beady eyes fixed and huge tail quivering. In my present mood I felt an affinity with the squirrel—he spent his life scurrying up trees, always running, always afraid. I, too, was afraid—of being hurt, of what people thought of me—and my mind seemed always to be running; from the eyes of the people

around me, and their thoughts of me; wondering if they thought me stupid, or silly, or ugly, or . . .

"Can I carry your books?" a bright voice directly behind me jerked me from my mood. I turned and saw that it was one of the boys from school—a tall, slim boy with freckles scattered across his face. His reddish hair was brushed back from his forehead in a neat, smooth wave; it glinted in gold strands where the sun hit it.

"Well?" he questioned my silence, his eyes interested and confident on my face. His look made my skin tingle. I could think of nothing to say except "all right," and I handed him my books stupidly. He took them, crinkling his light-lashed blue eyes at me, and we walked along together, skirting around puddles and ducking past the dripping trees. I couldn't think of anything to say, but I didn't have to, because he kept talking steadily. He talked of many different things; his history teacher, Miss Pringle, a "really rugged character" who had almost flunked him last quarter; how he and the boys had skipped American Lit. the other day and got "jugged" two hours; the basketball game of the night before. Of course I understood only vaguely much of what he said: "Harry dribbled down the court like mad and made a basket with a beautiful long throw; he's the best player Woodridge High has got," and much more that I cannot remember. So I was just listening to his pleasing, animated voice.

I was startled when the tone of his voice changed and he exclaimed warmly, "Gosh, you're pretty!" I felt my face flush, and I glowed inside. I tried to think of something to say and couldn't; luckily just then we reached my home, over the secondhand store which we run. The red letters which spelled "Moreno's Secondhand Goods" on the window were beginning to peel off. I noticed this for the first time and was embarrassed because of the boy beside me.

ROSE MARY LAWRENCE is a junior at Marycrest College and received the Kappa Gamma Pi national short story award for this past year.

The curved sidewalk in front of the store held a quivering pool of water, and I wish Mama had swept it off.

When I stopped by the door which opened on the steps leading upstairs, the boy said, "Oh, is this where you live?"

"It . . . it's not much of a place."

"Heck, that doesn't mean anything," he too quickly assured me. "I mean, where a person lives doesn't matter." He looked at the peeling letters on the store window. "Is that your name? Moreno? Say, what nationality is that, anyway?"

"Mexican," I said.

"Oh, yes."

Something was wrong, but I was not quite sure what it was. I asked him if he would like to come in, but he looked uneasy and said that he didn't think he could; that he had to get home.

"Well, I'll see you around, kid. Be good," and he walked away. I stood in the doorway and watched the sun make gold strands in his hair until he turned the corner at the end of the block.

I SAW him in school next day; he was ahead of me getting a drink at the drinking fountain. When he raised his reddish head and turned, he almost bumped into me; but he only nodded and went on. He did not walk home with me that night or any night after.

It began to happen that I could not study any more in the evenings. I would sit at the cluttered table in the half-light and look at the faded wallpaper with its pattern of once-gaudy roses, at the scuffed floor on which the brown varnish remained only in patches, and at the bare, ugly furnishings: the mahogany china closet minus a glass door, the mismatched chairs, and the sagging day bed against one wall. I wanted terribly to get away, to do something different and exciting. But I had no place to go and nothing to do. So I tried to write poetry. Sometimes, when I am unhappy, if I write poetry I feel better. My English teacher encourages me and tells me that I write well.

It was on such an evening that I was sitting trying to write. I put down a few



I turned and saw that it was one of the boys from school

ILLUSTRATED BY M. BOULDIN

No Report

► Joe, the Indian guide, lived by himself in a cabin in the woods and didn't get into town very often. When he did, he was always deluged with questions about the weather, for during the years he had shown himself an accurate prophet.

One day, though, when he came in for supplies and was asked about the weather, he grunted, "I dunno."

"You don't know, Joe? How does that happen?"

"My radio broke."

—John Donovan



words on the paper and then a few lines:

I saw deep black waters where the
whirlpools whirl,

And such black mucked flotsam in
an oil-sleek swirl . . .

I thought what an ugly poem that would be if I finished it, and I crumpled the paper up. I was sitting there, staring at the "Peerless Pen and Pencil Co." printed in tiny letters on my pencil, when my brother came home from work. He was late. I heard him stumble on the stairs and knew before he came in the room that he had been drinking. He drinks a great deal, my brother. There was a bright flush on his dark, aquiline face. The knuckles of his hands were scraped and bleeding. I got up and ran over to him, but he pushed me aside. My mother came in from the kitchen, drying her hands on her blue striped apron, and cried out, "Juanito, Juanito! What is it that you have been doing? Not fighting again!"

"Don't call me Juanito!" my brother shouted savagely. He wants us to call him John, but it does not come naturally to my mother's lips.

"Yes, I was fighting! And I no longer have that filthy job on their filthy railroad, and I'm so glad to be rid of it I could laugh for a week!" But he did not look as though he wished to laugh.

"But, Juanito. . ."

"Shut up!" Then the drunkenness went out of him in an instant; he sat down at the table and put his head in his hands. The back of his neck where the short, dusky hairs grew was thin and brown, and at the base of his head there was a deep depression like a little boy's.

"I'm sorry, Mama, but you understand the way it is. I do not belong out there breaking my back laying railroad ties. I should be going to school now, Mama, learning a trade, anything, I wouldn't care; anything where a man could keep his self-respect and earn a little money." Then he gave a laugh like the sound the sagging front door makes when it scrapes the cement. "But, ha, even if I had the training, I would never get anywhere. A Mexican is not good enough!" He was

savage again. He leaped up and slammed out of the room, and called as he went, "I'll be back—who knows when? I may never be back!"

My mother cried for a while, but many times we have had such scenes with John, and there is no use crying, so soon she went back into the kitchen, and I heard the dishes begin to rattle in the sink. I was alone again. I sat down and picked up my pencil and started staring at the "Peerless Pen and Pencil Co." trademark again; then I set it down and got up and walked around the room. I lay down on the day bed, winced at its protesting squeak, and got up. I could not stand the room any more, so I went down the dim stairs and stood in the doorway, looking out. It was a very hot night. The street light on the corner was surrounded by buzzing insects, and thousands of dead ones lay in the pool of light the lamp made on the ground. Across the street there was the sound of music and laughter coming from a tavern; two couples were just getting out of a car in front of the tavern. I could hear one of the women say jokingly, "Remember, now, Bob, you have to drive—no funny business like last time." They all laughed and went through the swinging door, and I caught a glimpse of a bar and tables crowded with people. A man was crossing the street toward the tavern. He stopped to let a car drive by, saw me in the doorway, paused a moment, and came over toward me. When he was closer, I saw that he was Pedro Quiroga, who lives a few houses away. He is a little older than John, has little black eyes, and oils his hair, and his chest curves in instead of out.

"HELLO Dolores! How are you?" he greeted me in his smooth voice. I said I was fine. I did not know if I wanted to talk to him or not. He leaned against the darkened window of the secondhand store, with its shadowy piles of clothes and old shoes and other cast-offs. The runners on the kiddy-car Aunt Maria gave us to sell gleamed strangely in the light from the streetlamp. The light glinted on Pedro's

sleek hair, too, as he lit a cigarette, looking at me with his narrow black eyes, smiling. His teeth were white against his dark skin, but somehow I did not like his smile.

"I've been noticing lately, Dolores," he said, "how much you're growing up. You've become a very beautiful young woman." I did not like him, but I liked the things he said. He leaned closer and spoke persuasively. "Why don't you come over to the tavern with me for a while? Come on, it won't hurt you. They're nice people—you can have a lot of fun."

I thought of the lonely dark room upstairs with its sagging day bed, and then I thought of the lights and people and cat noises in the tavern, and I went with him.

Pedro held open the swinging door for me and found a table—it was covered with rings left by wet bottles; there was a haze of cigarette smoke in the air; the juke box blared, "My sugar is so refined;" women smoked casually and sipped tall glasses; and men laughed and called jokes across the tables and slapped each other's backs. One baldish man was jitterbugging with alcoholic abandon to the swift music. I felt embarrassed that he should make such a fool of himself before all the people. There was so much noise that I could hardly hear what Pedro was saying. I felt confused and a little dazed. Pedro kept saying, "I can't get over it—you sure did turn out to be a beauty." Then he spoke to one of the waitresses, and pretty soon she brought drinks to the table. I was hot and the drink was cold, so I drank it quickly. In a little while I began to feel very funny. The juke box's insistent "She's one of them high class kind" began to fade; the more I looked at the people and the lights and the tables and chairs, the hazier they became; and the more I looked at Pedro, the better looking he became: his eyes did not seem so little, nor his hair so oily, nor did his chest seem so flat. I heard myself giggle, and Pedro moved a little nearer, and then I decided I'd better go home. So he took me back across the street, but he asked me to go out with him again sometime. I told him that he should come to see me today, and I would let him know.

And so, I am sitting here at the table. It is dusk, and the rose pattern in the wallpaper is dimmer and paler even than usual; the shadows are deep in the corners and are creeping nearer; and my school books that I have not opened yet are now only a vague shadowy bulk on top of the china closet. My stomach has a sinking feeling in it, but I am ignoring it. I am thinking, as I thought all last night and today. I do not believe it is Pedro that I want, or the kind of gaiety in the tavern, or the funny feeling the drink gave me; but something is better than nothing, is it not? I hear him now, coming up the steps. I wonder, which dress should I wear to go out with him—the yellow jersey or the royal blue one with the pleats?



Photos from Nat'l Film Board & St. Francis Xavier's University

All roads lead to Antigonish

by

NEIL MacNEIL

Monsignor M.M. Coady, director of Antigonish Movement. Top: One of the fishermen whose standard of life the Movement has improved



**Study, self-help, and co-operation
have accomplished such wonders locally
that the movement may become world-wide**

IN A letter in June to the Most Rev. James Morrison, Archbishop-Bishop of Antigonish, Nova Scotia, His Holiness Pius XII sent his approval of the activities of the Antigonish Movement and of St. Francis Xavier's University, which sponsors it, along with his blessing to the Right Rev. Monsignor Moses M. Coady, the director of the Movement, and his assistants and co-workers.

"In the midst of the social upheaval of the present time," said the letter from the Secretariat of State of the Vatican, "when the enemies of the Christian name are striving with sinister cunning to imbue men's minds with their materialistic philosophy of life, the laudable activities of the Antigonish Movement are more necessary than ever before."

Expressing the ardent hope that this "providential enterprise" may continue to prosper, the Holy Father "earnestly" commended it to the "benevolent interest

and co-operation of the faithful, and particularly to Catholic organizations such as the Knights of Columbus.

This recognition of the work of the Extension Department of St. Francis Xavier's and of the Diocese of Antigonish is one of many endorsements. Leading statesmen, economists, and journalists, as well as visiting clergymen of many faiths, educators, and sociologists have been impressed by the efforts of the University in the past sixteen years to improve the community in which it exists and to bring a more abundant life to the people from whom it draws its strength and inspiration. Its program of continuous adult study and self-help, based on Christian principles, has impressed thinkers far and wide, es-

pecially those in depressed areas, and already many efforts are being made to duplicate its success in other parts of the world.

Like all great ideas the idea behind the Antigonish Movement is simple. The University went to the people and told them that there was nothing the matter with them that they could not cure themselves. Instead of looking to governments or revolution for easy or lazy solutions of their problems, it asked them to see first what they could do for themselves. The University told them that they could better their position in two ways: by being more efficient as individuals, and by more effective group action. The University followed this up by organizing the people for continuous adult study so that they might understand their own problems and then apply the latest scientific information and the latest techniques to the solution of those problems.

NEIL MacNEIL, night managing editor of the "New York Times," author, and lecturer, made an on-the-spot study of the Antigonish Movement for THE SIGN.

Thus St. Francis Xavier's started its study clubs, or discussion circles. It did not offer solutions; it simply asked the people to find their own. After nearly two decades of experience in its own field the University's program now embraces: 1) a general adult education program in the Maritime Provinces; 2) the promotion of a co-operative movement through field workers, short courses, and literature; 3) industrial classes in urban centers for the study of economic and social problems; 4) radio instruction for organized listening groups; 5) winter courses at the University for community leaders; 6) a library and film service; 7) a two-year social leadership course at the University; and 8) institutes and conferences for visiting groups and individuals. At present about 100,000 persons in the Maritime Provinces, out of a population of 1,250,000, are members of the Movement; and they are fast making these provinces into a new world.

First and last the Antigonish Movement means continuous adult study, a study that goes on right through life. The program is kept simple, workable, positive, and Christian. Its sole purpose is to awaken the people to their own possibilities. It does not try to impose anything on anybody; on the contrary it is a Movement that has its roots in the masses. It has been signally successful in producing leaders among the common people; and these leaders in turn guide the people in democratic action.

Naturally a poor and debt-ridden people first seeks to break its economic chains. Thus most of the results so far of the Antigonish Movement have been in the economic and sociological fields. How the people act depends on the problems of the community. The Movement will take one form among farmers, another among fishermen, and still another form among coal miners, all of whom are represented in the Maritime Provinces. Most communities first organize a credit union so that people can pool their savings and supply their own credit needs. That done, they turn to the solution of their problems. This may mean the founding of a co-operative store, co-operative marketing organizations of various sorts, co-operative processing plants, sawmills, housing programs, hospital insurance, or whatever project is most needed to better the condition of the community. The objective is to increase the efficiency of the primary producer through group action by doing a better job of selling a better product, and to protect the consumer by supplying him with a good product at a reasonable price. This stops exploitation.

Take for instance the unique problem of the Magdalen Islands. The people on these isolated islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence were dependent on the infrequent visits of ships for travel, for mail, and for the sale of the products of their farms and fisheries. It had been that way

from the first settlement. At times, the islands would be cut off from contact with civilization for months at a time, especially during the long, cold winters. In 1937 they formed a credit union. In 1947 it had \$500,000 in it. Meanwhile, with their own money they were able to buy their own trading ship for \$75,000 and also to acquire a \$300,000 business to process and sell their fish. The islands now have adequate and certain ship service, and a prosperity that they had never known before—and all through their own efforts.

Now take the case of Judique. This fishing and farming settlement of 185 families

scarce and expensive, they bought their own sawmill and now have enough lumber for all their needs and much to sell. But Judique's greatest triumph is its school, manned by a cultured principal and three assistant teachers, with a motor bus bringing happy, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked children from miles about and in all weather.

In the industrial areas of Cape Breton the problem was different again. There again the people started with credit unions. They decided that housing was their most pressing and distressing problem—that and seasonal work. Before the war,



The Antigonish Movement reaches not only into the mines but into nearly every field of human activity

on the west coast of Cape Breton Island is remarkable because its people are 100 per cent of Scottish descent and 100 per cent Catholic. For generations its people lived in poverty while its waters abounded with lobster and it had rich farming lands and good forests. Its men had won a reputation far and wide for their belligerency. Now Judique is a show place, the model of the progressive and efficient community.

JUDIQUE, which I visited, is fortunate in its capable pastor, Father Laughlin MacDonald, who got his parishioners started in the Antigonish Movement and has encouraged and guided them ever since. They, too, started with a credit union; then they opened a co-operative store to do their buying and selling for them, built a lobster cannery, and finally bought a sawmill. The community has already trebled its income and is definitely on the march. When a violent storm smashed their lobster cannery last Fall, the people did not weep over it; instead they set to work and had a new and better one ready for this year's fishing. When they decided to do some building of houses and barns and found the lumber

six groups of coal miners and one of steel workers had built a total of eighty-five homes, with the help of the credit unions. These houses were placed on large plots of land so that a garden could go with each. And the workers did most of the building themselves in their spare time. Now they have pleasant, bright homes and gardens, with the upkeep a third of the money they had spent for rent, and the womenfolk have taken a special interest in canning and the preparation of the family food. Moreover, they have also gone into other homecrafts. And this is only the beginning.

While the Antigonish Movement stresses co-operative or group action it does not begin or end there. Above all it means an intelligent approach by the individual to the problems of his work and living, and this may manifest itself in many ways. The farmers, for example, learned early that it paid them well to make better use of their soil, to improve the quality of their stock and seeds, and to aim for the quality markets where they could get premium prices. They learned that the feed and care that would keep a cow producing two gallons of milk a day would

take care of one producing eight gallons. They learned that one hen can lay more eggs than another and be that much more profitable. The co-operatives helped in this by supplying information on markets and doing the marketing, by supplying cheaper fertilizers and machinery, and by buying quality seeds and thoroughbred bulls, rams, boars, etc. The Movement also put great stress on more intelligent management of the farm or the fishery and of the home.

A revival of home crafts was encouraged from the start. Now many women knit or weave their own wool and others make mats, scarves, and other marketable products. This gives them an income of their own. Then the Movement also provided the latest information on canning and preserving and on the preparation of food and diets. A more balanced table winter and summer is being reflected in better health.

Next Monsignor Coady is planning a campaign to paint homes and barns and thus improve the appearance of the countryside. This campaign will probably start with a series of lectures over the University's radio and with the help of the co-operatives. Color schemes will be discussed for interior decoration and for various kinds of homes and barns. At the same time the co-operative stores will stock up with good paints, brushes, sprayers, etc., at fair prices. Later Mon-

signor Coady expects to go into architecture, with discussions of well-designed homes, scientifically arranged barns, and other buildings. The Movement may even provide model plans for such homes and barns.



Study and self-help in the light of Christian principles are elements in the success of the Movement

signor Coady expects to go into architecture, with discussions of well-designed homes, scientifically arranged barns, and other buildings. The Movement may even provide model plans for such homes and barns.

Too much emphasis should not be placed on the economic results of the Antigonish Movement, important though they are, for the most spectacular of its

results has been in the making of men and women. It has turned discouraged and illiterate men and women into intelligent and courageous leaders. It has restored the people's faith in themselves. It has taught them to rely on themselves. It has made the dispossessed owners again. It has stopped the progress of all the various kinds of false "isms" among them.

LEADERS have traveled from far corners of the earth to Antigonish to see the Movement in action, and students from many countries have enrolled in the University's courses to learn its principles and techniques and to train to become leaders of their own people. None so far has been disappointed; and those who have tried out the Antigonish program on their return home have found that it works most anywhere, with adjustments for local conditions, as well as it works in Eastern Nova Scotia.

Right now the Antigonish principles are in operation in some form in all the provinces of Canada and in Newfoundland, in some cases with government encouragement. The Antigonish techniques are also being employed with large success in many parts of the United States, notably in Maine, Ohio, and Kentucky. In 1946 six students from Michigan State University studied at St. Francis Xavier's, preparatory to starting a similar movement

in Michigan with a grant from the Kellogg Foundation. The Antigonish principles are also being used by the Catholic Rural Life Conference. An Australian leader, who studied in Antigonish, has applied its methods to the Catholic Rural Life Movement in that country, and reports remarkable success.

In 1947 the Government of Haiti requested St. Francis Xavier's to train a

staff of ten to organize a similar movement in that island republic. This request had to be refused along with one from Bolivia to train a staff of six. Meanwhile, Mexico has also been in communication with Antigonish to instruct leaders for that country, and Dr. S. C. Hu, head of the Co-operative League of China, expressed a desire, when facilities permit, to keep a large group of students in training each year at St. Francis Xavier's.

Despite its limited facilities and its limited funds, the University has accepted students from many other countries. In the last scholastic year it trained men from four Latin American countries, China, the United States, and other provinces of Canada. Naturally its first duty is to its own people, and it concentrates on making leaders for them, and this taxes its capacity. In recent years it has spent more than \$200,000 of its own funds on the promotion work of the Antigonish Movement, while spending \$800,000 on providing living quarters, laboratory and classroom facilities for the rush of students, a rush that was greatly increased by the end of the war.

The appeal of its work may be judged from the fact that in addition to the countries already mentioned it has supplied literature or information on it to New Zealand, the Philippines, India, Argentina, British Guiana, Chile, Colombia, Nicaragua, Cape Town, the Gold Coast, Basutoland, Nigeria, the Transvaal, Natal, England, Wales, Eire, Holland, Switzerland, Belgium, Italy, and St. Pierre et Miquelon.

The interest in its Movement and the demands on it to train men in its techniques have simply swamped this diocesan University; but knowing that it has a program that works well in the Maritime Provinces and may well benefit all the Americas and other continents as well, the trustees are planning to enlarge its facilities for this definite purpose. The present plans are to build an International House at the University, which will provide residential and classroom facilities for foreign students. When this is ready, the University will provide a competent staff to train leaders both in the classroom and in the field. It will also have to enlarge campus facilities to care for the greater number of students. For all this it is seeking a million dollars and will get it.

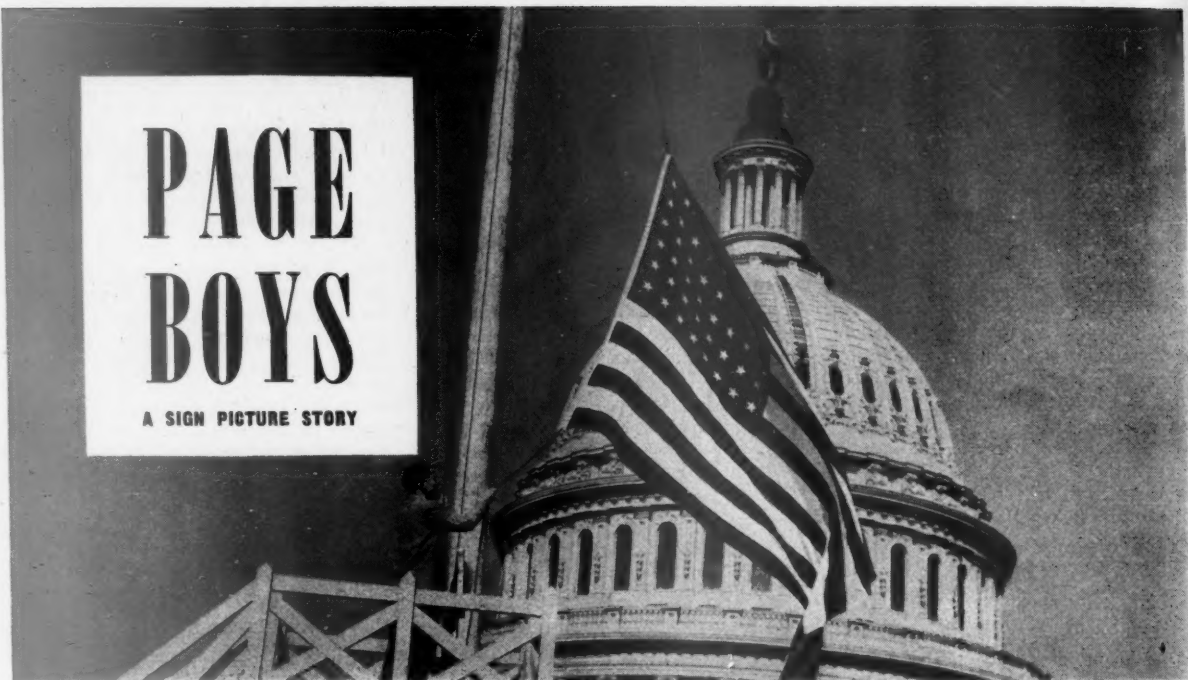
The Antigonish Movement is young and it has much to do. It has established one fact: there is no limit to what an aroused and intelligent people can do.

So it is little wonder that when the bishops of Basutoland in Africa met recently to plan a university for their people they turned to St. Francis Xavier's in Nova Scotia to propose the program for adult study and co-operation for their new institution.

In these days all roads lead to Antigonish.

PAGE BOYS

A SIGN PICTURE STORY



Photos from International

Page Jimmy Deakins is paging Congress. Raising the flag at 11:45 A.M., he calls the House to a noonday session

IN medieval days when knights tested their prowess in friendly combat and jousting was the favorite outdoor sport, a page was an apprentice with the dream of a warrior and the status of a water-boy. In modern America we still have pages; they are still youths from twelve to eighteen; but today their lot is not so lowly. They are the boys who act as

At home in the Capitol, Congressional pages have an interesting, lucrative job

attendants to members of Congress. And they manage to earn the tidy little sum of twenty-five hundred dollars a year.

Congressional pages get their jobs through the patronage system. Their ranks are drawn on strict party lines. There were eighty-six of them serving the Eightieth Congress. They run errands, file newspapers, and make sure that Congressmen have all the documents needed for waging those battles which create a din on the floors of Congress.



May the Honorable representative be disturbed? Page boy Richardson whispers the visitor's name and states his business while a lively discussion is stirring the House.



In a battle of wits and statistics, some Republican representative needs more ammunition. So a Republican page leaves the floor on a speedy trip to the document room.



Waiting for something to turn up. These pages are at the special service of the House's doorkeeper. They receive all proposed legislation and give copies to the Speaker.



At the Speaker's rostrum is a permanent file for the Congressional Record. Page Robert Kelly, who reads it regularly himself, is inserting an issue for Speaker Martin.



Since 1931 the pages have had their own school right in the Capitol. Classes are from 6.30 until 9.30 each morning. Here is evening study in a quiet reading room.



Most of the pages live with relatives, but about ten stay at the Capitol all the time. They rise at 5.30 A.M. No restaurants are open yet, so they make their own breakfast.



He knew that the strokes might rain down on His back until He succumbed in a pool of blood

Through the ages men have indulged in many ways in the malicious pastime of scourging God

The Sport of Whipping God

by NORBERT HERMAN, C.P.

THE Gospel of the scourging is extremely brief. It is contained in one sentence: "Then Pilate took Jesus and scourged Him." The inspired writers made no attempt to describe this harrowing scene. They knew that no commentary was necessary, because this historic event was already weighted with enough horror. In the telling they could dispense with distressing details. Their initial readers would understand. Roman floggings were public affairs, and detailed accounts of their gruesome character were easily obtainable from actual witnesses. Today we are dependent upon the ancient pagan writers for the information we need to realize what Christ must have suffered in this most cruel episode of His Passion.

A Roman flogging could be administered either as a preamble to crucifixion or as a complete and separate punishment. In the latter case, if the offender were a foreigner or a slave, a terrible implement of torture was reserved for him. It was a leather thong or whip, sometimes terminating in clumps of metal or fragments of bone. At times the strands of leather were replaced by chains of iron. The distinct effect of the leather lash was that it cut and tore the body of the victim. More grueling were the effects of the iron strands and the points of metal and bone; these dug and

furrowed the body in a most painful manner. The whole idea of a Roman scourging was that of a most cruel ordeal, a torture originally borrowed from Eastern practice. It was a punishment reserved for those who had no status of Roman citizenship. Consequently, it allowed for a display of primitive barbarity which ruled out any compassionate alleviation.

The culprit was bound to a low stake, his body arched in forced defiance of the menacing leather whip—that "horrible lash" as Horace has termed it—which was poised ready to strike. But no human back, however strong, could long remain unyielding under the heavy impact of the stinging stroke, the cutting welts, and the furrowed lacerations. Soon the tortured victim fell to the ground exhausted, writhing in feverish pain. Each repeated stroke only helped all the more to twist and turn his stunned frame from one side to another. No part of the body was immune from blows. Even the sensitivity and the sacredness of a man's face were not spared. These are some of the horrible details given by the ancient writers, and history even records that actual death was often the merciful climax of a Roman scourging.

It was an ordeal of this kind which Christ now faced as the Syrian soldiery tied Him to the pillar. He knew as they

stripped Him publicly and as they prepared the whips that no sympathy lurked in their brawny arms and tightening fists. He knew that the number of strokes might rain down upon his back indefinitely until he succumbed in a pool of blood, because this was to be a Roman scourging and Roman law did not limit the number of strokes to forty as did the more benign Jewish law.

We may well conjecture that an uneasy silence reigned immediately before the cruel task began. A crowd was there, eager to witness blood, anxious to see this rare spectacle of a great and highly honored man utterly humiliated. He had claimed to be God; would He now demonstrate to their delight how well God could endure a thrashing? Or would His boast be sadly disproved as He winced and cried and writhed like any other man?

They soon would know the answer. Perhaps they thought that this Jew from Nazareth, now caught in the meshes of the Roman law, would soon regret that He was not born a Roman citizen. Even His punishment would be the punishment of a slave. Strangely enough, some of them would never know that He alone of all men could truly boast of a glorious citizenship infinitely greater than that coveted by any proud Roman. This was the citizen-

ship of heaven, because by natural right He was the Son of God.

At that moment Our Blessed Lord intensified His prayer. Was it a prayer for the unknowing men who would brandish the whips? They, He knew, were only performing their duty. Or would it be a prayer of forgiveness for those who had unjustly demanded His scourging? Surely, He must be ready at every moment to forgive their sin.

"Forgive them, forgive them." It was this silent prayer which rose to Heaven as Christ bent low waiting for the first stroke of the lash to fall. When would it strike? How soon? Quickly or long delayed in an effort to tantalize Him? Where would it fall? Across His back? On His shoulders? Would the strands of iron crawl across His body to bite into His Sacred Face? Now the arm of a soldier is poised in mid-air. He is ready to strike. The scourging is about to begin. Suddenly he brings down the whip in a hissing swish. Christ's back lowers under the hammering impact of the first blow. A second falls, a third, on and on, as His silent prayer for men's forgiveness punctuates each pause between the wounding blows.

Stroke follows stroke with mounting rapidity until the beginning of one lash merges into the ending of another. There is a fire of pain which consumes the soundness of His entire body. There are open wounds and black bruises, surface cuts, strips of swelling, and deep lacerations. His blood is cheaply spilled—it dyes the ground, it stains the whips, it dots the arms and garments of the soldiers. If eyes could only see, there is a crimson blot on the souls of men, a sign of glory to those who will be saved, a badge of damnation upon those who will make void this copious and sanctifying shedding. Behold the "blood-asperges" of the Passion (just as the Agony in the Garden was its baptism-by-blood)

for those reddened whips will sprinkle His blood farther than His brutal floggers might ever dream.

Today this scene can so easily stimulate the imagination to run riot in a colorful field of gruesome details. There is the temptation to achieve here in word pictures what the Evangelists themselves dared not do. It is so easy to describe the horrible plight of another, when we ourselves are comfortably secure from pain. However, no meditation on the scourging is profitable unless the imagination in turn provokes the mind to ponder the truth of God's love more convincingly and excites the heart to love God more generously.

THE Evangelists in their reserve knew that this scene was not the most horrid to which God might be subjected by men. The flagellation was indeed a brutal encounter between unrestrained barbarity and an uncomplaining Christ. Here was displayed the use of brute force directed not upon some inanimate object but upon the living and most sensitive body of Our Blessed Lord. However, that men should lash God's Body to blood with the scourge is not their greatest crime. In the long round of human experience there have been variations of this malicious pastime. His Sacred Body was bent low before the pillar only once in history. While it is true that men have not continued to stand before Him with blood-dyed scourges in their hands, yet through the course of years they have not hesitated to indulge in this same sport in a different manner. For they have desecrated His honor, blasphemed His name, ridiculed His sonship, denied His divinity, stolen away His inheritance as Saviour of the world, made base His glory, mocked His providence, crucified His Mystical Body.

No scourge today may ever again tear His back. No lash may cut or scar His

Sacred Face. His Body is no longer at the cruel mercy of mankind. But men still have the liberty to scourge His honor by their blaspheming tongues. They have the unrestrained power to whip His intelligence by their perverted minds. His glory may still be the target of the brutal chastisement of their hardened wills. The atheist may still play the game of counting stars in order to discount their Creator. The libertine may still violate his own personal temple of the Holy Ghost and by his base example strip the sanctity from other members of the Mystical Body. The proud man may upset his own spiritual world of values, outlawing God as the ruler of His own universe and substituting himself in God's position. The cynic may sneer at what is sacred. The materialist may prefer to glory in himself as a brother of the soil rather than as a son of God. The Communist may be powerless to strike at Christ's physical body, to flog Him unmercifully as a reactionary and throw Him into a concentration camp as an enemy of the people. But there are other Christs whose bodies are yet passible, whose backs Communists may still break, whose hands and feet Communists may nail to crosses.

Thus the sport of whipping God, first by deriding His honor and second by unjustly persecuting His Mystical Body still goes on. It is the extension of the Passion theme into our own modern age. It is the shameless human game of ruthlessly crushing all who have learned from Christ the heroism of speaking and living the truth, all who, in the time of their trial, display for the world's shame that sanctified "unreasonableness" of turning the other cheek.

This is the mystery of the scourging as it affects us even today. Evil men cannot understand why a good man's spirit will not falter even when his back is broken under the whips of injustice and hate. They cannot understand why the more they try to run God out of His own universe, the more does He appear unexpectedly in new places. They cannot fathom the contradiction of good men, once given up for dead, rising with new strength to shoulder their crosses on the way to Calvary.

To them it is a perpetual mystery how physical strength alone can never triumph over moral greatness. Poor deluded souls, their world of vision is limited to the sight of base cowards perverting authority and physical strength to whip saints into line. It is the sight of defiant creatures making sport of God and His saints by a display of cruelty, wantonness, and unbelief. Too bad they cannot see that larger and more comforting picture where God, through His mercy for the good and His justice toward the wicked, is having the final laugh—with reverence do we say that He too plays a game. It is the sport of watching His divine Providence infallibly unfold itself in majestic patterns of wisdom, despite evil and evil-minded men.

CATECHUMEN

by SISTER MARY ST. VIRGINIA, B.V.M.

*Now you are almost there. A candle glowing
Through gloom and thicket soon will light you in.
You will be nearly home when you have been
Climbing this hill under the cloud of unknowing
Only a little longer. When the storm
Is close, peace will be near; where wind is blowing,
There will be blazing tongues to make you warm.*

*Now you are not yet there. Now in your hand
Reason, the reed, has broken, and the hill
Is rugged here under the cloud. But soon you will
Begin again to stumble up this land
Of stones and shadows. Soon you will begin
To trace a light paving the pathway . . . and
There in your breast you will find it. There! Go in!*

by MONA B. PARKER

Mr. Bean AND THE Jack Stock

To the ladies, Mr. Bean
was a pitiful eccentric, but
husbands secretly believed

he was a happy, happy man

MR. BEAN just sort of wandered into Tunkville one day. A shabby, nondescript little figure of a man, he was first seen strolling down the hill past Olson's meadow picking dandelions, and a little later the Widow Emmert caught a glimpse of him sitting on the bridge that spanned the creek, dangling his bare feet in the water and munching on an onion sandwich he had made from fixin's in the ragged canvas kit. The citizens of Tunkville hoped fervently that he would continue quietly on his way. The town had enough queer characters as it was. But he didn't. He stayed. And if the town thought it had had queer ones in its midst before, it was just because it hadn't met Mr. Bean.

When he had consumed five onion

sandwiches that day and cooled his feet to his satisfaction, he laced up his boots again, shouldered his pack, settled the pointed, rakish little hat from which a pheasant feather protruded jauntily, and made his way on down into town. His pace was unhurried as he casually studied the homes and the stores, the park in the square. Now and then, he'd dwindle to a stop altogether as he paused to pat a dog and scratch its ears companionably. He seemed entirely oblivious of the flutter of window shades, the whispers, the curious stares of the townsfolk. At the park fountain he drank deeply; then, with a contented sigh, he stretched out on the green grass flat on his back and went to sleep. While he slumbered the good people bustled about indecisively. Apparently, there was no city ruling that a person couldn't sleep on the park grass if he wanted to. It was just that nobody ever had before.

When he awoke, refreshed, three hours later, it was noted with a definite sense of relief that he was apparently ready to move on. And he probably was. However, when his leisurely shuffle had carried him to the edge of town, a sunny plot of ground caught his heart. There was a shady grove of cottonwoods, through which ran the same little creek that had eased his aching feet, and the rest was sunshine and bluegrass. So, after due inquiry, he bought it, paid the amazed realtor in good, unquestionable greenbacks, and proceeded to build himself a house.

But it was like no house Tunkville had ever seen. First of all, any normal intelligent person would have built his house in among the trees. But not Mr. Bean. He put it smack out in the middle of the sunshine. And anyone knows that a small cottage like Mr. Bean was planning should be a four-sided affair. But Mr. Bean's house, when it was finished,





ILLUSTRATED BY ARDIS HUGHES

had seven different walls, not all the same width, either. He simply built in one direction until he was tired, then he turned and went another way awhile and so on until he reached the point where he'd started. On each side, he put a door. If anyone had asked, he would have explained cheerfully that this was so he could go into the house from wherever he happened to be without having to walk around a lot of fool corners. And all the rest of the way around the house, where there weren't doors, he put windows. This, he might have added, was so he'd always know for sure which way the wind blew. But he would have said this with a twinkle in his good eye.

Around his yard, Mr. Bean built a picket fence. To all appearances, it seemed that the picket fence, at least, would be conventional. It was quite properly spaced and about the right height as fences go. Now fences, and

more specifically picket fences, are as traditionally white as barns are red. Perhaps that was why Mr. Bean didn't paint his white. He painted one picket blue and the next yellow, and the next green and red and lavender and orange. No black ones, though. And no white ones. The finished effect was quite startling. The abundant bluegrass which refused to grow in the cultivated lawns of Tunkville, he carefully dug out square by square. When he had finished this, he spaded it up and sowed the whole yard to alfalfa. As each crop grew and matured, he cut it with a little hand scythe and let it lie out in the warm sun while he opened all his doors and windows and just sat and inhaled. The little man was not without a sense of humor, in an average interpretation of the word. Out in front of the multi-colored picket fence by the road, he put up a small sign that labeled his domain "The Bean Bag."

The citizens of Tunkville hoped fervently that he would continue quietly on his way. The town had enough queer characters

And Mr. Bean's house was different inside, too. First of all, it had no rooms. Or to come right down to plastic tacks, brass being outdated and not on the market anyway, it had only the one room that the seven sides formed. Mr. Bean didn't believe in having to open and shut a lot of unnecessary doors, and all those extra walls would just clutter up things as far as he was concerned. And the walls would have looked bare and he'd have had to scurry around and hunt up mirrors or pictures or something else to cover them up. Which would have been plain foolishness and a lot of wasted effort. As it was, wherever he looked were windows which formed as pretty a picture as a man could want. When the windows got too dirty to see through, he opened them. And it always rained sooner or later. All it took was a little waiting.

In the middle of the house was a small stove for warmth and for cooking. Mr. Bean used it hardly at all during the summer. He built a bonfire in his back yard and ate out there. No hungry dog that came along was ever turned away from his door unfed. Lots of them came and most of them stayed. They made an unusual little procession, the dogs and Mr. Bean, trailing down to the butcher shop every few days, where Mr. Bean had a standing order for all the bones and meat trimmings.

At night Mr. Bean bedded down on a goodly pile of his sweet-smelling alfalfa. Whenever a new crop was cut and mellowed he made up his bed fresh and carted out his old one, throwing it over the fence to the Widow Emmert's cow.

Tunkville didn't quite know how to take Mr. Bean. Or whether to take him at all, in fact. There were the more radical who were all for running him out of town, but the others, the more broad-minded and conservative citizens, argued that he wasn't doing any harm and was a possible element of good in that he provided a consistent source of interest and mild amusement. The ladies, students each and all of the Friday afternoon KYOMTP Forum, agreed that he must have had some sort of suppressed childhood which was now making itself manifest, but there was a secret conviction among the male population of Tunkville that Mr. Bean was a happy, happy man. There was no bathtub in The Bean Bag. During the winter, when Mr. Bean itched, he scratched. In the summer, he went down to the creek and stripped.

It was only natural that the town should be concerned, too, over Mr.

Vacation In Sight

► It was a one-room schoolhouse, and all the grades were together. Some of the pupils were very young and were shepherded by their older brothers and sisters. Young David was in charge of his nine-year-old sister Mary.

When they arrived at school that morning, Mary said to the teacher, "Please, ma'am, my mother wants David to sit by himself today."

The teacher was busy at the moment and paid little attention, but later on recalled the remark.

"Why," she asked Mary, "does your mother want David to sit by himself?"

"Well, ma'am," Mary replied, "today he's got a touch of the measles."

John E. Donovan



Bean's financial condition. To all outward appearances, he was a tramp. Yet he seemed not to suffer for funds or the lack of them. When he first began ordering supplies for his house, lumber and paint and the like, Jay Harper, who ran the yard, hemmed and hawed a little cautiously. He didn't come right out and ask Mr. Bean if he could pay for it, but Mr. Bean got the idea all right. He assured Mr. Harper he needn't worry. He'd get his money. Pulling out the wad with no little difficulty he added that he had, in fact, a pretty good stock of jack. Then he chuckled. Mr. Bean. The jack stock. Mr. Harper, stodgy and a little dull and with a childhood utterly devoid of fairy tales, had seen nothing particularly humorous in the comment. He had been impressed with the ready money, however.

Everything he bought, he paid for in cash. Weighing this factor pro and con, suspicion was bound to arise that perhaps the unassuming Mr. Bean had been a desperado, a confidence man, or a blackmailer of the lowest degree. Chief of Police O'Donnely, who had a fondly cherished though hidden hope to be some day summoned for service with the FBI or Scotland Yard, secured a profile snapshot of Mr. Bean. With the aid of his Junior G-Man set, he recorded some very creditable fingerprints off a little vase Mr. Bean had been fondling. All unbeknown to Mr. Bean, of course. These he sent to Washington, D. C., and received back again shortly with a brief but potent letter. Mr. Hoover and his crew, while not unappreciative, were busy men. They suggested in no uncertain terms that O'Donnely concentrate his talents elsewhere. The chief was crushed. And when Mr. Bean inquired blandly what kind of a criminal record he had discovered in his past, he took

to lying awake nights wondering what sleuthlike qualities the little man possessed that he didn't.

All of which forced the Tunkvillites to the reluctant conclusion that, unlikely as it might seem, perhaps the money was his own. Word of the enormous roll of bills he carried spread around through the better business district and invaded even the dim recesses of a smoky back room on lower Mason Street. Here, through the click of beer mugs and the thud of round wooden balls, it came at last to the ears of one Rhino Smith. Aptly named, this lumbering individual had bulk and very little else. Behind the unintelligent little eyes, the information was processed slowly, the machinery there being scant and not much used. Culminating at last into a usable idea, it set his great nose to twitching anticipately and brought what passed for a smile to the thick lips.

ONE evening, after having divulged his plan boastfully to his companions, he set off up the hill. Before he left, however, he slipped his blackjack in one hip pocket and his brass knuckles in the other. His friends had hooted hoarsely at this. It was a mere gesture, they knew, like a plumber lugging along his chest of king-sized tools to fix a leak that required a dab of chewing gum and a little spit. What transpired at The Bean Bag that night never quite came out. The next morning some late hangers-on stumbling out the back way found Rhino Smith on the doorstep where he had quite obviously been dumped. He had a cut on his head. Wrapped in a neat tissue-paper parcel and tied with a red bow, the blackjack and brass knuckles reposed unused on his heaving chest. Questioned later, the Rhino only grunted and a queer won-

dering expression passed over the morose countenance. He was observed, from time to time during his convalescence, touching the bandaged wound reflectively with that same uncomprehending expression. After that, little Mr. Bean went about his business unmolested.

There were other things. The time when, with spring planting due, the Widow Emmert's rheumatism clamped its pain-making vise on the old back and she hobbled to her window one morning to find her garden all neatly spaded and laid out. The widow's blue-eyed granddaughter stopped Mr. Bean right on Main Street, kissed him full on the lips, and went on down the street without saying a word. Mr. Bean felt good for a whole week. Then there were the two one-hundred-dollar bills which came floating down the chimney attached to tiny parachutes into Selinas Jones' empty fireplace when his frail little woman needed an operation and Selinas was having the devil's own time scraping up enough to fill seven hungry little Joneses. And the time Tim Henney's dog was run over and the boy had sobbed out his heart over the lifeless little body. Not long after, he'd found a wiggly, brown-eyed collie pup in his dad's barn, waiting for him. Of course nobody knew for sure that Mr. Bean was responsible. But it seemed like him. And no one in Tunkville had ever done such things before.

So it was, as time went by, that he came gradually to be accepted among them, looked upon and humored gently like an eccentric child. Of course, he had to be explained to newcomers and visitors, but that could be accomplished without too much difficulty. In fact, it came to be that they took an odd sort of pride in pointing out his dwelling there in the sun, surrounded by alfalfa and enclosed with the fence-of-the-rainbow. No other place in the whole of America, they were willing to wager with a noticeable straightening of the shoulder blades, could claim a house like that. Not with seven sides and seven doors. And no rooms. They still laughed at him among themselves and let no opportunity slip by to poke fun. Mr. Bean remained sublimely unperturbed, however. He had been laughed at before. He expected to be laughed at again.

One whole winter, for instance, he devoted his energies to building a boat there in his house. He didn't especially want a boat, certainly he didn't need one. He just felt the urge to build a boat, that was all. Folks came to watch as he hammered and sawed contentedly, applied tar with meticulous care and waterproofed it all shipshape. "Expecting a wet spring, Mr. Bean?" they'd say. Or, "Nice, Mr. Bean. Nautical, but

nice. Why not run up the Jolly Roger and be a dry-land pirate, like the other politicians. You could borrow a walking plank from any of their so-called platforms." So it went. Mr. Bean nodded and smiled and continued to slap paint on the trim little hull. And the thing they especially laughed at was, what any fool could plainly see, that the boat was too big to go through any of the doors. Had Mr. Bean been of a mind, he could have walked over to Number Three side and shown them how it swung out on hinges, built for just such an emergency. But he just let them laugh. They were getting such a kick out of it, and he wasn't ready to take the boat out yet anyway. He might have use for it inside, he told them.

It was in the spring, one of the first warm days, that the sailor came to town. As the afternoon freight slowed for the siding, a dirty duffel-bag hit the cinders first, followed unsteadily by a thin figure in blue. As he jumped, the little white hat blew off and rolled down the ditch, over and over like a hoop, coming to a stop at last in a puddle of muddy water. He retrieved it and brushed despondently at the dirt and wet. Wilted and soggy, it clung to the back of his head as he shouldered the duffel-bag and turned uncertain steps toward the town.

As he made his way through the main street, he was regarded with much the same curiosity and whispers that had first accompanied Mr. Bean's appearance. But he, like Mr. Bean, cared not at all. He came at last to the park and drank long at the fountain and then stretched out on the cool grass much as Mr. Bean had done. But his sleep, unlike Mr. Bean's, was neither deep nor refreshing. He dozed fitfully, and each

time consciousness gave way to the pressing tiredness, a long slope of deck rose and fell in gentle rhythm with the blackness that was sea and night. Then through the stillness, the persistent humming gnat's voice of sound, the nasty, descending hiss that knotted his breath in his throat and ran ice water of fear through his veins. Impact. Inferno of noise and light. Screaming. The awful screaming. That was the worst. And the fire. He clutched, but there was nothing there. Nothing but darkness again. And he was going down, down. Down into the darkness that was sea and night.

H E STRUGGLED awake and sat up. His blouse was soaked again with sweat, and he mopped his face with the ends of the black tie, waiting for the trembling to pass. Was he never to be done with the dream? he wondered. Back in the hospital he'd thought, finally, it was gone forever, but now, here under an elm tree in a sleepy little town, it came back. He sat for a few minutes watching a robin prodding for worms. It was all over, he told himself. No need nor excuse to tremble and shake like a ninny any more over a foolish, nagging nightmare.

After a bit, the robin having taken himself off, the boy got up again and trudged down the same road Mr. Bean had first fancied to follow. His head was bent, concentrating mostly on seeing that his feet kept in proper sequence of forward motion. At the big rock he paused again to rest and when he looked up wearily a few minutes later, The Bean Bag smote him in all its blaze of frustrated glory. He held his head in his hands and closed his eyes and opened them. It was still there. The

doctor had warned him about things like this. It belonged with the dream. Mr. Bean found him there, still holding his head in his hands, some time later. When he poked him gently, inquiringly, he only shook his head. Mr. Bean, with infinite understanding, helped him to his feet and across the road, through the alfalfa, and into the little house. The boy, upon finding that it really was not a figment of his tired mind, felt better. Mr. Bean warmed him up a bowlful of beef stew, and while the boy ate, went out and gathered an armful of freshly cut alfalfa and fixed another bed. It wasn't late, but they were both tired; so they settled down for the night. But the dream was lurking there, ready to pounce, like a naughty conscience.

Mr. Bean was just drifting off pleasantly from the day's moorings into the deeper water of slumber when he heard the boy sob in his sleep and sit up, shaking himself awake. Mr. Bean lit a lamp and when the trembling had worn itself out, the boy explained to him about the dream and how he hadn't had a decent night's rest since he'd left the ship. Mr. Bean got a badly abused deck of cards off a shelf and dealt out two hands of California Jack. He slapped a king on a trump jack and nodded as the boy told him about the night that had inspired the dream. Mr. Bean had worn bell-bottom trousers in '17. Twenty-one trips back and forth he'd made on a hospital ship, and years later, at night, he would close his eyes and see the ugly, searching snout of a German sub breaking the water, so he knew what the boy was talking about. Sitting cross-legged on the floor, they talked and played until the boy was leading trump deuces and playing ten-



They made an unusual little procession, the dogs and Mr. Bean, traveling down to the butcher shop

spots on aces. Utterly exhausted, he allowed Mr. Bean to tuck him in again and this time he slept drunkenly until the sun's rays crept across the floor and tapped with warm, bright fingers at his lids.

HE sat up slowly and looked around. Was it true, he doubted, the Jacob-fence, alfalfa lawn, the seven-sided house, and the funny little man? It might not have happened. But here he was on the floor, on a bed of aromatic hay, and everywhere he looked the sun poured in through windows. Beyond three of the open doors, the purple blossoms nodded agreeably in the morning breeze. The funny little man, however, was nowhere in sight. Perhaps it was only the little man his tiredness had conjured up. But here was this ridiculous house and the alfalfa and . . . no, the little man and the house went together, he decided. How else could one explain the house? And indeed, as if to verify his squirrel-wheel reasoning, Mr. Bean hove into view over the rise behind the house, clutching a large bunch of dandelions and followed by twenty-four of his dogs. Of the other four dogs he owned, three had just had pups and one was about to and none felt disposed to heel.

Mr. Bean gave the boy a cheerful good morning and put the dandelions in a small bucketful of cold water. "Always been fond of dandelions," he said. "Intended seeding more down in the lower corner of the lot. . . . Loved a girl once, with green eyes and yellow hair and . . . ah . . . long slender stem." At which the boy laughed, chuckling at first and then laughing heartily, working up finally to a baritone roar that jarred his ribs and turned his face the color of Mr. Bean's unwashed woolies. That anyone should plant dandelion seed because they'd once been bewitched by blond tresses and a pair of cat eyes so tickled his long unused sense of humor, that it was with difficulty he at last checked his mirth lest he offend the kindly Mr. Bean. But the good-natured crow's-feet tightened and spread in appreciation of the sound of laughter and in pride at its instigation.

DURING the day the boy mentioned halfheartedly about getting on his way again, and Mr. Bean neither urged him to stay nor urged him to go. When evening found him not yet started, he accepted Mr. Bean's invitation to stay the night again. But it was a restless, unsatisfactory, and for the main, sleepless interval as its predecessor had been. No sooner had Mr. Bean started to cast off than the dream came to torment the boy. Mr. Bean got out the cards again and played him into heavy-lidded stupor as daybreak grasped her brush and

painted a few experimental streaks on the eastern canvas.

The boy was tired, despondent, and apologetic over his insomnia and his keeping Mr. Bean awake. Mr. B. tutted at its unimportance and took him down to see the fourth batch of wiggling canine newness which had come in the night. After breakfast, he went down into town leaving the boy slumped drowsily on the back step. Back again, he brought with him lumber, tin, and tar. While the boy examined the boat and pronounced it sound, Mr. Bean got out his tools and pounded and sawed and whistled. The boy was mystified as a wide trough-like structure took shape in one corner of the room, but he was learning to question nothing Mr. Bean either said or did. Odd though he might be, the little man was exceptional. His curiosity deepened when, late in the afternoon, the thing apparently completed, Mr. Bean handed him a bucket and bade him fill the edifice with water. This he did, trudging back and forth while Mr. Bean stood, hands on hips, surveying and nodding approvingly. When he could restrain his wonderment no longer, he dug up a stale old joke. Was it for a horse? That nightmare of his, perhaps? That, agreed Mr. Bean with a maddening twinkle

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► Habits are at first cobwebs—at last, cables.

—OLD IRISH PROVERB  
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in his bad eye, was exactly what it was for. And that was as much as he found out until bedtime, when Mr. Bean grasped one end of the boat and he the other and they launched it together in one mighty heave. Under the soft nudgings of the night winds it rocked gently, soothingly, on hydraulic springs.

The town thought it had adjusted itself to the eccentricities of Mr. Bean until it got around that he had a sailor sleeping in that boat of his on a pond he'd built right there inside his house. The whispering campaign started. Who was the boy? Where had he come from? Was he the same one who'd been seen in the park? Who? Why? Where? It buzzed around and around until Mr. Bean explained. A relative, he said. A seagoing member of the family. One of the navy Beans, he chuckled, and let it go, simply, at that.

The boy slept and improved until he could lie down at night beside Mr. Bean on the alfalfa with no dream to haunt him; his snores matched Mr. Bean's in velocity and fortitude. He went down into town and got a job at the lumberyard; his muscles filled out, hardened, and turned brown. He and Mr. Bean lifted up Number Three side, hauled

the boat out into the back yard, and planted petunias in it. The little pond seemed too good to tear up, so they filled it with gold fish and water lilies.

How long they might have gone on together is hard to say. They were completely compatible. The boy admired and respected Mr. Bean and his philosophy of being and doing and, up to a degree, adopted this philosophy as his own. But one day the Widow Emmert's blue-eyed granddaughter came for the Red Cross. Mr. Bean wasn't home that day, but the boy was.

HER HAIR wasn't dandelion-yellow. It was a nice brown, but Mr. Bean approved anyway. And the Widow Emmert liked the boy, so everything was fine. Until they tried to find a place to live. In all of Tunkville, there was not an empty house, a furnished barn, or a reconverted chicken coop to be had. Peace had set in. And while love might not die in the meager shelter of a pitched tent, it could become very, very ill.

The boy awoke one morning to find Mr. Bean already up and out somewhere. The first thing he thought of was his problem, wondering just how long a girl will wait. Then he wondered idly where Mr. Bean had gone so early. He went to work, returning in the evening to find Mr. Bean still not home. He was not unduly worried, though, even when two days had gone by and the little man had not returned. He had been known to wander away sometimes and not come back for as long as a week if he got absorbed in something.

It was the evening of the third day that Mr. Spencer from the bank made his startled way past the fence and up through the alfalfa and, after a moment's deliberation, knocked on Number Five door. When the boy answered, he handed him a white envelope, lifted his hat, and departed hastily.

The deed was made out to the boy and girl jointly and signed merely "Mr. Bean," and it must be said that its legality was never challenged. He was "Mr. Bean" and The Bean Bag was his; that's the way it went on record for coming generations of abstractors to puzzle over. He probably had a first name, but no one ever knew what it was.

Tip Haskins had passed him on Pike Road that day about noon. He was sitting on the fence eating an onion sandwich. And later that afternoon, one of the Yanto boys, cultivating in the field, had had a glimpse of him and his dogs sauntering over North Hill. It looked as if he were picking flowers, the Yanto boy said. He must have been mistaken there, though, he amended, because there was nothing along that road except dandelions.



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The Unjust Steward

Would you explain the Gospel read on the eighth Sunday after Pentecost concerning the unjust steward?
—E. D., WEEMAWKEN, N. J.

Will you please give the Church's interpretation of these words from the parable of the unjust steward: "Make friends for yourselves with the mammon of wickedness, so that when you fail they may receive you into the everlasting dwellings."—L. O'C., NEWARK, N. J.

Much of the difficulty concerning the meaning of this parable (Luke 16:1-9) arises from the fact that people try to make it mean more than Our Lord intended it to mean. They imagine that the "master" in the parable is a figure of Christ or His Father, and they mistake the master's commendation of the unjust steward for an approval of his moral behavior. Both these notions are wrong.

It will be recalled that the steward in the story had been reported to his master as a squanderer of the latter's goods. About to be deprived of his stewardship, he became concerned about his future and, being too old for hard labor and too proud to beg, he determined to make the best use of his position while it lasted. He reasoned that if he could get all his master's debtors indebted in turn to him, he could count on them for future hospitality, even if he had to force himself upon them. So he called in all the debtors and helped them to cheat the master by cutting down their bills. By so doing, he ingratiated himself with his fellow defrauders and, as we would say, feathered his own nest.

With these facts in mind it comes something as a surprise for us to hear that "the master commended the unjust stew-

ard, in that he had acted prudently." But all surprise will be allayed if one understands that the master's commendation merely amounted to that very dubious sort of compliment we are making when we describe a holdup as "clever" or when we say that a racketeer is "smart." The commendation of the unjust steward does not imply that the master approved of his trickery. Presumably the steward was already dismissed. But the master could not refrain from admiring the success of the underhanded tactics employed by the steward to provide for his own security.

The point that Our Lord wanted to stress in the parable is brought out in the words: "for the children of this world are in relation to their own generation more prudent than the children of light." Prudence is that mental quality which enables a man to choose apt means for the obtaining of some end or purpose. If the end desired or the means used are bad, a person is said to have worldly prudence or prudence of the flesh. The unjust steward and his co-operators were conspicuous for this kind of prudence. Our Lord is contrasting their very active and vigorous worldly prudence with the holy but underdeveloped prudence of His own followers. And the result of the comparison amounts to this: carnal-minded people pursue their materialistic aims with more solicitude, more inventiveness, and more astuteness than the children of light pursue the spiritual riches of God's kingdom of grace.

It is after having made this observation that Christ uttered that admonition referred to by our second inquirer. The term "mammon" is derived from the Aramaic word for "money." And riches are here described as the "mammon of wickedness," not because Our Lord wants to say that riches are bad, but simply to indicate that, as a matter of fact, riches are frequently gained by unjust methods and subsequently misused in the riotous pursuit of sinful pleasures. In urging His followers to "make friends with the mammon of iniquity," Christ is admonishing the rich to use their money wisely and to share it with the poor and the needy, with the naked and the homeless and the hungry in whom He wants His followers to see Himself. By alleviating their needs, the rich man will be winning friends for himself. These friends, many of whom will precede him into heaven, will become his intercessors before God and one day welcome him into their "eternal dwellings." By thus administering his riches well the wealthy Christian exercises a supernatural prudence which rivals the astute self-seeking of the unjust steward.

Is Prayer a Waste of Time?

Within the last weeks I have been confronted by people who have a strong belief that their lives have been planned for them and that prayers are nothing but a waste of time. Frankly, I have been unable to give them a satisfactory answer. How should I go about it?—J. E. S., PITTSBURGH, PA.

The people with whom you have been discussing the utility of prayer are only half wrong. They are not wrong in believing that their lives have been planned for them. Every single detail of their lives was planned for them before they were born, in fact from eternity. That is why we say of God's wisdom that it "reacheth from end to end mightily and ordereth all things sweetly" (Wis. 8:1). And by way of reminding us of the details to which God's concern for us reaches, Christ Himself once said, "But the very hairs of your head are all numbered" (Matt. 10:30).

It is wrong, however, to conclude that just because God's plans are so carefully made, it must follow that our prayers are a waste of time. For our prayers are also part of the plan. And they play a truly effective role in the working out of the whole scheme. St. Thomas puts the matter nicely when he writes: "Divine Providence not only ordains what

effects will occur but also from what causes and in what order they will be brought about" (S. T., IIa IIae, Q. 83, a.2). In other words, God not only wills that an event will happen but also wills the manner in which it will be accomplished. For example, God, from eternity, decrees not only that a sick woman will recover, but also ordains that penicillin, a doctor's skill, and her husband's prayers will be the causes of her recovery. The prayers are no less a cause than the penicillin. And for the same reason, namely—because God willed it so.

In decreeing that a husband's prayer will be a partial cause of his wife's recovery, God does not use the man as an automaton. God moves him to pray, but He moves him in accordance with his nature as a free agent. This means that God gives the man a grace which the man accepts freely. Thus, far from making our prayers futile, it is God's providence which gives them their efficacy.

From all this it will be obvious that prayer is not an effort on our part to make God change His plans. Prayer is rather our contribution to the fulfillment of those plans. So a man who refuses to pray is in reality abdicating from one of the most dignified roles that his creaturehood entitles him to play—the part of a subordinate agent freely working with God in the governing of His world.

Even apart from prayer's utility as a subordinate cause helping to bring about events decreed by God from eternity, there are two other psychological effects of prayer which emphatically indicate that it is not a waste of time. Prayer is a practical recognition of God as the author and custodian of order in the universe. And repeated recognition of God as the principle of order engenders an increase of confidence in the wisdom of His dealings in our regard. Modern psychology, working merely on the natural level, has seen this value in prayer; so we have witnessed some psychiatrists urging people to pray even when neither they nor their patients were at all sure that there existed an intelligent God who could hear their prayers. Happily, however, for the true Christian prayer is not just an emotional exercise conducted on a purely natural plane. It is an act of supernatural faith; it increases supernatural hope; and, above all, it enables a man to collaborate with that divine charity whereby a wise and merciful God governs all things unto His own glory and the ultimate welfare of them that love Him.

Endowments of a Glorified Body

This question came up as a result of a discussion about the qualities of a glorified body: could St. Thomas, the Apostle, really have touched the glorified body of Christ?—SR. M. E., PLAINFIELD, N. J.

Presumably Our Lord would not have invited St. Thomas or any of the other Apostles to do something that was plainly impossible. Yet He did invite Thomas to put his finger into His wounds, and, on another occasion, tried to quiet the doubts of the other Apostles by saying: "See my hands and my feet, that it is I myself; feel me and see; for a spirit does not have flesh and bones, as you see I have (Luke 24:39). So the immediate conclusion to be drawn from the Gospel narrative itself is that Our Lord's glorified body could be touched, if He wanted to allow Himself to be touched. St. Gregory the Great, when referring to these incidents, makes this very brief but illuminating comment: "Our Lord presented His flesh to be handled. . . so that He could show us perfectly that after His resurrection His body was both of the same nature and of a different glory" (*Moralia*, Bk.14,c.29).

Christ's risen body was of the same nature as any human body; in fact it was composed of the very same flesh and blood and bone and sinew that made up His body before

He was crucified; it was still visible and tangible. But it was endowed with a new glory and thereby became the pattern after which the bodily glorification of all saints will be fashioned.

We usually sum up the endowments of a glorified body in four qualities: impassibility, subtlety, agility, and clarity. These qualities, all of which redound to the risen body from its complete subjection to a glorified soul, were suggested by St. Paul when he wrote thus to the Corinthians about the body of a Christian: "What is sown in corruption rises in incorruption (impassibility); what is sown in dishonor rises in glory (clarity); what is sown in weakness rises in strength (agility); what is sown a natural body rises a spiritual body (subtlety). [1 Cor. 15:42-44].

By its impassibility the glorified body is put beyond the reach of pain or death or any sorrow; clarity endows it with the bright splendor of radiant beauty; agility enables it to move with the speed of thought; and subtlety brings it into such perfect subjection to the soul that it does the soul's bidding perfectly. It is this last quality which has special bearing on our correspondent's inquiry as to whether or not Christ's risen body could have been touched by St. Thomas. When endowed with subtlety the glorified body is still naturally touchable; but it also has a supernatural power whereby it can make itself intangible and invisible if the soul wills it so.

Human Nature and Actual Grace

Will you kindly settle a question which arose at a recent meeting of our discussion club: is it true to say that without God's grace we cannot do anything that is good?—E. J., ELIZABETH, N. J.

It is not true to say that without the grace of God fallen man cannot perform any act that is *naturally* good. Some heretics such as Martin Luther, Michael Baius, and Cornelius Jansen so overemphasized the corrupting effects of original and actual sin that they taught that human nature, apart from God's grace, is totally bad. This unchristian pessimism has been condemned by the Church. Among the condemned propositions are the following: "All the works of infidels are sins, and the virtues of philosophers are vices;" (Baius) "Free will, without the help of God's grace, is capable only of sinning;" (Baius) "Everything which does not spring from supernatural Christian faith, which operates through love, is a sin" (Jansen) [*Denzinger-Bannwari*, 1025, 1027, 1301].

Catholic teaching affirms that fallen human nature, even as it exists in a deliberate, impenitent sinner, is capable of performing certain naturally good acts which are in proportion with its natural powers; and to do this, it does not need the grace of God. For example, an unjustified man might have a naturally tender and truly filial devotion toward his sick or aging mother, or he might, without receiving actual graces, have the industry and unselfishness required to build a home for his wife. His devotion or his industry would produce naturally good acts, and they would remain good, despite his sinfulness, because, as St. Thomas Aquinas says, "even an infidel can perform a good act in as much as he does not refer the act to the end of infidelity," i.e. to the disservice of God (*Summa Theologica*, IIa IIae, Q.10, a.4).

From our saying that fallen man can perform some naturally good acts without the grace of God, it must not be inferred that he needs no help at all from God in this performance. No human activity is ever set in motion and executed without that help from God which philosophy calls the divine concurrence. So Christ's words: "Without Me, you can do nothing," are still true. But the divine concurrence is a merely natural help, not a supernatural grace.

While combating the pessimism of the heretics mentioned above, orthodox teaching puts very sharp limits to the amount

of good that fallen human nature can accomplish without the grace of God. Endowed as we are with a supernatural destiny, it might be noted in passing that all the purely natural goodness in the world is not enough to make us pleasing to Him; but, apart from this, without the aid of grace it is morally impossible for a man to achieve and maintain for a long time even the sum total of natural goodness which should be expected of reasonable creatures. In other words, fallen man cannot for a long time be unfailingly true to his own nature without God's grace, for even to be true to his own nature involves such difficult obligations as being chaste, dealing justly with his neighbor, and loving God above all things.

But fallen man's vocation on earth is not simply to be true to his own nature but to act as an adopted son of God. The process by which he is initially prepared to act in conformity with this sublime vocation is called justification. Justification is a work involving divine help and human co-operation, and it bears still further witness to fallen man's need of supernatural grace. On this subject the Council of Trent declared: "If anyone should say that a man can, without the predisposing inspiration of the Holy Spirit and His help, believe, hope, love, or be penitent as he ought to be in order that the grace of justification be conferred upon him, let such a one be anathema" (D.B. 813).

Thus far we have made three observations about the necessity of grace: a) fallen man does not need the grace of God to perform individual acts that are naturally good; b) he does need the grace of God to fulfill all the precepts to which he is naturally bound; and c) he needs supernatural grace to obtain justification. There is one more aspect of our inquirer's problem which should be touched on before concluding this reply. It may be asked whether or not a man, after being justified or established in the state of grace, needs actual grace every time he acts conformably to his status as an adopted son of God. He does need this series of actual graces, which some theologians call an ordinary help due to the justified. That is why the same Council of Trent says: "Jesus Christ Himself, as the head into the members and the vine into the branches, continually pours strength into the justified, and this power always goes before, accompanies, and follows their good works" (D.B. 809). Perhaps the best way to express the role of actual grace in the life of a Christian is to say that running parallel, as it were, with each succeeding duty of his day is an outpouring of divine help which enables him to fulfill that duty in a manner worthy of his adopted sonship. When that divine help is accepted, there are verified those words of the Apostle Paul: "For it is God who of His good pleasure works in you both the will and the performance" (Phil. 2:13).

Degrees of Kinship

I would like to know what degree of kindred exists between a girl and a boy in the following circumstances: her grandmother was the half-sister of his mother.—
G. S. SALISBURY BEACH, MASS.

The boy and girl are related in the third degree of kindred. Or if we want to be still more precise, the third degree touching on the second. And to contract marriage they would need a dispensation.

The Church's Canon Law outlines the method of computing degrees of consanguinity in Canon 96, which reads as follows: "Consanguinity is computed by lines and degrees. In the direct line there are as many degrees as there are generations, or as there are persons, not counting the common stock. In the collateral line, if both sides of the line are equal, there are as many degrees as there are generations on one side; if they are unequal, there are as many degrees as there are generations on the longer side."

The case under consideration belongs to the collateral line, and the application of the Canon will be clear if we reconstruct the pattern of relationships involved. Let us say that John, who was married twice, had two daughters: Julia by his first wife and Jane by his second. Julia and Jane each give birth to a son, Thomas and Timothy. Thomas in turn has a daughter, Mary. Timothy wants to marry Mary. The common stock to whom Timothy and Mary trace their relationship is John and they descend from him in a collateral line. The line is longer on Mary's side, showing as it does three generations, namely, Julia, Thomas, and Mary. Consequently Mary and Timothy are related in the third degree.

As long as Mary and Timothy have a common stock in John, it makes no difference that her grandmother, Julia, and his mother, Jane, were only half-sisters. Technically speaking, their relationship is the same as it would have been had Julia and Jane been born from the same mother.

Marriage of Close Relatives

(1) Does the Church at any time allow the marriage of Catholics who are related in the first degree of kindred?—M. F. BALTIMORE, MD.

(2) Must a special dispensation be secured before first cousins can marry in the Catholic Church? If so, under what conditions will it be granted?—CORONA, N. Y.

(1) The first degree of kindred in the direct line is that which exists between a man and his daughter; in the collateral line, it is that which exists between a brother and sister. Marriages between people thus related are prohibited by the natural law. And the Church's Canon Law in Canon 1076 #3 reaffirms this prohibition when it decrees: "Marriages shall never be permitted when there is a doubt that the parties are related in some degree of the direct line or in the first degree of the collateral line."

Apart from that subtle sense of decency which makes even primitive people shun marriages between such close relatives, the reasons usually adduced by philosophers and theologians when showing why such marriages are prohibited by the natural law are the following: inbreeding militates against the physical and mental health of the offspring; occasions of sin would be multiplied amidst the close associations of family life if marriage were considered a subsequent possibility for two members of the family; the welfare of the human race requires that the bonds of friendship be widened by intermarriage among members of many different families.

(2) First cousins are related in the second degree of kindred and cannot be validly married without a dispensation. The ordinary source of the dispensation is the Holy See, but the Ordinary of a diocese can grant the dispensation in a grave and urgent case, when there is danger in a delay and the marriage cannot be deferred until recourse is had to the Holy See.

There was a time after the Council of Trent when a dispensation from this major impediment would be granted only if it furthered some great benefit for the common welfare, e.g. if it promoted peace by uniting two belligerent kingdoms. In our time, less grave reasons are judged sufficient, but they must still be serious ones. Such, for example, would be the revalidation of a civil marriage, the removal of a grave scandal, the danger of concubinage, and some other equally grave reasons. As always in matters of this kind, much is left to the discretion of lawfully constituted authority. Dispensation from a major impediment is never granted simply because a couple wants to get married. Another serious reason is required. The first step toward discovering whether or not this serious reason is present is to bring the matter to your pastor's attention.

Understanding Latin America

by JAMES A. MAGNER

Continents, like people,
have conflicts. Latin America
has four of them. To
understand her we must
understand her conflicts



Three Lions

TO understand Latin America, even in an elementary way, one must grasp the basic problems or conflicts of the land and its peoples. Latin America includes twenty republics, each with its distinctive nationality and special characteristics. An enormous territory is involved, from the border line of the Rio Grande River, across from Texas, down to the tip of the Tierra del Fuego, land of the fire, in Argentina's sub-Antarctic. Brazil alone is the size of the United States. Still, there are certain basic conflicts or challenges which are common to practically all of these republics and which suggest certain common solutions.

For purposes of convenience, we may list these as

1. The conflict of man with nature
2. The conflict of man with man
3. The conflict of man with ideas
4. The conflict of Latin America with the world.

Let us consider these conflicts in the order given.

1. The first feature of the map of Latin America that strikes the eye of the observer is the tremendous range of mountains beginning in Mexico and

running, with a short break in Panama, all the way down the western coast. These are no mere foothills. The central part of Mexico is laid on a table land, with the arable valleys from five thousand to ten thousand feet in altitude. The Andes chain is even more stupendous. For example, the lowest pass from the seacoast up to Cuzco, the ancient capital of the Incas in Peru, is over fourteen thousand feet in the clouds. This means obstacles of the first magnitude in transportation and communication. For a population predominantly agricultural, the isolation of families and communities becomes a problem of serious concern in the development of national life.

I remember some years ago going up from the seaport of Mollendo to Cuzco, a distance of two hundred and fifty miles, as the crow flies. The trip took three days. We descended from the ladder

of the ship into a small tender, which rose and fell like a cork on the swell of the water in the poorly protected harbor. From the shore, a crane, anchored on a cement block, reached out with a chair, which was lowered into the tender at a propitious moment and then was jerked into the air with as many passengers as were fortunate enough to hop into the chair or to have a foot and hand engaged on rung and rope. The great arm was then swung around to the land, where the terrified cargo was deposited.

A rather uncertain train proceeded onward and upward to Arequipa, at an altitude of seventy-six hundred feet, to get ready for the dizzier heights ahead. After another day, the journey continued on a narrow gauge railroad, with a semiweekly schedule to the cool upper plateau. The passengers, nearly all faint and green with *siroche* or mountain sickness, were deposited for a night at the inn of Juliaca. The next day, the trip was resumed for the final lap into Cuzco.

This might be referred to as rapid transit, compared with the normal means of travel, on foot or donkey, used by the natives of the mountains and brush.

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On the Atlantic side of the continent, notably in Brazil, thousands of miles of watery plains and steaming equatorial forests still remain uncharted. In many sections, travel is practical only by river boat. The outstanding exception is Argentina, whose fertile plains are so flat that the rivers hardly know which way to turn. But the over-all picture is one which calls for the greatest resourcefulness.

Man is beginning to win the battle. The formerly arduous three-day trek to Cuzco may now be achieved by air in less than three hours. In many Latin American countries, such as Colombia, the airplane is the normal means of getting around for commercial travelers and others for whom time, as well as comfort, is an elemental consideration. Air travel has also linked the two American continents together in a schedule of hours and days, instead of weeks and months. The telephone and, even more, the radio have further contributed to bring communities and nations together and to make business possible in the modern manner. All these advancements, however, are still in the pioneer stage. In large areas of Latin America the conflict of man with nature remains in its most primitive and difficult stages.

2. To understand the social scene in Latin America, one must realize that in practically all the countries under consideration, national organization has been affected by the impact of a comparatively few white Europeans, principally Spaniards, or Portuguese in the case of Brazil, upon a large and heterogeneous mass of primitive Indians. There are only four Latin American countries which are predominantly "white"—Argentina, Chile, Uruguay, and Costa Rica. The others are Indian nations or nations which are forging a new race from the mixture of white and Indian bloods,

or, as in the Caribbean and northern coastal regions, from the mixtures of white, Indian, and Negro.

With the exceptions noted and with necessary qualifications not noted, the social structure of Latin America may be compared to a pyramid. The base of the pyramid, largest in area, represents the basic Indian stock. The point of the pyramid, smallest in area, represents the directive and controlling white element. The center of the pyramid, containing the bulk of cubic content, represents the mixed elements, the *mestizos*, as they are called in Mexico, whose number and national importance are increasing daily. It is a practical impossibility for white blood to conserve its "purity" indefinitely in Latin America; and so far as the Indian is concerned, his assimilation into the national scene and modern life appears to lie in his absorption into the mixed blood groups.

In the meantime, it is undeniable that there are strong survivals of a caste system, based largely on blood distinctions.

It must be remembered that, for the most part, the pure-blooded Indians of Latin America are still on primitive levels of culture, ranging from the dense savagery of many Brazilian tribes to a Christianized tribal and village life as exemplified by the Indians of Guatemala. In one way or the other these

people and many of their mestizo brothers remain tied to the plantation or ranch system of agrarian organization.

Unfortunately, the short vision and greed of the large-property class has had the effect of freezing the peon class into an economic level of hardly more than subsistence and has shut off practically all opportunity of personal advancement. Economic society in Latin America is divided rather sharply into the minority "haves" and the majority "have-nots."

Further increasing the problems of social justice and balanced economy is the fact that the cash balance and money wealth of most of the countries under consideration come from the export of one or two raw products. These products are the result of cheap labor on the farms or mines. The money flows into the reservoirs of the directing or owner classes and stays there. The masses, possessing little purchasing power, therefore lack the means of turning the wheels of industry. Thus a colonial and precarious economic system is perpetuated for the advantage of a few; and the mass of the population, which could contribute to national greatness, is held in practical servitude.

Parallel observations may be made in the cultural order. The capitals and many of the provincial cities of Latin



International

Modern trucks and good roads help much in the battle against Peru's mountains

At the port of Rio. Inter-American trade is a big factor for improving relations



Harris & Ewing



Three Lions

Native Indians have a sense of Catholic devotion which endures despite neglect and shortage of priests

America are representative of the highest modern intellectual and artistic levels. Mexico City may be regarded as beautiful as Washington, D. C. Buenos Aires compares favorably with Paris. The cultural life of many a *hacendado* in Latin America equals in elegance and comfort that of a wealthy English squire and often far surpasses it. Books, magazines, intellectual discussions, and cultural pursuits are everywhere evident. But one does not have to go far from the center of the cities or much beyond the doorsteps of the *ranchero* to discover how few of the people of the lower and rural classes can read or write.

No one will deny the cultural brilliance of the elite, for example, of Port-au-Prince, capital of Haiti; but the illiteracy of the country as a whole is well over 90 per cent. Despite Mexico's vigorous campaign of recent years to promote elementary education, hardly more than one-half the population knows the alphabet.

PROBLEMS of disease, housing, malnutrition, intemperance, marital looseness, and the confusion of simple, primitive people thrown against the sins of sophisticated society, follow in the wake of cultural backwardness in a restless world. How can genuine democracy flourish; despite the great oratory of demagogues and the fine phrases of constitutions, where the mass of the "citizens" can neither read nor write and have hardly a stick of property they can

call their own? Here is a problem which Latin America must take vigorous measures to solve.

3. One of the great problems which has disturbed the social philosophers of Latin America is whether the culture of the continent is Indian or Latin. No sweeping generalization can be made. The question can be answered only by reference to particular groups and communities. In Argentina, where the bulk of the population is of European stock, including not only Spaniards but also large numbers of Italians, Irish, and Germans, it is clear that Indian influences are at a minimum. In certain parts of Bolivia and Venezuela, where the white man seldom penetrates, it is obvious that the culture of the people, whatever its level, is hardly in the Greco-Roman tradition.

Where the two races have come together, in the mingling of blood or simply in civilized living, there are pronounced survivals of Indian cultural patterns and temperaments. But there can be no doubt that the dominant directive forces here are Latin, Hispanic, Catholic. Even the prophets of Indianism, the parlor intellectuals, who bewail the coming of the European and chant the praises of what the Inca and the Aztec cultures might have become if left alone, are constantly betraying, in the course of things, their necessary dependence upon and expression of Iberian cultural modes, institutions, and literature.

The vitality and permanence of the

Catholic, Hispanic character of Latin American culture is due in the first place to the fact that the early Spanish missionaries were both men of God and extraordinary products of the Renaissance. Products of the universities of Spain and Portugal, intellectuals, educators, artists, architects, historians, sociologists, and withal men of profound Catholic faith and determination, they laid the foundations of the Church so solidly that, after four hundred years, even the enemies of that Church come running back to it when their spirit catches too close a glimpse of the eternal life for their comfort. The spirit and feeling, as well as the symbols and external practice, of Catholicism are almost everywhere present in Latin America. Even where, through neglect or persecution, the visible organizations and ministrations of the clergy are absent and some of the jungle superstitions and hostilities of the Indians reappear, there remains a loving regard for the ritual of the Church.

The great conflict of the Church, after the smashing of idolatry, has been, not with the little superstitions of primitive communities, which find their counterparts in the astrologies and similar nonsense of so-called modern man, but rather with the rationalism of European philosophies. The Jesuits were the first to get the axe, as a threat to state absolutism, from the Portuguese minister Pombal and then from the "liberal" Spanish monarch Charles III, who decreed their exile from all his territories in 1767. Without the slightest detraction from the splendid educational work done by the other religious orders and the clergy, it is perfectly obvious that the expulsion of the Jesuits was a most serious blow to the vigor of Catholic thought throughout Latin America and a cultural reverse to the entire continent.

BUT decadence in Catholic culture had already begun in Europe. With the passing of the age of Suarez and Victoria, Catholic philosophy withdrew from a consideration of the problems of life and became a matter of textbook rote for the training of seminarians. Immediately, a new generation of thinkers stepped in to usurp the field—Rousseau, Voltaire, and the Encyclopedists; and the modern rush to topple over the Church and rebuild society with the cult of the goddess of Reason was inaugurated.

Apparently the Church at this time lacked sufficient genius among the clergy to meet in decisive, convincing manner the challenges of rationalism, Darwinism, positivism. Meanwhile the great lay minds of the nineteenth century in the Catholic countries of France, Spain, and Italy, with few exceptions, put themselves to the task of building a new

society and state "without," as Kipling says, "benefit of clergy."

In Latin America, which is the intellectual mirror of Europe, particularly of France until recently, the new wave of ideas came in with the great warriors for independence. Bolivar was the spiritual child of Rousseau. By 1825 General Sucre decreed the extinction of religious education in Bolivia. By 1857 Juarez and Lerdo had enacted the expropriation of Church properties, the suppression of the religious orders, and an end to Catholic schools in Mexico. Elsewhere the same battle raged, between so-called "Liberals" and so-called "Conservatives," between the daring new philosophers of atheism and the battered defenders of Christianity.

THAT conflict still continues, as it rages throughout the world in its basic elements. For Latin America, it has meant a secularizing of most of the old colleges and universities of the Church, the defection of large numbers of men of the cultured classes from the practice of the Catholic faith, a lukewarmness among others, and a tradition of hostility, in many places, between Church and state.

Further weakening the position of the Church is the fact that it does not have, and never did possess, anything like a sufficient number of clergy in the Latin American field. An impoverished, primitive populace lacks the means, stability, and stimulation to produce priestly vocations in number. The wealthy aristocracy has never done so. Vocations come from a stout middle class, and have been supplied in considerable number, where not excluded by civil law, from abroad.

Father Considine, in his book *Call for Forty Thousand* estimates that on the basis of one priest for two thousand persons, forty-seven million Latin Americans come within the ministrations of the Catholic Church, whereas ninety-three million are without its minimum services. Apart from certain metropolitan areas, it cannot be doubted that Latin America is desperately in need of clergy, seminaries, and Catholic schools, if the Catholic faith is to survive.

It is doubtful whether the Church of Latin America can achieve the desired objectives unaided and by itself. Some of the countries, such as Argentina and Colombia, are in comparatively favorable positions, but in others the situation is desperate. The problem calls for vision on the part of Latin American churchmen, a willingness to seek and to accept help, to send their students abroad for education, and to develop leadership and techniques based on the experience of the rest of the world.

The Church has shown a renewed vi-

talities within recent years. Nevertheless, it must be acknowledged that the reorganization of Catholic culture forces in a program of exchange and development has not yet reached proportions which are adequate to meet the over-all problem or to face the new threat of Marxism.

It is now estimated that there are three to four hundred thousand militant Communists in Latin America. Their existence and threat to constituted society are due in part to profound and organized discontent of the masses with economic conditions. It may also be due to activities sponsored and subsidized by Soviet Russia. But there can be no doubt that the Marxist conception of man and of social evolutionary determinism has made a profound impression upon the minds of many Latin American intellectuals. Communists regard Liberalism merely as a stage on the road to the complete secularizing and proletarianizing of society and the state. Latin America provides a fertile field for this conflict, and it will take all the intellectual and spiritual forces of Christian society to meet the challenge.

4. The heroes of independence in Latin America, like their counterparts in the United States, dreamed of a new brotherhood of man, with freedom and equality, relatively speaking, for those



Three Lions

A street in Buenos Aires. The big cities are quite up-to-date

elements of society which would somehow manage to secure these benefits. Bolivar even dreamed of a Pan-American Union. But by far and large, the states of Latin America were not distinguished through the nineteenth century, by their cohesiveness, internal or external. Much less were they drawn by kindred sentiments or even economic ties to the great nation in the north, which proclaimed the Monroe Doctrine.

Culturally, Latin America has always looked to Europe, particularly to Paris. Economically, it has been within the orbit of England. The roast beef of Britain originates on the pampas of Argentina. For more than one generation, the United States has been regarded as the Caliban depicted by Rodó, and it mattered little to the United States what Latin America thought.

World War II has changed much of this. Today, because of the airplane and the new explosives and fifth column infiltrations, it makes a great deal of difference to the United States what Latin America thinks and does. When our entrance into the war appeared imminent, our government immediately took stock of the Axis penetration into Latin America. When the first shots were fired, Under-Secretary of State Sumner Welles was dispatched to Rio de Janeiro to line up the Latin American nations into a solid block for hemispheric defense against Nazi and Fascist aggression and for the preservation of Christian culture. Treaties were signed for the purchase of raw materials and the establishment of military and naval bases.

In other words, from a geopolitical standpoint, Latin America has become a section of the world to be reckoned with in the event of any major conflict. That the United States is now permanently cognizant of the raw material potentialities of Latin America, is apparent in the fact that our present imports from the various countries involved totals three times the amount of 1939. Our Latin American imports for the first ten months of 1946 amounted to \$1,141,000,000. These are only material values, to be sure, but they represent an international attitude based upon factors ranging all the way from considerations of national survival to the survival of democracy which understands the duties of man to be God-given and his rights to be inalienable.

THE Act of Chapultepec, still awaiting full implementation, may be regarded as a pledge of the determination of the New World to work co-operatively, with the United Nations organization, for the maintenance of world peace. Through the rich contributions of its spiritual and material reserves, Latin America has much to offer for the triumph of Christian ideals over international brutality and atheism.

Pan-Americanism, or inter-American understanding and co-operation, thus becomes an imperative obligation of every citizen of North, South, or Central America who believes in the Christian conception of life and particularly for him who reads therein a mission of the Catholic Church for the conservation of civilization and for the temporal as well as the eternal salvation of man.

In the Name of All That's Holy

by EDWARD F. KENRICK

IN RECENT months the United States has grown interested in the various place names reaching from coast to coast. Much history is capsuled in those names. To the Catholic they have this value: they show convincingly how much our country is indebted to Catholic culture and how much that Catholic culture is in the very grain of America.

For instance, place names show the early prominence of our French and Spanish heritage, both of which are of course Catholic. The mere numerical extent of Spanish place names of towns and cities, exclusive of valleys, rivers, etc., reaches over two thousand. With Florida as their hub, they circumscribed a large area of our Eastern seaboard. St. Augustine, our oldest settlement, betrays in its pronunciation its Spanish origin, as the English always rendered it Austen or Austin. Across the continent completely, the California sector with San Joaquin and Sacramento reveals a thoughtfulness entirely Catholic for the Blessed Virgin's father and the crowning glory of our sacramental system.

Jacques Cartier is the earliest important French name in American History and he dedicated to St. Lawrence his findings, the now great river and gulf. Daniel Sargent tells us that almost a generation before the Pilgrim fathers had reached there, Champlain had mapped Plymouth Harbor. Louisiana, not then the present diminutive, was a vast sprawling territory, and although the reigning king in the homeland was Louis, the name went back also to that Louis who had after his name the number IX, and before it the title, Saint. Some of the French names have been lost in translation; some of them remain, and we don't advert to their disguises; Des Moines for instance is "of the monks."

Los Angeles was originally quite a mouthful or penful, being written Our Lady, Queen of the Angels of the Portiuncula. The last word meant "little portion." And this "little portion" is a little portion of land in Assisi which the Benedictine monks gave to St. Francis who dedicated it to Our Lady of the Angels. It is well that this particular name is on our Western coast, for the Puritans of the East might not have taken very kindly to it, as this passage from one of their writings is recalled. It is

The prominent part played by Catholics in the early days of our country is forcefully demonstrated in American place names

"not fit for Christian humility to call a man Gabriel or Michael, giving the names of angels to the sons of mortality." Which, having the deficiency of downright severity, has the merits of possibly making Los Angeles a city with immortality.

San Francisco was named through the importunings of the Friars who wished thus to honor their founder. But here names played a little trick upon the namers, for Francis was not his first name at all. The saint's first name was Giovanni. Tradition says that Francesco was really a nickname conferred on him for his school-boy proficiency in French. Others insist that it was his father, out of admiration for France, who made the change in the name.

Anyone living in Santa Barbara is protected by his patron saint against lightning especially. When this Greek maiden was martyred at the instigation of her own father, he, with his accomplices, was then destroyed by a thunderbolt. One might question, nevertheless, how safe it would be to live in such a place, for she is the patron saint of gunners. A more sympathetic scholar even extends her patronizing activities to the more subdued careers of fireworks makers, prisoners, and gravediggers.

It was not an accident that the place names of St. Peter and St. Paul were juxtaposed—it was sound liturgical principle, and originally that was the conscious principle invoked. Likewise, the jovial Catholic tradition which years ago had the people rolling in the streets (which were the aisles in those days) at the antics of St. George and the Dragon, that popu-

lar pre-Shakespearean dramatic team, had a good deal to do with the fact that the etymologist Stewart could find one stream on the Delaware coast named "Dragon Creek" with a tributary, "St. George." The place where you send your novelty Christmas mail, Santa Claus, hearkens back to St. Nicholas, another great favorite of medieval playgoers.

Catholic culture is oftentimes capsuled in place names other than those of our saints. Bethlehem, surely, must recall the scene of the first Christmas night. At Christ's midnight mass the Catholic may look upon the host, the "house of bread" wherein God dwells, the current Bethlehem. An associate place name would be Point Reyes, the Reyes referring to the three kings of that first Christmas. So, Salem, meaning "Peace," though taken over by non-Catholics, reminds the Catholic scripture student that the Prince of Peace born that night was foreshadowed in type by Melchisedech, who was king of Salem.

Santa Fe is both a famous city and Catholic landmark. Hell and Limbo are familiar Catholic terms which otherwise receive little fashionable circulation. Both are found in our place names. Their histories, however, go back to pagan significances. Hell, for example, a mongrel from the Teutonic base Hel, to hide, plus a little confusion with the word Hall, plus the further influence of the Old Norse goddess of the dead and queen of the underworld, Hell, took on the final pagan meaning of the meeting place of the dead. Only under the Christian dispensation was it limited to the damned. The threat of repeating the above philological explanation is suggested as an effective means of making small boys stop saying Hell.

Florida which signified not only flowers but Easter, Sacramento, already mentioned, Santa Croix, Conception, all of these and more names are eager to bloom their Catholic cultural fragrance if the

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Nor should we pass over some place names honoring prominent Catholics; Baltimore was named for Lord Baltimore whose fame apparently is so great it has spread to Alaska, where there is a glacier of that name. If, as has been suggested, Baltimore is from the Irish, ball-ti-more, "the place of the great lord," Lord Baltimore is sort of double talk. The place name Duluth is after the French officer, Du Luth, who may be best remembered in the future not because of a noble life contemporaneous with many ignoble lives, but because of his devotion to the Indian maiden, Tekawitha, and his public gratitude to her when, through her intercession, his prayers were answered. So Pere Marquette, who was willing to forego self-glory to give place names honoring the Blessed Mother, perhaps through heavenly retaliation, has his own name on our maps in the Marquette River.

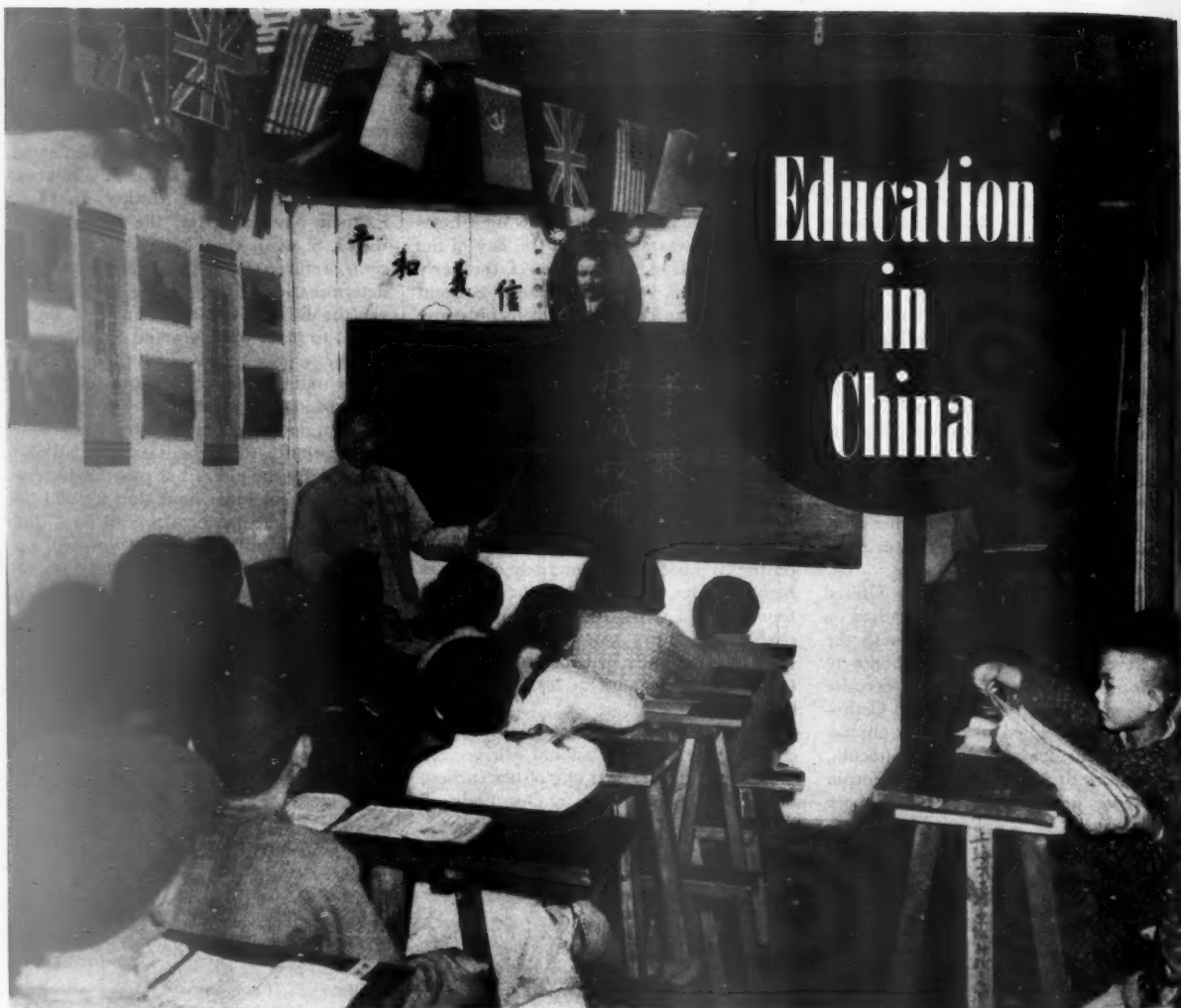
expeditions in the vicinity were consigned to her under various titles, of Carmel, of Guadalupe, etc.

Washington, the District of Columbia, is the home of her National Shrine. St. Marys, in Maryland, is one of her earliest Eastern place names, as is Our Lady of

On the official side, the Spanish government in 1760 dedicated the nation's possessions in the new land to Our Lady. Our first bishop, Bishop Carroll, dedicated the United States, which was then but one diocese, to the Blessed Mother. In 1846, in their pastoral letter, the hierarchy of the U. S. wrote thus, "We take this occasion, brethren, to communicate to you the determination, unanimously adopted by us (the 6th Provincial Council of Baltimore) to place ourselves and all entrusted to our charge throughout the United States under the special patronage of the Holy Mother of God, whose Immaculate Conception is venerated by the piety of the faithful throughout the Catholic Church. By the aid of her prayers, we entertain the confident hope that we will be strengthened to perform the arduous duties of our ministry, and that you will be enabled to practice sublime virtues, of which her life represents her most perfect example." In the next year Rome confirmed our happy selection.

This has been but a cursory glance, unscientific and incomplete, at the naming in the United States, yet it should make the eyes of the American Catholic brighten a bit and his chest swell with a certain modest pride at the Catholic tradition of our land.





1. School session at the Rural Education Center. Children are taught to recognize a certain number of characters to begin their reading education.

2. Children assemble at the center. The first activity of the day is morning drill. The new order in postwar China will develop bodies as well as minds.

TORN by years of invasion and civil war, China is making a determined effort to provide education for the younger generation. Ever a land of scholarship and learning, China salvaged her major schools and colleges during the war. Students, teachers, all carrying school equipment trekked over the western mountains to set up in the untouched west the famous schools of the east. China was even loath to have her young scholars used in military duties, the better to save them for postwar needs among her people.

One of the methods used for the instruction of children and adults is the Rural Education Center. The REC is gradually spreading itself throughout all of China. This series of photographs made near Shanghai shows how Chinese educators are attempting to bridge the gap caused by the war years.





3. Another task of the school is to teach pupils to write Chinese characters. Here the children write with brush pens, a difficult task indeed.



4. Chinese schools are unable to spend money for playground equipment, so the favorite game is tug-of-war, popular with children the world over.

THE Passionist Missionaries in Hunan, China, have been and are doing much for the education of the people. They wish not only to teach the younger generation their Chinese ABC's, but to instill in their minds the beauty and richness of all things in Catholic culture, and in their hearts a love for God and His eternal truths. Heaven is the goal.

In Paoting on China's North River, the Passionists have developed and direct Our Lady's Orphanage—what is known as Boys' Town in Hunan. The boy citizens receive not only a thorough school course; they are also taught trades such as tailoring, shoemaking,

barbering, cooking, weaving, and furniture building. In other mission cities of the diocese, there are high and grammar schools for boys and girls directed by Sisters of Charity and Sisters of St. Joseph, and also catechumenates for men and women.

The success of the venture, however, will bring about a better understanding between the Chinese and their brethren around the world. To be congratulated heartily are the Catholics of the United States and Canada for the magnificent part they are playing in financially supporting this work so important to Holy Mother Church and the world.

5. The tea house in China is the gathering place of the village. Teachers are sent to discuss news events with small merchants and farmers.



6. The Rural Education Center serves adults as well as children. Reading clubs in various villages have members read for at least an hour.



Learning the Hard Way

Missionaries have difficulties
even in the desire to help their charges
in the daily course of life

by FRANCIS FLAHERTY, C. P.



AMONG other disastrous consequences, a modern war has a devastating effect upon school life. For the first time in her long history, China felt the terrible scourge of aerial war and, defenseless as she was, school life was totally disrupted. Perhaps nowhere throughout the world was the situation met with such utter simplicity and directness. China merely moved her higher schools bag and baggage to the hinterland, threw up temporary structures or took over existing buildings, and continued to function with scarcely a loss of a semester. But the range of the bombers is long, and in due time these temporary makeshifts were likewise subject to attack. Hence it was that our good Bishop searched for a school where the curriculum could be followed with least interruption. It was decided that all the Catholic boys of the vicariate should be sent to the Yungshun public high school, the place most likely to function normally. Twenty-five boys found themselves lodged in the mission and daily pursued the education so dear to the heart of every Chinese youth presented with the opportunity.

Many of the boys attending the school were day boarders, but the Catholic group boarded in the mission, rising at dawn for the beginning of the day's activities.

Nowhere in China did patriotism flourish more fervently than in the schools. An earnest effort was made by the authorities to implant in the youth of the nation a sincere love for their country. School opened with the raising of the flag, and attendance at this ceremony was imperative. Weekly assemblies were held wherein the ideals for which China was fighting were kept fresh before the student body. These

assemblies were held on Sunday mornings, and when there was but one Mass in the mission, oftentimes it was difficult to arrange the hour suitable to the students and the Christians in general. Very often exemption from the school's Sunday morning meeting had to be obtained, particularly when the pastor or assistant happened to be on a tour of the stations.

And so it happened that trouble developed because of one such exemption.

I had gone to the country. Father James was left in charge at Yungshun. Inasmuch as there was to be but one Mass on Sunday morning, Father requested and was granted a dispensation for the Catholic boys from the Sunday morning assembly. One condition, however, had to be fulfilled. The principal asked that one boy from the mission be present as a representative. There was an orphan boy who had lost his parents during the war, not yet baptized. He was the one selected to represent the Catholic group.

At this particular meeting of the faculty and student body, a spark was struck that threatened a disastrous conflagration. The principal had reasons to doubt the patriotism of the Catholic boys, and in public made accusations to this effect. One thing was their absence from this and several other patriotic meets. Another reason was the expression of opinion by our Catholic boys as to the nature of true patriotism. Whatever the reasons, the principal upbraided the Catholic boys in vitriolic language and succeeded in inflaming the whole student body against the mission group. Needless to say, the mission student present at the meeting was embarrassed and lost a great deal of face as

an associate of the guilty students. He returned to the mission and related to the Catholic boys all that he had heard.

Our boys were greatly incensed. Had they not received permission every time to absent themselves from the Sunday meetings? Were not these permissions granted by the principal himself? If the Catholic ideal of patriotism was a society organized under God looking to justice and efficiency in government and not just a lot of speeches and flag waving, was this to be condemned? Their anger under the circumstances was justified.

Without consulting Father James, they went in a body to the school, sought out the principal, and in no uncertain terms reprimanded him for his injustice toward them. The exchange of words was bitter. The resident students heard the altercation, and soon the whole school was inflamed. Cries of "Down with the Catholic Church" . . . "Expel the Catholic students" rang through the grounds.

Throughout the day the question was discussed by the whole school. That night an ultimatum was given the principal by the vast majority of the students. Expel the Catholic students, or the student body would not attend classes. The principal now had a strike on his hands. True to their word, not one reported for classes the following morning, and the day students moved their belongings from the property. The imprudent words of the principal had ignited a conflagration now quite out of control.

Monday morning I stopped at an outstation nearest the city on my way back to the mission. There I heard the first inkling of the trouble. I was told I had

a difficult situation on my hands. The whole city was watching the proceedings and wondering what the Catholic missionary, an American, would do. Would he appeal the case to higher authorities? Would he take the case to the American consul? What would he do?

I had been back at the mission but a short time, when three very good friends of mine from the faculty called. They asked to speak to the Catholic boys to seek a solution to the problem. Readily I granted the permission and called the boys to the rectory. I myself stayed outside in the garden, leaving them to their devices. One of the teachers, one of the closest friends I have ever had in China, remained with me, leaving the conference to his companions. It was then I got the "lowdown" on the situation.

To all appearances jealousy was the root of the trouble. The first two highest honors of the school were held by our Catholic boys. Our group was but twenty-five out of a student body of over four hundred. Furthermore, the reputation of our boys for diligence, good behavior, and conduct in general was a subject of constant conversation among the faculty. The third competitor for highest honors was a boy from the principal's own town, the son of a very good friend of his. Such a relationship in China means much, and this envious lad sought to make capital of it. It was he who told the principal various stories about the Catholic boys, their attitude toward their country, filling the mind of the principal with doubts. Unbeknown to the faculty, the principal then made the calumnious attack upon the Catholic group.

But the Catholic boys made a terrible mistake. They reprimanded the principal publicly in the presence of members of the student body. Too, they had struck the table for emphasis, a rank insult in Chinese eyes. The principal had lost much face as a result. All this was news to me.

Very shortly the two teachers came from the rectory. The boys filed by in ominous silence. I knew that a solution had not been found. The teachers informed me that the boys had been asked to apologize to the principal. They knew it was a hard thing for any Chinese to do, but that the boys were Christians and were expected to practice humility. To expect the principal to apologize was impossible. He would lose too much face. It just wasn't done among the Chinese. Granted that the principal had been taken in by calumniating stories, granted that he was imprudent in giving public expression to his condemnation, the fact still remained that he could not apologize and the only solution was for the Catholic boys to do so for their truculence toward him. They had failed to move the boys.

It was then that I put the Catholicity of the boys to the test. I told the teachers that I had not yet spoken to our boys but

that we priests had a religious influence with our people unknown to them. I would try my hand. If the boys appeared at school on the following morning, they were coming to apologize for their disrespect to authority, a very unCatholic thing under even the most provocative circumstances. Privately I told my close friend that I wished him to accompany the boys in their interview with the principal that I might have from him an unbiased account of what would transpire.

At nine o'clock I again called the boys to the rectory. I told them I was sorry to hear of what had happened, that I considered them in no way at fault, that their conduct at school was irreproachable, but that they had made one mistake. They should not have insulted lawful authority. I asked them to rectify this error by apologizing for it, and from there on their case would be mine. I assured them I would then do all in my power to see that they got justice.

Of course, my suggestion of an apology fell on deaf ears. I pleaded with them. I pointed out that as Catholics they had erred in insulting authority, that I appreciated the fact that I was asking them to do the most un-Chinese thing they had ever done in their lives, but they must admit they were wrong and apologize. This was what was meant by humility. Could they do it? I was not ordering it—I was advising it. This affair might bring repercussions, and I wanted the boys to be without any fault whatever when I took up their case. At first they were all for transferring to another school and begged me to write the Bishop accordingly. After an hour of discussion, a few began to see that my way was the Catholic way. For another hour a few held out against apology. Finally, I suggested that we go to the church and sincerely ask God and His Blessed Mother to give them the strength to do this very Catholic thing. We did so and at eleven o'clock recited a public rosary. Then they retired, free to do as I suggested, or refrain therefrom.

The next morning I visited their quarters. They were gone. I knew that they

had gone to school and that they would apologize for their disrespect. Now the aftermath. I got it from my good friend, the teacher.

He had met the boys as I requested. They entered the principal's office. In a very manly and courteous way, they expressed regret for their manifestation of disrespect and begged his pardon. With that the principal broke down. He actually wept. He assured the boys the whole incident was his mistake; that he would rectify it; they should return to classes.

The principal then did a humble thing. He hired carriers to bring back to the school the luggage of the boarding students, thus saving their face. In a few hours classes were resumed and the incident was a thing of the past, settled to everybody's satisfaction. A little Catholic humility on the part of our boys went a long way.

But there is another chapter, tinged with irony. It seems that the tale-bearing student, while inciting the principal against the boys, was also inciting the students to strike. At the same time he was misleading the Catholic boys. Of course, our boys were ignorant of the real force at play. A week later the culprit while fighting with a fellow pagan student broke the latter's arm. The principal, looking for an excuse to rid the school of such a troublemaker, immediately expelled him. Whereupon this boy's whole class again walked out on strike, and our Catholic boys of that grade went with them. When they told me of the incident I had to laugh. I asked them why they went on strike. They replied that the lad had befriended them when they were in trouble. It was right that they should help him.

The lad expelled, however, was not reinstated. He was transferred to another school. And to this day the Catholic boys do not know the inner workings of their own trouble. But I did tell them that some day if I should have the opportunity I would give them a story that would open their eyes. I let it go at that.

Few incidents stand out in my mind such as this one. It makes clear the difficulty of imparting Catholic culture to a pagan people. These boys were mainly new Christians, and they had to learn the lesson of Catholic humility the hard way. But with the help of God and His Blessed Mother they found the strength to do the hard thing, a very un-Chinese thing—lose face. It remedied a situation which might have had serious repercussions. They finished their schooling and were graduated with honors, praised by the school and townfolk alike for doing the impossible, overcoming themselves. May God spread the leaven of Christian humility throughout that unhappy land. Only then can a solution to so many of its major problems be found. Only then will China take its rightful place among the nations of the world.



The Mission at Yungshun

The Sign Selection as
the picture of the year
is the Mexican-made RKO release
"The Fugitive"—a picture
every Catholic should see



The role of the hunted priest in
"The Fugitive" is enacted by Henry
Fonda with sincerity and effectiveness

STAGE & SCREEN

by JERRY COTTER

Best Pictures of 1947

THE year just past was as explosive in the cinema industry as it was on the international political stage. Congressional investigation of Communist activity on the sound stages and the upsurge of morally objectionable movies were the page-one stories of the film year. In both cases the industry exhibited a laxity in supervision and a lack of moral responsibility that would have been less reprehensible were it existing in some field where the power to sway the impressionable was less evident.

In the final hours of the year, the members of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors Association met to chart a course for the future, a course unmarred by the obstacles of subversive propaganda and objectionable material—according to the industry spokesmen. Whether or not such a plan is followed to the letter only the coming twelve months will reveal, but one fact stands out in the confusion. The motion-picture industry has lost prestige during 1947 and will need every device and sincere effort at its command to regain the ground that has been ceded.

If in the months and years ahead the industry adheres to the announced program of barring the power of the screen to those who would use it for the dissemination of un-American propaganda, and of its own accord raises the cultural level of its product, it will quickly regain that lost prestige. On the other hand, if it continues to allow a noisy minority of fellow travelers and trash purveyors the use of the camera, it will forfeit public good will at a time when the industry sorely needs support at home. With an opportunity unequalled in world history to accomplish something worth while during a period of crisis, the movie industry shouldn't have either the time or the energy left to devote to a theme like *Forever Amber* or a distortion like *Black Narcissus* or a pornographic exhibit like *The Outlaw*. The imme-

diated decision rests with the producers—the final one with the paying public!

Outstanding among the releases of 1947 was the Mexican-made RKO release, *The Fugitive*, in which director John Ford once again proves himself a master of motion-picture technique. The man who directed *The Informer*, *How Green Was My Valley*, and dozens of other hits, took his shooting script and players below the border and there produced the nearest thing to a work of art that the screen has done in ages. It is the story of a hunted priest hiding out in the mountains of Mexico, befriended by the simple folk of the villages to whom he administers between raids by the savage revolutionaries. Photographed with dramatic and beautiful simplicity and acted with effective sincerity by Henry Fonda, Dolores Del Rio, Pedro Armendariz, J. Carrol Naish, Ward Bond, Leo Carrillo, and Robert Armstrong from the tightly woven script by Dudley Nichols, it is a picture every Catholic will want to see and every American interested in the cause of tolerance and freedom should see. Beautiful, stirring, and most timely, it is THE SIGN selection as the outstanding motion picture of 1947.

Also worthy of mention among the 1947 releases were: *Welcome Stranger*, in which Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald renewed their screen feud and gave audiences another sample of the warm, homey humor that made *Going My Way* great; *Great Expectations*, a superb dramatization of the Dickens classic, sent over by the fast-expanding British industry; *Life with Father*, the hardy footlight perennial which finally made the screen and proved to be equally entertaining despite the fact that it no longer has that "new look"; *Song of Love*, the year's outstanding musical featuring the compositions of Schumann, Brahms, and Liszt in a semifactual biography of the former; *Kiss of Death*, a grim and tense melodrama made in the currently popular semi-

documentary technique; the comedy hit of the year, *The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer*, in which the industry proved to itself that it is possible to be clever and clean at the same time; and *This Happy Breed*, another British production, this time with a contemporary setting and considerable realism. Competition for the year's "worst" award is about evenly divided between *Mourning Becomes Electra*, reviewed in this issue, and the Greer Garson debacle, *Desire Me*.

In the acting division honors go to William Powell and Irene Dunne for *Life with Father*; Ronald Colman's performance in *The Late George Apley*; Dana Andrews in *Boomerang*; Loretta Young and Ethel Barrymore in *The Farmer's Daughter*; Henry Fonda in *The Fugitive*; Cary Grant in *The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer*; Anthony Quinn in *Black Gold*; Betty Hutton in *The Perils of Pauline*; James Stewart in *It's a Wonderful Life*; Edmund Gwenn in *The Miracle on 34th Street*, and the Crosby-Fitzgerald tandem histrionics in *Welcome Stranger*.

Reviews in Brief

The much overworked device of having a heavenly being take mortal form to assist distressed humans is brought into play once again in *THE BISHOP'S WIFE*. This time the superior production values, exceptionally good acting by a trio of stars, and an abundance of sparkling humor-touches lift it well above the usual level for such fantasy. The "angel" in this case turns out to be Cary Grant, who comes to the aid of a sorely tried young Episcopalian bishop. He is trying to build a new cathedral, save his marriage from collapse, and bolster his own waning faith. In the process of helping the bishop solve his problems, the visitor helps out on a few side issues, then takes his leave on Christmas Eve. In its whimsical way, this adaptation of the Robert Nathan novel is quite enjoyable and fresh, with much of the credit for its success due to Loretta Young, who interprets the title role with skill and charm, David Niven's quiet sincerity as the harassed bishop, and the fine work of Grant as the "angel." James Gleason, Gladys Cooper, Monty Woolley, and Elsa Lanchester head the supporting cast, with the Robert Mitchell Boy Choir contributing handsomely. Tastefully developed and skillfully produced, this rates among the year's better adult comedies. (RKO-Goldwyn)

GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENT is the second film to speak out on the subject of anti-Semitism. It is based on Laura Z. Hobson's best-seller about a magazine writer who undertakes a series of articles on the touchy subject. In order to get at the

core of the problem, he poses as a Jew and thereafter encounters slurs, slights, and outright rebuffs as he attempts to batter down a wall of prejudice. If the film intended to solve a problem, it fails completely, for it merely states the case and spotlights an existing condition that needs correction. Unfortunately there is also a tendency to overemotionalize and underrationalize a problem that is not only thorny but multidimensional. Oversimplification and misuse of terms relating to race and religion lead only to confusion of the issue here. Technically it has been given careful and skilled attention in every department, with Gregory Peck, Dorothy McGuire, John Garfield, June Havoc, Celeste Holm, and Jane Wyatt topping a strong cast. On the moral side of the ledger, the film's placid acceptance of divorce must be written in red ink. Timely, admirably frank, and provocative, this detailed study blazes a trail for other producers to follow with similar blows at prejudice of every sort. (20th Century-Fox)

Those flip zanies, Bing Crosby and Bob Hope, with Dorothy Lamour in tow, return for a fifth encore in *THE ROAD TO RIO*, a happy-go-lucky affair with a goodly share of musical interludes to tide over the threadbare spots. When the casual co-stars are on view the fun is fast and furious, but when Miss Lamour, the Andrews Sisters, and one Jerry Colonna take over a lull sets in. Once again the boys are a pair of slightly frayed vaudevillians who stow away on a Rio-bound ship. There is considerable to-do about some mysterious papers, hired gangsters, and the like, but in the final analysis only the antics of the Crosby-Hope team really matter. There is fun for the entire family in this hectic pageant that runs the gamut from wild slapstick to high humor with a sizable number of song hits included for balance. (Paramount)

Eugene O'Neill's *MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA* emerges on the screen as a tedious, dull, and unwholesome experiment which should never have been produced. Why Hollywood saw fit to invest time, talent, and money in an obviously unsuitable property must remain one of life's little mysteries. How Dudley Nichols, heretofore one of the industry's most capable technicians, managed to do such a woefully poor job of adapting, directing, and producing the O'Neill trilogy is a major surprise. Judged solely on its technical merit, or lack of it, this can be rated as one of the worst technical blunders in Hollywood history. Even the players, all of whom have done brilliant work in the past, beggar description with their fantastic interpretations and inadequate delivery of the O'Neill lines. Rosalind

Dennis Morgan (Chauncey Olcott) and Arlene Dahl in "My Wild Irish Rose"



James Gleason, Cary Grant, and Loretta Young in "The Bishop's Wife"



Russell, Katina Paxinou, Raymond Massey, Michael Redgrave, Henry Hull, and Leo Genn are all guilty of atrocious overacting in practically every scene. Whatever value these O'Neill plays had in the legitimate theater, they certainly have no place on the motion-picture screen. Morbidity, neuroticism, incest, and insanity are not pleasant subjects across the footlights; in the broader, more impressionable atmosphere of the movie auditorium they become dangerous. The only mitigating factor in this instance is the highly probable chance that 90 per cent of the hapless audience will have either dozed off or crept out long before the last "mad Mannon" closes the door on the outside world and nestles down to a lifetime of solitary insanity. (RKO-Radio)

KILLER MCCOY gives Mickey Rooney a change of pace and his fans one of those fast-moving, thrill-a-minute prizefight yarns that appear on the movie horizon all too infrequently. The story is patterned along familiar lines, but the fight scenes are far above average in thrill content and realism. Rooney gives one of his best performances as a plucky young boxer and James Dunn is equally brilliant as his gin-soaked father. Brian Donlevy and Ann Blyth provide trouble and romance respectively as a professional gambler and his attractive daughter. An exciting blend of drama, comedy, and pathos that should keep the adult action seekers alert and amused. (M-G-M)

CASS TIMBERLANE is an alternately absorbing and boring adaptation of Sinclair Lewis' novel, with the able portrayals of Spencer Tracy, Lana Turner, Zachary Scott, Mary Astor, and Margaret Lindsay covering the worn patches in the fabric. Playing the principal role of a small town judge with more skill than he has exhibited recently, Tracy stamps the entire production with the force of his personality and lifts it above the level of ordinary domestic drama. The Lewis story was actually a labored and puerile affair concerned with the difficulties encountered in a second marriage. Without its hardworking performers and director the movie version would have been little better. As it is, the combined efforts of the players and director George Sidney do for the narrative what Lewis failed to accomplish. They have turned it into a palatable and provocative adult movie. (M-G-M)

Douglas Fairbanks Jr. carries on the family manner with a swashbuckling yarn of high adventure during the period when England's Charles II was an exile in Holland. **THE EXILE**, as he has titled the opus written and produced by himself, is an energetic and agile exercise in derring-do with the star cast as a physically inexhaustible regent hiding out from Cromwell's Roundheads in tulip-land. Photographed in eye-soothing sepia with thrills aplenty to satisfy the adventure-minded of every age, this classifies as first-rate action-costume drama in the very best Fairbanks tradition. Maria Montez, Henry Daniell, Nigel Bruce, and newcomer Paula Croset help out between gymnastic exhibitions by the star. (Universal-International)

MY WILD IRISH ROSE is a musical movie to be treasured by those who recall with fondness the songs and career of Chauncey Olcott. Given sympathetic and careful attention in the story department, and with Dennis Morgan on hand to contribute a lilting interpretation of the popular balladeer, it becomes one of the year's most enjoyable musicals. It rings the bell for moviegoers of every age and taste. (Warner Bros.)

The New Plays

THE WINSLOW BOY, imported from the London stage, is a skillfully contrived drama based on an actual case in which a young naval cadet was accused of theft and forgery. How the boy's father fights for his son's honor provides material for three intensely dramatic acts though the pace is inclined to lag at times. Playwright Terrence Ratigan, known principally for his

light comedies, has managed to strike the proper serious note in this dramatization of a famous fight for justice. The actors—all British—give admirable accounts of themselves, with Frank Allenby scoring highest with his delineation of the lawyer. This is one of the few current dramas suitable for the entire family.

Thomas Mitchell, whose recent acting efforts have been before the cameras, returns to the theater in J. B. Priestley's smoothly paced melodrama, **AN INSPECTOR CALLS**. An unusual idea, crammed with suspense, humor, and ingenious device, it is a fascinating affair from start to suspenseful finish. Called in to the home of a stuffy English businessman to investigate the suicide of a young girl, the Inspector by careful questioning and probing manages to piece together the reasons for the act. Staged with restraint and intelligence by Cedric Hardwicke, it becomes a "must-see" not only for the mystery fans but all drama lovers as well. Mitchell's playacting is on the splendid side, with Melville Cooper and Doris Lloyd giving him capital support. Recommended for adults.



Thomas Mitchell is starred in the melodramatic "An Inspector Calls"

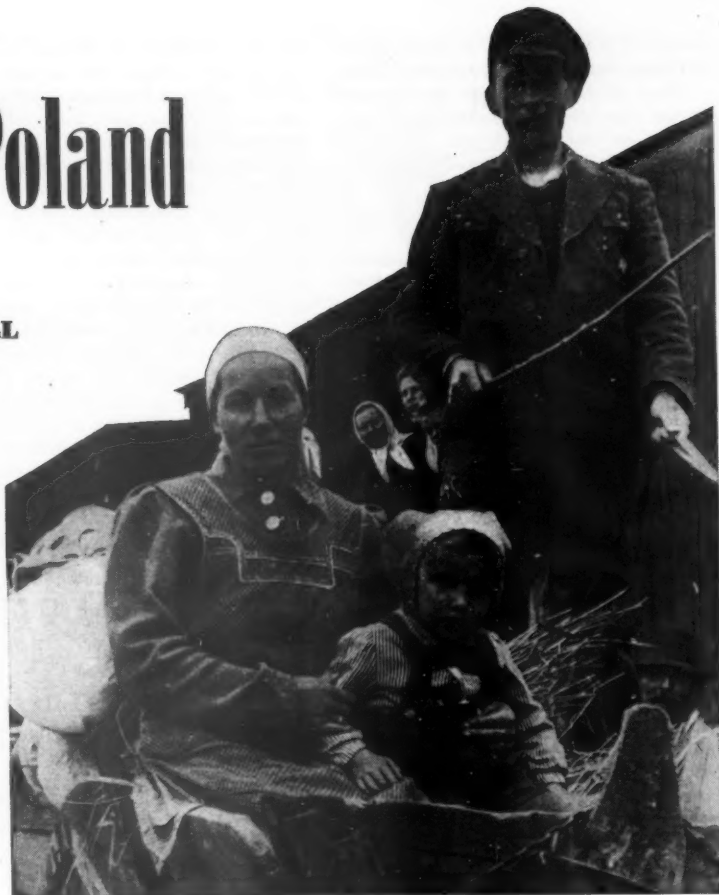
MEDEA, freely adapted by Robinson Jeffers from the play by Euripides, provides Judith Anderson with an actress' field day, and the fabulous lady takes full advantage of the opportunity. In a role designed to give the audience a chilling time, Miss Anderson runs the full scale in the grand manner of the Greek tragedies. All the bitterness, the savagery, and the horror of the part are magnificently handled in a performance that goes down in the records as an amazing achievement. As "Jason," John Gielgud is more or less of a misty background figure never quite assuming the required dimensions. On the other hand, Florence Reed as the nurse displays authority, rare skill, and full appreciation of the difficult role. Her portrayal is a lesson in acting technique that every young player should be required to study. Though much of the devices employed in its projection are stilted and unconvincing, the pyrotechnic display by the Misses Anderson and Reed gives this classic revival the vividness and edge needed to place it among the new season's outstanding offerings.

Leo G. Carroll works hard for his applause in John van Druten's study in frustration, **THE DRUID CIRCLE**. Always among our most effective actors, he is up against a tough proposition in trying to make the story of a repressed and bitter college professor more convincing than did its author. Drawn as a sadistic pedant envious of youth, arrogant and embittered in his narrow, airless world and unwilling to compromise with life, the professor is a pitiful figure for all his crude intolerance. Only Carroll's sharp interpretation of the distasteful role gives dramatic depth to a play that is technically tepid and morally oblique on too many occasions.

The Soul of Poland

by ANN SU CARDWELL

**The Polish Communists
are intensifying
the campaign
against their last
great obstacle in Poland
—the Catholic Church**



Peasants. They form the backbone of Polish Catholic life and of opposition to Communism

SPORADIC attacks on the Church in Poland have been occurring ever since the Moscow-imposed regime came into power in that country. That in time such attacks would become an all-out campaign to eliminate the Church as an influence in Polish life has been recognized as inevitable. Poland, in the plans of the Kremlin, is to become a wholly Communist state; and Communism condemns religion.

But the Polish nation is overwhelmingly Catholic and has been so for a thousand years. Even now, after the determined and unceasing efforts of the Soviet stooges to root out all opposition, and although terror tactics have been used to reduce the people to passive acceptance of the Communist way of life, statistics on Communists the world over show that in Poland no more than 3 per cent of the population can be so labeled. A person can be a Catholic or a Communist; he cannot be both. And at a most conservative estimate Poland is 92 per cent Catholic; the generally accepted figure is 95 per cent.

With the faith traditional and deep-rooted—during the long Russian-German-Austrian eighteenth and nineteenth cen-

tury subjection of Poland the terms "Polak" and "Katolik" were synonymous—it is understandable that Moscow, through its puppet tools, would not attempt the elimination of the Church as an influence in Polish life until it had disposed of all other opposition. In fact, when the puppet government was first set up an effort was made to avoid that struggle altogether by attempting to win co-operation of the Polish clergy, thus making the Church the regime's tool, as the Bolsheviks had made the Orthodox Church in the Soviet Union their instrument. Failure of these attempts left only one alternative to Moscow—a struggle to exterminate Church influence.

Last autumn, after the Polish puppets' terror tactics had successfully brought all political parties into the regime 'bloc,' after the skillfully maneuvered subjection of the great youth organizations to Communist leadership and direction, the puppets were ready for the launching of stronger attacks on the last bastion of Polish liberty, the Church. This does not mean that attacks on the Church had not been going on all the time. Priests had been arrested, tried, and sentenced on

trumped-up charges. The press had kept up a steady sniping at the clergy. From time to time new restrictions had been placed on Catholic activities.

But the first concerted move of the regime and its agencies against the Church occurred when, in his exposé before the Polish Parliament during that body's opening session October 29, 1947, the puppet Premier, Cyrankiewicz, used the Pastoral Letter of the Polish bishops, which had been read in all Polish Catholic churches on September 28, as a point of attack. Cyrankiewicz accused the clergy of preparing an offensive against the "people's democracy," the beginning of the offensive being articles in the Catholic weeklies and the recent Pastoral letter. He singled out Cardinal Hlond for personal mention. He warned Catholic circles that "nobody attempting to interfere with the consolidation of forces in Poland could count upon the regime's inaction." Repre-

ANN SU CARDWELL lived in Poland from 1922 to 1939, leaving there the day the Red Armies invaded. Author of *Poland and Russia*, she has written on Polish affairs for many American publications.

representatives of each of the fictitious parties in Parliament spoke supporting the charges.

These declarations were accompanied by an unprecedented outbreak of press attacks on the Church and the highly respected Catholic weeklies, *Tygodnik Warszawski* and *Tygodnik Powszechny*. The fictitious Democratic Party's Committee adopted a resolution saying that, "After the political bankruptcy of emigration groups and of the Polish Peasant Party (Mikolajczyk's), the role of the opposition to popular government in Poland has been taken over by the Catholic Church." The resolution further charged that the clergy use their "freedom" for political purposes having nothing in common with religion. Insinuating that in the Pastoral Letter the bishops were calling for a struggle with the regime, the resolution stated: "If the bishops' letter is to be the beginning of the Church leaders' attack on Polish democracy, then that group (Polish "democrats." Ed.) will meet the attack with every means possible."

The Communists have taken Poland politically and economically. They have about completed taking it over educationally. Now they have begun an all-out fight for the soul of Poland. It is certain that the vicious campaign will have to proceed with caution. Poles are stubbornly Catholic and democratic in the true and classic sense of that word; and the Church is the last Polish stronghold of Christian and Western ideals, the normal link with civilization of the West. But that the situation of the Church is grave is not to be denied. The Communists have throughout these years been making painstaking preparation for the reduction of this Polish stronghold.

Priests have been arrested and imprisoned, but the public has known nothing of most such occurrences; for instance, the arrest of six Polish priests on the charge that they gave Cardinal Griffin informa-

tion on conditions in Poland during his visit to that country last summer. Communist spies and members of the dreaded "Security" Police have attended church services to note sentences from sermons that might be twisted into anti-regime statements. Anti-God movement agents have visited priests, endeavoring to trap them into saying that the regime persecutes the Church. Every statement, public or private, made by a member of the clergy has been industriously scrutinized, with the purpose of distorting or falsifying the words of the speaker or writer that they might later be used against him. No effort has been spared to learn of Polish contacts with the Vatican and with Catholic organizations outside Poland. False documents have been prepared, ready for use in the "trials" scheduled to come. Evidence of these activities and others of the same character is in the possession of reliable authorities.

THE Church could not defend itself in Parliament when attacked by Cyrankiewicz and his stooges, for the simple reason that it has no representatives in that body. It cannot even make adequate indirect defense through its press; for the Catholic press paper allotment is absurdly small in proportion to the Catholic population, having received cut after cut, the last immediately after the official launching of the attack on the Church.

When Catholic editors protested the most recent cut, the reply was, paper shortage required it. That was false, as the following facts show. The Communist official who controls newsprint allocation is also head of one of the regime's publishing houses—"Czytelnik" (The Reader)—which publishes twelve dailies totaling an issue of 800,000 and periodicals that come out in 3,000,000 copies; and it is no secret that the larger part of this output is returned to the publishers or used as waste,

there being no demand in a 3 per cent Communist population for such reading matter.

An article defining the "general line" of the Catholic movement in Poland, appearing in the Catholic weeklies above mentioned on October 19, 1947, is regarded as an authorized declaration of an outlined program for the faithful in that country. The significance of the declaration lies in the statement that past Catholic efforts to join directly in the building of social, economic, political, and cultural Poland have failed. That failure met efforts to co-operate with the regime through mutual recognition of two areas of life—spiritual and material. That now the Catholic movement enters upon a third phase in its relationship with the regime, and this is the line laid down: 1) The bonds between the Polish people and the Church are unbreakable. 2) Faith in the realization of the social principles and moral postulates of Christianity under contemporary conditions is unwavering. 3) The conviction that a Christian order of the future, harmonizing the material and spiritual aims of man, has always been the dominant idea of Polish national culture and the chief problem throughout Polish history.

Aware of what is being done to destroy it in Poland, the Church there has been making ready to meet the blows that will be given. The faithful have made good use of the continued freedom allowed parish churches to maintain local organizations and to strengthen the hold of these organizations upon youth, even though nothing more than the formal work on these societies can be engaged in. Catholic Action is prohibited. In Poznan not long ago an order was issued forbidding the Catholic youth association there even to carry on a sports program. Nowhere in Poland are Catholic organizations permitted to engage in activities ideological in



Cardinal Adam Sapieha, a bulwark of Polish Catholicism



Cardinal Hlond, enemy of Nazism and Communism

character. Nor are they permitted to be national in scope, with the exception of "Caritas," the one and only allowed Catholic philanthropic association. Yet in pre-war days there was a large number of Catholic organizations in Poland, and no limitations were placed upon their growth or their activities.

The entire Polish educational system has been slowly passing under complete Communist control. At the beginning of this school year, new texts written to accord with Communist teaching and with the specific purpose of indoctrinating children and students with Communism, replaced those formerly in use.

Polish history is the history of a nation that throughout the centuries has fought the encroachment of barbarism. It has long been the veritable outpost of Christianity, eastern frontier of Western civilization. The history of early Poland cannot be written without including the story of Christianity's role in that part of Europe. And later historians will find that statement no less applicable to contemporary Poland. But Christianity is given no role in the textbooks put in the hands of Polish children by the Communists. According to these texts, it was the Bolshevik revolution of 1917 that "abolished slavery, made exploitation of the masses by Western capitalism impossible, and gave true culture to the masses of workers and peasants." But one finds no mention of the thousands of forced labor camps the Bolsheviks have established in the USSR, of the untold millions of slaves who have perished in those camps, of the millions of unfortunates added to the slave population every year. The brazen, lying hypocrisy of such statements as the one quoted is astounding.

CAMPAIGN tactics of the regime's attack on the Church include breaking down resistance at the weakest points. Lodz, for example, where the population is not so devotedly Catholic, would be chosen for intensive subversive work rather than Krakow, the very center of the Church's power, where the beloved and fearless Cardinal Sapieha is the outstanding figure in the entire community. There is frequent evidence of the love and honor the people give him. Typical was the presentation recently by the Company of Guilds of Krakow, an ancient institution proudly preserved through the centuries, of a baton beautifully adorned with the coats of arms of each of the many guilds and topped with that of the Cardinal.

That the Communists are playing the various sects carrying on feeding and clothing activities in Poland against the Catholic Church has been plain from the regime's earliest days. Reports say that it now seeks to use other agencies in the same manner. The anti-God movement makes no headway. Every observer, whether for or against the regime, agrees

As Advertised

▶ A beggar on New York's East Side was plodding along with a small dog. Around the dog's neck was a card on which was printed, "Pity the Blind."

A businessman passed by after dropping a coin into the beggar's cup. Then he turned back.

"Wait," he said, "was that a fifty-cent piece I gave you?"

"No," said the beggar, "it was only a quarter."

"So," the man said. "I thought so. You're not blind at all!"

"Heck, no," replied the panhandler. "It's the dog that's blind, not me."



—ROBERT KANE

that the Poles are firmer than ever in the faith.

And that is one bright spot in the story of the present struggle, which is destined to increase rapidly in intensity. Indications are that the opening of the new year will bring events materially changing the situation. The demand for the expropriation of Church lands has been heard often enough since the puppets' assumption of power. Proponents of that expropriation may now be ready to declare that rural reform has reached a point where Church lands must be taken over; paid for to be sure, but the government-fixed price would be only nominal. The next step — if procedures in other Soviet-controlled areas are followed — would be taxation of all Church property so heavily that churches, parish houses, rectories, and all such real estate would in time have to be surrendered to the government. That is what has happened in the eastern Polish provinces incorporated into the USSR. The taxes were not excessive to begin with. In Vilno, for example, the first year tax was 800 rubles; but last year it was 80,000, which under present conditions was impossible of payment.

This program, regarded as the one mapped for Poland, must be put into operation slowly. Among a believing people not yet wholly shut off from the West, not yet incorporated into the USSR, wholesale martyrdom cannot be undertaken, despite the fact that Poland is already ruled from Moscow. And before the program can be carried through to the end, extermination of the Church in the open, it is firmly believed that Poland will have been restored to its rightful place in a free world as a free and independent state.

However swiftly or however slowly the Communists push toward their goal in the destruction of all freedom in Poland, nothing is more certain than the steadfastness of the Poles in the faith. The following will illustrate the quality of Polish loyalty. It is a little story of the peasant community of Zlotow, a village not far from Lwow, on Polish territory illegally in-

corporated into the USSR. Here is the translation from the Polish:

"Four little candles faintly light the small, low-ceilinged, whitewashed, best room of a peasant cottage, revealing some thirty figures kneeling around the walls. In the middle of the room stands a long table covered with an embroidered white cloth and on it are the Missal and the chalice — all that the people of Zlotow could save from their church when two years earlier 'they' (the Soviet authorities) had taken away their priest and turned the church into a granary.

"Last year Father Anselm, a Benedictine monk, had come occasionally from Lwow. But in July he had been arrested; and since that time there had been no one to celebrate mass or hear confessions or christen a child. And the people felt that they were guilty of sin, for all who had elected to remain in their homes had been obliged to become members of the Russian Orthodox Church, to prevent their deportation by the Bolsheviks or murder by bandits. Yet they were all Poles at heart and Catholics in faith. And so the custom of conducting the service themselves in their own homes — as had been practiced by Poles in the Soviet Ukraine these thirty years since the Bolshevik revolution—had been adopted by the people of the area.

"A gray-haired old peasant rises and approaches the table, makes the Sign of the Cross, reads the prayers and the Gospel. He does no more, but God is present in this peasant cottage and in every heart. All are bowed low in silent prayer, broken from time to time by a deep sigh, a beating of the breast, or the click of the beads of a rosary. The candle gleams do little to dispel the twilight gloom of the humble cottage room — a gloom that is symbolic of the atmosphere that prevails in the land today. But another light, the brilliant light of the Eternal, has entered in . . . The worshippers rise quietly and secretly go their several ways, each strengthened in spirit and prepared to endure until the light of freedom shines once more and the priests return to the Lord's altars, now desecrated by modern pagans."

It won't take you very long to read this story
about a man and his motherless son, but
it will be a long time before you can forget it

A
SIGN
ENCORE
STORY

THE KNIFE

by **BRENDAN GILL**

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Originally published in the "New Yorker"

MICHAEL threw himself down, locked his hands over one of his father's knees, and began, in a loud whisper, "Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed by thy name, kingdom come, will be done, earth as it is in heaven, give us this day. . . ."

Carroll folded his newspaper. Michael should have been in bed an hour ago. "Take it easy, kid," he said. "Let's try it again, slow."

Michael repeated distinctly, "Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed. . . ." The boy's pajamas, Carroll saw, were dirty at the cuffs; probably he had not brushed his teeth. ". . . as we forgive them, who trespass against us"—what does 'trespass' mean, Dad?

"Why, hurting anybody."

"Do I trespass anybody?"

"Not much, I guess. Finish it up."

Michael drew a breath. "And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. Amen."

"Now," his father said, brushing back Michael's tangled hair, "what about a good 'Hail, Mary'?"

"All right," Michael said. "'Hail, Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus.'" Michael lifted his head to ask if a womb got fruit like a tree, but thought better of it. His father never answered questions seriously, the way his mother used to.

Michael decided to wait and ask Mrs. Nolan. "Is Mrs. Nolan coming tomorrow?" he asked.

"She'll be here, all right," Carroll said, "I give you ten seconds to finish the prayer."

Michael grinned at the ultimatum. "I thought you wanted me to go slow. 'Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen.'" He unlocked his fingers. "Will she?"

"Will she what?"

"Will she now and at the hour of our death, A-men?"

The words of Michael's prayer caught in Carroll's mind and stayed there, a long way beyond his smiling face. "Yes," he said, and set his pipe in the broken dish on the table beside him. He had not emptied the dish of ashes in two days. Mrs. Nolan would give him a piece of her mind tomorrow morning, as she did each week when she came in to give the apartment a general cleaning and to do the laundry.

"What good can she do?" Michael asked.

"Climb into bed, young ragamuffin," Carroll said sternly. "It's past nine."

"What good can she do?"

"She'll help you get anything you want. I suppose she'll help you climb up into heaven when the time comes. You know all about heaven, don't you?"

Michael felt himself on the defensive. "Of course."

"Well, then, get along with you."

But Michael had something difficult to say. "You mean she'll ask God for anything I want, and He'll give it to her for me?"

"She's His mother."



Michael stood up and kissed his father carefully on the cheek. Then he walked from the room, and Carroll could hear his bare feet crossing the hall. The bed creaked as Michael lay down on it. Carroll opened his newspaper, read a paragraph, then dropped it in a white heap on the rug. He felt tired; perhaps tonight he might be able to get some sleep. He got up, slipped his suspenders from his shoulders, unknotted his tie, kicked off his shoes. He had learned to undress quickly in the last six months, since his wife had died.

His pajamas were hanging inside out in the bathroom, where he had left them that morning. When he had undressed he felt Michael's toothbrush with his thumb; it was dry. He should have explained to the child what happened to a person's teeth when he forgot to clean them every night and morning.

Carroll stared at his face in the mirror above the basin. He tried smiling. No one could honestly tell what a man was think-

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Michael unlocked his fingers, "Will she?"

ILLUSTRATED BY DOM LUPO

ing by the way he smiled. Even Michael, who was like a puppy about sensing moods, could not tell. He entered the bedroom on tiptoe. Feeling the sheets bunched at the foot of the mattress, he remembered that he had made the beds in a hurry. The sheets felt fresh and cool, only on Saturdays when Mrs. Nolan changed them.

Michael was not asleep. "Dad?" he whispered.

"Go to sleep."

"I been asking Hail Mary for something."

"Tomorrow."

"No, I been asking her right now."

Carroll lay on his back with his hands over his eyes. "What've you been asking her for, Mickey?"

Michael hesitated. "I thought I'd better make it something easy first. To see what happened." He sat up in bed. "A jackknife."

A few blocks away the clock in the Metropolitan Life tower was striking ten. Michael was deep in the noisy middle of a

dream. Carroll listened to his breathing. He tried matching his own breath to Michael's, to make sleep come, but it was no use. Every night Carroll pretended to himself he was just at the brink of falling off to sleep, but his eyes always widened with wakefulness in the dark. Now, as the clock stopped striking, Carroll got up and walked into the bathroom and dressed. Then he went into the living room, unlocked the outside door of the apartment, and then locked it again before he walked down two flights of stairs to the sidewalk. Shops reached out of sight down both sides of Lexington Avenue. Carroll walked uptown as he always did. He stopped in front of each bright shopwindow, studying its contents for the fifth or sixth time. He knew by now the day on which each window was changed and by whom. Certain plaster models, certain fringed crepe papers were old friends.

At the top of a long slope Carroll waited for the lights to change. On his left was a bar; on his right, across the

street, a drugstore. Carroll waited a moment outside the bar. Between the slats of its cheap orange Venetian blinds he could see the gleaming mahogany counter, the stacked glasses, the barman slicing foam from a mug of beer. A man and a girl were sitting at a table by the window, a foot under Carroll's eyes. They did not seem to be speaking. The man's hands lay halfway across the table, and the girl's black dress made her throat look soft and white. Carroll turned away and crossed the street to the drugstore. The owner, Sam Ramatsky, stood sniffing the night air under the painted sign bearing his name. "Well, Mr. Carroll, nice night for March."

"Yes." Carroll wanted only to hear a voice. "How's business?" he asked.

"Can't complain." Sam grinned, shaking his head. "I take that back. It's lousy. I got to break myself of this old 'Can't complain.' I got to remember how serious it is. Business is lousy."

Carroll leaned back against Sam's

THE SEEDLINGS OF FREEDOM

by CLIFFORD J. LAUBE

*You who are weary of the world's long sorrow,
Seeing the knave grown bold, the knight afraid,
And what seemed true today turned false tomorrow,
Be not too downcast, be not too dismayed.*

*There is a healing for the heart's dejection
In clustered children, choral at their play,
The little ones of Christ's own predilection,
Blythe as new blossoms on a bright new day.*

*Old hurts lie deep and ancient fears still hamper,
But hope reseeds itself along life's stream
Where feud-forgiving children race and scamper,
Taking their gladness with them like a dream.*

THE BEAUTY OF CHRIST

by MAGDALEN SCHIMANSKI

*O moon! O star! O fearsome and bright creatures
Beautiful with the beauty of Christ: sphere on sphere
Build me the terrible glory of the Son's features.
Exalted on the steep hill of heaven, I hear
Light call to light. I see a Finger trace
The inflexible orbit of each moving world
Through the infinite. Struck back down dizzy space
From depths profound I lift my hands. I am curled,
Afraid, desolate as an oak leaf in the sifting wild
Snow, clinging on the white breast of the earth.
Spirit of God, can a star be dearer than a child?
On me, here hanging He has set His heart. I am worth
The Cross. Take me to Christ that I may see His Eyes
Who is the Crown of virgins, martyrs' and warriors' Prize.*

window which was crammed with hot-water bottles, perfumes, toys, and two cardboard girls in shorts and sandals. The girls had been there for two months. There was dust on their teeth and on their smooth brown legs. "You ought to brush their teeth, Sam," Carroll said, "and run your hand down their legs now and then."

"You walk a lot," Sam said. "I figure on you, ten or eleven, every night."

"I guess I do," Carroll said.

Sam patted his hard belly. "Nothing like exercise keep a man in shape."

Carroll nodded impatiently. It was not Sam's voice he wanted to hear, after all. "Give me a milk shake, Sam."

They walked into the store. Carroll sat down on one of the round stools at the

fountain and watched Sam pouring milk into the shaker. "Nothing like milk," Sam said, "keep a man's system clean." Carroll watched the hands of the electric clock above the door. Ten-forty-five. He could not go to bed before twelve. He glanced at the packed counters behind him. "Sell any jackknives, Sam?"

"Sure. I sell everything. That's what keeps me broke. Nothing like keeping a thing in stock to kill demand." Sam lifted a tray of jackknives from a counter, brought it over, and set it down on the fountain. "Beauties," Sam said. "Fifty cents up."

Carroll looked at several of them and finally picked up the biggest and shiniest one. "I'll take this one," he said.

"Such expensive taste! One buck."

Carroll paid for the milk shake and the knife, said "Good night, Sam," and walked out into the street. In another hour and a half he should have walked six miles. By that time his body would be tired enough so that he could sleep. By that time, he hoped, no voice would rouse him.

It was morning when Carroll awoke. He lay with his face on his hands, listening to the sound of the March rain against the windows. He remembered suddenly the absurd song that everyone used to sing: "Though April showers may come your way, they bring the flowers that bloom in May." March rains brought you nothing. March rains only shut you in your room without any hope of escape.

Michael and Mrs. Nolan were talking together in the kitchen. Michael's voice was high with excitement. "Look at it, Mrs. Nolan, look at it! Isn't it beautiful?"

"It is that," Mrs. Nolan said in her deep voice. Carroll sat up in bed. It was too late to give Mrs. Nolan warning.

"DO you ask for things when you say your prayers, Mrs. Nolan?" Michael demanded.

"I do." A pan clattered to the floor. "I've seen many a nice clean sty I'd swap for this dirty kitchen," Mrs. Nolan said. "You live like a couple of savages from week to week. God love you."

"Do you always get what you ask for?" Michael said.

"It all depends. I sort of try to guess what the good Lord wants to give me, and I ask for that."

"That's how I got this knife," Michael said. "It's got a big blade and a little blade and a screw driver and a thing to punch holes in leather with and a file."

"You must have said yourself a fine prayer," Mrs. Nolan said. There was no hint of surprise in her voice.

"It was only a 'Hail, Mary,'" Michael said, "but I did it very slow, the way Dad told me to." Michael was silent for a moment.

"But I'm asking for the real thing tonight. The knife was just to see. Someone's going to be here when you come next week."

Mrs. Nolan made a clucking sound in her mouth. "Someone instead of me?"

"She was here with Dad and me before you came," Michael said, his voice thin with its burden, "and she's coming back."

"Michael!" Carroll shouted.

Michael ran to the doorway. The knife gleamed in his fist. "Look what I got," he said. "I was showing Mrs. Nolan."

"Come here," Carroll said. When Michael reached the edge of the bed Carroll bent over and fastened his arms behind the child's back. There was only one thing to say and one way to say it, and that was fast. "I'm glad you like it," he said. "I bought it for you at Ramatsky's last night. The biggest and shiniest one he had."

'twill Please again

Items Humorous or
Unusual on Matters of
Great or Little Moment

Bottles On The Beach

► SEA CURRENTS are constantly delivering bottled messages which fill in blank spaces in marine history. We quote from an article in "Everybody's Magazine" by Frank Illingworth:

On the average it takes the ocean's vagrant currents three years to deliver their corked messages, but there is no saying how long the sea will take to deliver a message. Delivery depends upon the will of the winds, the consistency of drifts, and ultimately upon the chance that the message is cast at the feet of an inquiring mind.

Thus it was one hundred and fifty-one years before the last words written by a Japanese seaman named Matsuyama were plucked from the waves. They told how his ship embarked on a search for a treasure island, only to be overcome by storms.

Cast on an uninhabited coral reef in mid-Pacific, he and his forty-four companions died of starvation but not before Matsuyama recorded their tale on pieces of wood. Sealing them in a bottle, he threw them into the Pacific in 1784.

Oddly enough, it was to the adventurer's birthplace, Hiratutemura, that the currents carried their message in 1935 after a century and a half of ceaseless pitch and toss. . . .

Doubt was raised by the discovery of a pompous bottle-message in 1827. It recalled the end of the Indiaman, S. S. "Kent," by fire in the Bay of Biscay. One dark night in 1825, when rescue from the flaming ship seemed too remote to be possible, one of the passengers, (a Maj. MacGregor) took pencil and paper, and slipped into a bottle the note: "Ship on fire. Elizabeth, Johanna and myself commit our spirits into the Hands of our Redeemer, Whose grace enables us to be quite composed in the awful prospect of entering Eternity."

Eighteen months after the "Kent" foundered off the French coast, a surf-bather in the Bahamas found the bottle containing this message. And it was not a fake. Indeed, MacGregor, rescued under a fire-tinted sky at the eleventh hour, lived to recognize his own obituary notice!

A New Weapon

► WE'LL SOON BE USING SOUND to kill germs and insects, cure disease, and make life generally easier, according to John E. Gibson, writing in "Science Illustrated"

To appreciate how sound destroys bacteria, recall how cannon fire makes a building shake, and has even cracked windows at a distance of many miles. Amplify the volume sufficiently, and buildings are wrecked. In the case of germs, the smaller the bacteria, in general, the higher the pitch required to destroy them. So the scientists produce sounds of far higher pitch than we can hear and then amplify them. With quartz-crystal vibrations, sounds of 50,000,000 vibrations per second, or 30,000 times as fast as the human ear can hear, are generated. The vibrations

simply shake the daylight out of organisms. In a hurry, too . . .

Sound can dissipate smoke almost instantly. This has been proved by U. S. Bureau of Mines research. But before we can have smokeless cities, a much more economical system of producing the requisite sound frequencies must be made available. Sound causes the tiny smoke particles floating in the air to quickly group themselves into flakes that fall and leave the atmosphere clear.

You can demonstrate how sound eliminates smoke by drawing a violin bow over a metal plate that has been covered with small dust particles. The vibrations cause formation of larger particles that would not remain suspended in the air. . . .

Scientists dream of the day when the pests that prey on farmers' crops will be eliminated by the flick of a switch that will blanket given areas with supersound. Experiments prove that vibrations can at least drive them away.

To banish a given sort of pest from some locality without killing it requires that the volume or intensity of the waves be stepped up to the point where the sound becomes unbearable. Sounds we can't hear cause the pests as much discomfort as a giant battery of screaming sirens would cause the residents of a city. But the same frequency that causes a pigeon to make a hurried exodus may soothe a rat's nerves. So, it's going to be a big job to catalogue the frequencies to which each of the thousands of pests is most allergic.

Up In Central Park

► NEW YORK'S PLAYGROUND has everything—including an enormous value in dollars and cents. An excerpt from an article by George Sessions Perry in the "Saturday Evening Post":

The most expensive adornment on earth is not the Hope Diamond, which isn't even in the running, but New York City's gracious, sprightly Central Park. It is fun to be there, whether you are a part of that perambulator trade whose vocabulary is limited to the sub-word "da," or whether you happen to be getting along in years and just want a quiet, sunny place to glance over the paper. The Park has hundreds of delightful facets, such as the fact that somebody once stole an elephant there. Yet its most spectacular and meaningful attribute is its value in sheer dollars and cents.

Anything good costs more in New York than anywhere else. This park, which is the queen of the world's finest park system, would, if put under the hammer, bring enough to repay the United States Treasury many times over what it spent for Louisiana, Nebraska, Iowa, the Dakotas, Montana, most of Minnesota, and parts of Colorado and Wyoming. It could also, at the same time, pick up the check for Florida, California, Nevada, Utah, Arizona, New Mexico, the Hawaiian Islands, Puerto Rico, Guam, the Philippines, and the Virgin Islands. With the kind of money a good real-estate jockey could squeeze out of Central Park, Secretary Seward, back in the old days, could, in-

stead of fooling around with such bargain-basement items as Alaska, have gone on and bought the rest of Russia.

After duly scratching its head, the New York City tax office has reached the conclusion that, under present conditions, the Park could be peddled for something like \$600,000 an acre. In it, there are about 840 acres. If you can make that come out very far from \$500,000,000, your adding machine needs a vacation. . . .

And yet the people of New York City, whose government, just like any other, sorely needs the money, almost never feel an urge to sell the Park. Indeed, when somebody does, as did one of the Oyster Bay Roosevelts in 1904, they give him all manner of dirty looks and back talk. New York's people need the Park and they love it.

Not So Dull

► THESE EXCERPTS from Elizabeth Pope's article in "Modern Digest" indicate that the classified ad section of your newspaper occasionally offers lively reading:

As an institution, the "wants" are nearly as old as the newspapers themselves. They had their beginning after the great London Fire of 1666, when the *London Gazette* was so swamped with notices of goods lost or found in the fire that it had to print a separate section, in which they were roughly classified. . . .

Whimsical was this recent *Times* ad: "Wanted—one high-grade bull to rent for day's work in china shop." Fred Waring, the bandleader, had placed the ad after losing a football bet with Paul Douglas, sports commentator. He got his bull, posted a bond against damage, and led the animal through a swank Fifth Avenue china shop.

Waring managed to maneuver the bull through the aisles with a total loss of only one teacup and saucer worth \$1.17. . . .

Nearly everything under the sun has been offered for sale in the wants at one time or another. Where else would you expect to find offers of left-handed wheelbarrows, shiftless typewriters for one-armed men, powdered dog's milk for orphaned pups, and winter-weight toupees? All of these, at one time or another, have been in the *New Orleans Times-Picayune*.

Some of the current "help wanted" ads are near-classics. Take this one in a paper in a town in Montana: "Hotel night clerk. Swell job, nothing to do. Boss does all the work. Good wages, coffee served every two hours. Nice soft chair to sit in all night. Radio furnished."

Believe it or not, one reply asked, "Are chairs overstuffed or just the hard ones you used to have in the lobby?"

Sportsmen's Heaven

► EVERYTHING from a 75-cent reel to a gold-inlaid shotgun can be obtained at Abercrombie & Fitch, Madison Avenue "trading post." Some of the observations made by Tom O'Reilly in "Liberty":

Among New York's teeming millions are thousands who daily yearn for woodsy solitude and the babble of a trout stream. They can be viewed daily, at the corner of 45th Street and Madison Avenue (the heart of Manhattan's sable-and-mink-bearing country), their noses pressed against the windows of Abercrombie & Fitch, "The Greatest Sporting Goods Store in the World."

Between the gun range in its cellar and the trout pool on the roof, the amazing 12-story mouse and moose trap—equipped with every known snare for game, from a pair of dice to a cannon—democratically refers to itself in advertisements as a "trading post." But the fact that it stands just one short block from the old ermine-banked salt lick, the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, does not exactly promote a feeling of chumminess in a man whose entire fishing experience may be limited to a pole, string, bent pin, and worm. . . .

Since Teddy Roosevelt equipped his first African big-game

hunting trip at A. & F., the store has served the family of every President of the United States and outfitted big-time expeditions for such notables as Admiral Byrd, Sir Hubert Wilkins, Lincoln Ellsworth, Lindbergh, Amelia Earhart, Kermit Roosevelt, Martin Johnson, Linton Wells, Stewart Edward White, Amundsen, MacMillan, Shackleton. They boast both Beebes—William of Bathysphere fame and Lucius of the Bath & Tennis—as well as Garbo and Lassie.

Royalty has long patronized the store, including King Albert and Queen Elizabeth of Belgium, King Prajadhipok of Siam, the Prince of Monaco, and King Menelik of Ethiopia, whose emissary entered the store leading a bulldog that flashed a beautiful set of gold teeth.

A. & F. has been responsible for many of our citizens' strange antics. It introduced and helped popularize the frightful, loud, baggy plus fours, which made golfers in the '20's look as though their mothers had been frightened by a peacock. It was among the first stores to sell its customers wrist watches, which were elsewhere considered somewhat sissified. . . .

Just what social significance this specialty emporium may have as a purveyor of dreams to adventure-starved window gazers, we'll leave to the psychoanalysts. Its practical aims have been neatly summed up by President Guernsey in a sentence which could well serve as its motto:

"This store is equipped for people who want to have fun."

The Empire State

► WE QUOTE THE FOLLOWING paragraphs from an article by Sam Shulsky in the "American Mercury," in which the author draws a pen portrait of the great State of New York:

Conscious and proud of the fact that it is his city which gives the state both its name and its fame, the resident of New York City refers to himself as a New Yorker. The upstate resident, just as proud, scorns his title. He calls himself a Syracusan, a Rochesterian, or a Genevan, appending the "New York" only where it is absolutely necessary for further identification. . . .

The upstater feels that he knows there is much more to the Empire State than New York City. He does not intend to allow the metropolis to blind the world to the importance of upstate's agriculture (it is the seventh most important farming area in the country), its gunshops at Ilion, copper mills at Rome, glass works at Corning, shoe factories at Binghamton, camera works and clothing shops at Rochester, and electrical equipment and giant locomotive plants at Schenectady. There are, in fact, 421 different kinds of manufacture in New York state, which is more diversity than any other state in the union can offer. . . .

What does New York City mean to the typical New Yorker? The question cannot be answered satisfactorily because there is no such thing as a typical New Yorker. Ethnically, culturally, economically, and geographically, New Yorkers are too diversified. No less than seventy-five nations contributed their peoples to populate this city. . . . It has more Englishmen than Southampton, more Italians than Rome, more Irishmen than Dublin, and more Jews than Palestine. Many foreign-language newspapers published there have larger circulations than the papers in the Old Country. How can one describe a typical New Yorker when the Jews' Yom Kippur slows business to a walk; when Italian fiestas absorb whole communities, and when St. Patrick's Day means a city-wide celebration? How can there be an average New Yorker in a city where one family pays more for the care of its pets than another, only a block away, spends to feed its six children? How can one strike an "average" between a penthouse apartment and a Negro "lung block"; between the best high-school students in the country and the worst juvenile delinquents?

Books

Edited by Augustine P. Hennessy, C.P.

WILL DOLLARS SAVE THE WORLD?

By Henry Hazlitt. 95 pages. D. Appleton-Century Company. \$1.50

In these days when most conservatives and middle-of-the-roaders have a kind word for the Marshall Plan, Mr. Hazlitt is definitely singing out of tune. Like a man who loves to torture a choir director, he has gone right off on a melody all his own. But even if you don't like his melody, even if you recognize the old familiar strains of that melody so dear to the economic royalists, even if you are apt to scowl upon Mr. Hazlitt as a bothersome source of discord—you will have to give him credit for singing a melody that has at least one redeeming feature. It doesn't roam all over the staff and it is easy to follow.



Henry Hazlitt

Mr. Hazlitt has a positive loathing for economic planning on the part of governments. To it he attributes most of Europe's trouble, and he is convinced that Europe's ability to help itself would be much greater were it not for government-sponsored "Schachtism," i.e. price, wage, exchange, and trade controls which interfere with production even while aiming at production "targets." For the United States to shoulder a relief burden as extensive as the European Recovery Plan is in his opinion tantamount to condemning itself to the same kind of a controlled economy. Far from helping to save Europe from Communism, such relief measures and inter-governmental loans will serve only to bring democracy into disrepute and to lend temporary stability to tottering Socialist regimes which, fundamentally, are as opposed to the American way in economic affairs as Communism is. And he warns that it is foolish to expect gratitude from the countries aided by financial relief because invariably the lending government, for the protection of its own interests, has to surround its loans with restrictions which the borrower deeply resents. To those who are concerned about the tale of woe contained in such documents as the sixteen

nations' report, he responds that there is no certain scientific method of measuring either Europe's needs or our own resources; totals arrived at are for the most part "sheer guesswork."

Mr. Hazlitt admits that his book is primarily a tissue of negative arguments. As such it will interest advocates of the Marshall Plan only as a goad urging them to sharpen their own arguments and to eliminate vagueness in their methods of presentation. A goad of this kind is desirable. But it is hard for one not to be annoyed by the blandness with which men like Mr. Hazlitt assume that free enterprise, as they conceive it, has been and will be such a flawless boon to humanity.

EDWARD R. WOODS

RUSSIA'S EUROPE

By Hal Lehrman. 341 pages. D. Appleton-Century Co. \$3.75

This is the story of a conversion, not religious, but political, and nonetheless fascinating. When sailing to Europe in the Spring of 1945, Mr. Lehrman was a "liberal." In his appraisal of the emerging dispute between Russia and the Western democracies, Russia was right and his country wrong. He spent eighteen months in Europe, partly in Greece, but mainly in what he aptly calls "Russia's Europe." He lived a long time in Yugoslavia, not so long in Hungary, Rumania, and Bulgaria, and made short visits to Czechoslovakia and to the Soviet zone of Austria. Many of these countries he visited twice.

What he saw cured him of his illusions. He did not like the English rule in Greece which he found somewhat stupid; but after having returned there from Russia's Europe, he found it almost a paradise. Everywhere in Russian-dominated countries, except Czechoslovakia which, then, was relatively free, he saw misery and tyranny. Making his observations, he was fully aware of the relatively dark background of the countries visited, the rule of the landlords in Hungary, the shameless merger of



Hal Lehrman

government with monopoly capitalism in Rumania, the old style dictatorship in Yugoslavia, the hopeless confusion of superficial democracy superseded by fascist dictatorship in Greece. But, as he convincingly shows, nowhere was the situation desperate. Everywhere there were decent elements, democratic-minded, and eager to give their nations new starts. War certainly contributed much to misery; but these countries are relatively simple agrarian societies, and their recovery, if unimpeded, could have been quick. But there came the Soviet "liberators," who deprived the countries of the little wealth left over, jailed or executed the real democrats, organized the worse elements into Communist parties, and gave them the reins of power. Mr. Lehrman explicitly says that even the Nazis gave these countries better economic treatment than the Soviets.

The book abounds in detailed stories substantiating the author's main thesis and ends by a wholehearted support of the Truman Doctrine and of the Marshall Plan. It is well written and should be read by everybody desiring to get firsthand information about the state of things immediately behind the Iron Curtain.

N. S. TIMASHEFF

THE RISE OF THE SPANISH AMERICAN EMPIRE

By Salvador de Madariaga. 408 pages. The Macmillan Co. \$3.50

This is the latest book of an expatriate Spanish scholar, who recoiled from the godless bloodletting of the "Loyalists," yet could not bring himself to aid Franco in expelling the hammer and sickle from Spain. It attempts, in popular style and with adequate scholarship, a survey of the immense panorama of Spanish America, in the days of its beginning. That therefore the subject is bigger than the book is not surprising; perchance it is beyond the scope of any definitive study in one volume.

While emphasizing the essential Christian character of Spanish rule in the Americas, de Madariaga too often resorts



S. de Madariaga

We have no intention of stressing quantity — the quality speaks for itself—but of the 28 books we published in 1947, these were

Book Club Choices

After Black Coffee

ROBERT I. GANNON

\$2.25

Thomas More Book Club

★ ★ ★

Thinking It Over

THOMAS F. WOODLOCK

\$3.00

Thomas More Book Club

★ ★ ★

Silver Fountains

DOROTHY MACKINDER

\$2.50

Thomas More Book Club

Catholic Readers Club
(Canada)

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The Saving Sense

WALTER DWIGHT

\$2.75

Catholic Book Club

★ ★ ★

Young Eagles

EVA K. BETZ

\$2.50

Catholic Children's Book Club

★ ★ ★

Jesus, Son of Mary

FULTON J. SHEEN

\$2.00

Thomas More Book Club

Have you read them?

The Declan X. McMullen
Company, Inc.

225 Broadway, New York 7, N. Y.

to historic parallels or alleged conditions elsewhere which would tend to confirm an anti-Catholic reader in his prejudices. Thus in correctly appraising the results of the Inquisition in the New World—it was not applied to Indians, and the total number of victims approximated twenty-five per century, compared with five hundred in Tudor England's persecution of Catholics—de Madariaga cannot rest a case well proven. He inserts completely irrelevant and probably fictitious accounts of religious burnings in Germany of the Middle Ages, which completely destroy the first impression.

The Spanish colonial period, from 1550 to 1800, was the longest era of unbroken peace over so large an area, in all history. Racial discrimination was unknown, religious strife absent; all men, noble or peasant, red or white, stood equal before the law. Indian slavery had been abolished in 1546. Every important colony and city had its university, many of them founded before Harvard. Church and Crown vied with one another in the furtherance of education. That these things are not known in English-speaking lands is due to the "Black Legend" of alleged Spanish cruelty, propagated by bigots and pirates, economic and political enemies of Spain, until they have attained the axiomatic status of a devil's gospel. As a factual account of conditions and social progress in the Spanish Americas, the book is a useful reference.

JOHN E. KELLY

DANGER FROM THE EAST

By Richard E. Lauterbach. 430 pages.
Harper & Brothers. \$3.75

Richard E. Lauterbach was chief of the Moscow Bureau of Time and Life during 1943 and 1944, was Far East correspondent for Life in 1945 and 1946. *Danger from the East* is the record of his observations in Japan, Korea, and China during those critical years. It is packed with historical information, statistics connected with the occupation of Japan and Korea, profiles of men like MacArthur, and an account of the nearly successful mission of General Marshall to China.

The value of Mr. Lauterbach's reporting, however, is incalculably lessened by his personal prejudices. It is clear that he has no great liking for General MacArthur, of whom he writes: "His extreme vanity, his photogenic profile, his flair for distinctive uniforms, and his gift of phrase made him an obvious target for vicious caricature and violent vituperation." Such characteristics are hardly an "obvious" mark for "vicious" and "violent" attack. Mr. Lauterbach appears to be baffled by MacArthur's spirituality. The author also refers to the



R. E. Lauterbach

late Ambassador George Atcheson's drooping mouth, but what really annoyed him was Atcheson's opposition to the Soviet recommendation in the Allied Control Council that "all fascist, militarist, and anti-Allied publications in Japan be confiscated." If Mr. Lauterbach does not know by late 1947 what the Soviets mean by "fascist" he should not be allowed to report a Sunday school picnic.

But as one gets deeper into *Danger from the East* he becomes more convinced that the author definitely does not think that the danger of which he warns involves the Soviet. He writes about "American hysteria on the 'Red' issue." He appears to bewail American approval of Premier Yoshida's "clear references to the menace of the USSR abroad." And apparently it was not just a slip of the pen when he wrote that in the Soviet and American zones of Korea "two concepts of democracy were planted."

Anyone who cannot distinguish between Red totalitarianism and democracy in any form, is either a naïve unrealist or a deliberate promoter of mental confusion.

BERTRAND WEAVER, C.P.

AMERICA'S DESTINY

By Herman Finer. 407 pages. The Macmillan Company. \$5.00

Dr. Finer, Professor of Political Science at the University of Chicago, has a lofty purpose in writing this present book. His thesis is, simply, that the only hope for peace on earth is a powerful United States conscientiously ready to use force in preserving and spreading democracy among men. Democracy is his gospel, and the U. S. is its prophet. So zealous is he in establishing his theory that he is reduced not infrequently to such propositions as: "The United States is the chief salvation of the world." Although in fairness it must be observed that nowhere does he state that the American flag is the sign of salvation and the seal of redemption.

As a historian recounting facts, Dr. Finer is often splendid, as for example in his chapters on Soviet Russia. But as a philosopher of history Dr. Finer is something less even than adequate. The cornerstone of his dialectic is missing—he seems to have mislaid the natural law, without which rights of man, consent of the governed, and democracy itself have little meaning. He has read Hobbes, Locke, Rousseau, Mazzini, subscribes to the social compact theory of origin of government, still clings, perhaps unwittingly, to some Christian tenets, and has become so befuddled in his philosophic attempt that at one



Herman Finer

point he has to confess he is "unable to understand the use by the Catholic bishops of the United States of their excerpt from the Declaration of Independence in their statement on *Man and Peace* of November 16, 1946," when they "share with the Soviet the notion of an infallible authority from on high, revealed to and by a hierarchy practicing spiritual pressure and repudiating the legitimacy of government resting on the individual consent of the governed." A man so confused forfeits respect for his erudition. Dr. Finer has written much that is worthwhile, but he has irreparably weakened the whole by his incompetence as a philosopher.

MARION DUDLEY ATHERTON

THE STORY OF THERESE NEUMANN

By Albert Paul Schimberg. 232 pages.
The Bruce Publishing Co. \$2.50

A living testimony to God the Son and the historical fact of His suffering for men is Therese Neumann, forty-nine-year-old German woman who has been granted the privilege of the sacred stigmata and actually shares in the pain and the glory of Our Lord's Passion. Interest in the mystic has always run high, interest too often bordering on morbid curiosity, or based on misinformation. *The Story of Therese Neumann* presents the facts of her case comprehensively and serves to clarify them. Hence without preamble, at the risk of seeming extravagant, I would recommend this account to all Catholics, that their faith might be strengthened, and to any whose belief in a supernatural Being needs revivification.

Mr. Schimberg's style is pronouncedly journalistic. Concise and unadorned, there is compelling vigor in every line. Assistant editor of Milwaukee's *Catholic Herald Citizen*, he has never seen Therese Neumann, which seems a pity, but believes implicitly in her genuineness. In discharging the self-imposed task of defending one of the contemporary world's greatest citizens, Mr. Schimberg utilizes well his God-given talents for research and writing.

ELIZABETH M. SLOYAN

MADAME ELISABETH OF FRANCE

By Yvonne de la Vergne. Translated by Cornelia C. Craigie. 410 pages. B. Herder Book Co. \$1.00

Although the French Revolution serves as the background of this story, it is Madame Elisabeth, youngest sister of Louis XVI, who dominates the stage. From her early years at court the princess was known in her intimate circle



A. P. Schimberg

Information, Please!

► The old fellow was paying his first visit to New York, and the traffic amazed and frightened him.

Searching for a spot where he could cross Fifth Avenue safely, he saw a policeman directing traffic. The policeman beckoned to the people on the curb, saying impatiently, "Come along, you pedestrians!"

The visitor stared in wonderment and waited patiently for awhile. Then, making his way to the policeman, he inquired anxiously: "Constable! Can you tell me where the Roman Catholics cross?"



—Eugene Thompson

for her devotion to family and friends, and as she grew older, she never ceased to help them by her counsel and her good works. Her letters, many of which are quoted here, give evidence of a deep love of God and an understanding of His mysteries. These endowments of mind and will sustained her especially through the sacrilegious days of the Revolution, through imprisonment and finally when she was on the scaffold at the age of thirty.

Writing from authentic documentary sources, Yvonne de la Vergne stresses particularly the extraordinary charity of Elisabeth, beginning with the king's family down to the jailers. So her book has the tenor of hagiography. Indeed, the introduction of Elisabeth's cause of beatification is already under consideration. The familiar historical background, vividly handled here—Versailles, the Tuileries, the attempted escape to Varennes, the Temple—all this is secondary in this account of the life of one who may some day be a canonized saint of the Church.

ELDA TANASSO

SANCTITY WILL OUT

By Georges Bernanos. 58 pages. Sheed and Ward \$1.50

In writing these reflections on the trial of Saint Joan, Bernanos undoubtedly had a good idea. He wanted to tell us that the spirit of sanctity is the spirit of childhood; and the spirit of childhood is the heart of the world. It alone keeps it beating in harmony with the heart of God. Apparently, he wanted to protest against the stewardship of those who are old in spirit and who want to hold the world in their "nerveless" hands, of those who have winked at evil so often and so long that the splendor of truth is too bright for their half-closed eyes, of those who have so nurtured themselves at the breasts of opportunism that they have been left insensible to the hurts of the innocent. Presumably, he wanted to extol the simple wisdom of spiritual childhood, with its capacity for love and indignation, and to lampoon

that grave fatuousness of mediocre old men, which sometimes parades itself as maturity of judgment.

But, unhappily, he has missed his mark. For Bernanos himself seems to have lost sight of childhood's readiness to forget the ugly and to allow itself to be exhilarated by all the beauty and goodness existing even in a world where today's fond expectations are so often followed by tomorrow's disappointments. Instead of fixing a spotlight on Joan's magnificence, he has thrown all the highlighting around the ugliness of her persecutors. So, despite its encouraging title, *Sanctity Will Out* seems better designed to engender bitterness than to evoke Christian hope, not to mention charity.

True, Bernanos does reaffirm over and over again that our Church is the Church of the saints, but it might have been well to remember that there have been saints who have lived in courtrooms; some have passed their days in ecclesiastical chanceries, too; and, though it may be scandalous to some minds which revel in glorifying discomfort, there have even been saints who in their lifetime have been "honored with incense."

Mr. Bernanos set out to chastise a spirit which deserved to be flayed; but he would have administered the flogging more effectively had his enthusiasm for the job been tempered by a greater concern for avoiding half-truths.

AUGUSTINE P. HENNESSY, C.F.

THE MEANING OF TREASON

By Rebecca West. 307 pages. The Viking Press. \$3.50

The Meaning of Treason is Rebecca West's first book since the end of the war. Some of the material appeared originally in the *New Yorker*. Miss West's book deals chiefly with the treason trials of the three Britishers: William Joyce ("Lord Haw-Haw"), John Amery, and Norman Baillie-Stewart (Wright). All of them went to Germany before the second World War and, in one capacity or another, offered their

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intelligence services to the Nazis against their native country. After the collapse of the Nazi regime, they were captured and subsequently brought to trial in England. Two of them, William Joyce and John Amery, were condemned to death and executed. Baillie-Stewart's life was spared—he was deported to the Soviet zone of Germany, where he had spent many years serving the Nazis.

The author presents each case so vividly that the reader cannot fail to understand the odd motives behind each traitorous and sinister action. The three individuals involved were all, more or less, abnormal characters, eccentric and weird figures. For example, William Joyce was not even a Britisher. Born in Brooklyn of Irish parents, he went to England and later to Germany where he became a naturalized citizen and, under the nickname of "Lord Haw-Haw," broadcast poisonous propaganda for Dr. Goebbels during the war. Amery and Baillie-Stewart were driven into the claws of Nazism by their obsessional love for Germany and German women.

The author does not limit herself to presenting merely court records and sketches. Miss West goes further than that. By integrating all the material in one unit, she has created an original work relating to the problems of justice in matters of loyalty. Written with a great deal of wit and human interest, *The Meaning of Treason* is a substantial contribution to the history of treason trials in Great Britain.

WALTER DUSHNYCK

THE COLD WAR

By Walter Lippmann. 62 pages.
Harper & Brothers. \$1.00

In the July 1947 issue of *Foreign Affairs* there appeared a brilliant and much-discussed article on Soviet conduct and American policy. It was signed by "X," who has since been discovered to be Mr.

George Kennan of the Department of State. Mr. Kennan argues well that Russia is not as strong as she seems, that she bears within herself the seeds of her own destruction; that America can afford to be patient and firm, that she should withstand Soviet expansion when and where it crops up.

In a series of syndicated articles Mr. Lippmann, always an astute commentator on foreign affairs, somewhat peevishly and sometimes tellingly took "Mr. X" to task. These articles form the present book, and it is easily the least profound of any of Mr. Lippmann's many books. He seeks to devastate the policy of "containment" and succeeds in uncovering certain weaknesses. He himself is most preoccupied with getting the Red Army



W. Lippmann

out of Central Europe, with arguing that a separate peace with the united Western zones of Germany would be catastrophic folly (he argues this point forcibly), with convincing his readers that the Truman Doctrine is necessarily destructive of the United Nations.

The chief value, and a value not to be despised, of putting Mr. Lippmann's articles between boards would seem to be that of provoking sincere discussion. But the book is scarcely "an important historical event" as say the publishers on their blurb.

DAVID BULMAN, C.P.

HUMANIST AS HERO

By Theodore Maynard. 261 pages.
The Macmillan Co. \$3.00

Humanist as Hero is the biography of the sainted Lord Chancellor of England under Henry VIII from 1529 to 1532, Sir Thomas More. While the author had no intention of giving us a detailed account of St. Thomas More's full life of fifty-six years, he has given us more than a sketchy outline of it. By choice selections from such sources as Erasmus, Roper, Harpsfield, and Stapleton, by references to the works of Professor Chambers, Miss Routh, Lord Campbell, Sir James Mackintosh, and others, Theodore Maynard has given us a knowledge of Sir Thomas More that is satisfying and, we believe, demonstrative of what he set out to show—the hero in the humanist.

Especially is this true when Mr. Maynard touches upon the moral greatness of Sir Thomas More. Without being overeager to search out extraordinary evidences of the supernatural in the life of his subject, he judiciously focuses attention on those virtues which made the humanist a saint. We are ever aware that divine grace is at work creating and storing up that courage which enabled the King's Chancellor to be brave in the love of God and to face the King's executioner with unflinching fortitude in the Spring of 1534.

After reading *Humanist as Hero* you will have a better understanding of why Chesterton called St. Thomas More "at least the greatest historical character of English history."

PAUL JOSEPH DIGNAN, C.P.



T. Maynard

THE PEARL

By John Steinbeck. 122 pages.
The Viking Press. \$2.00

Mr. Steinbeck's latest book is a pseudo-simple retelling of a Mexican fable. Kino and Juana, a young couple with one infant child, are extremely poor, living in a colony of hovels between the sea and a fair-sized city. Kino has a desire for knowledge and advancement in the

world, for escape from ignorance, superstition, and poverty. When the infant is stung by a scorpion, his parents take him to a doctor in the city. The doctor, a greedy sluggard, refuses to treat a case where no sizable fee is forthcoming. In desperation, Kino seeks in the oyster beds the fabulous pearl of the world, a huge and immensely valuable treasure. Surprisingly, he finds it, only to get into progressively worse troubles where he thought to achieve security. He is beset by those who would wrest the pearl from him; the dealers in the city conspire to offer him but a pittance for it; false friends plague him. He becomes hard and possessive, ruthless in defending what is his and fanatical in believing that sure salvation lies in the pearl. He is stripped of his home, his boat, his peace, his child, until finally he casts the pearl back into the sea.

The fable is intrinsically powerful, but, although Mr. Steinbeck sets it forth in often remarkable prose, he weakens it by his peculiar prejudices and misconceptions. Thus, the peasant who believes that book larnin' is the Open Sesame to all good things is a fiction out of the speeches of Henry Wallace, not a faithful portrait of the genuine article wherein one finds more sense and shrewdness. Again, the spleen animadversions against the Church mirror the mentality of *The Nation*, not that of Kino's kind. The real point of the fable is a demonstration of the truth of the beatitude concerning the poor in spirit; this Mr. Steinbeck misses. There are striking illustrations by Jose Clemente Orozco.

JOHN S. KENNEDY

THE CHRIST OF CATHOLICISM

By Dom Aelred Graham. 381 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.00

Though many popular "lives" of Christ have appeared, and though the theology of the God-man has been outlined in the catechism, Dom Aelred Graham contends that "we have lacked a synthesis of the Scriptural testimony and the dogmatic teaching of the Church on the vital subject of 'What Think You of Christ?'" To achieve that synthesis is the aim of this book.

In the first part of the book where he deals with the life work of Our Divine Saviour, he throws much light on His personality by means of brief exegesis of various gospel scenes. His treatment of the Sermon on the Mount is exceptionally beautiful. The author so blends the Scriptures with his own texts, that there is great satisfaction in reading this section on "The Life Work of Christ," for one feels that he is drinking at the uncontaminated source rather than being subjected to the perverid imaginings of some spiritual writer.

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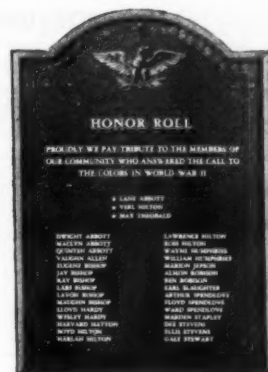
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reach of a quite normal intelligence," Dom Graham presents the God-man from the strictly theological point of view in the second section. He speaks of the Incarnation and Christology in general, and shows by a brief analysis of several of the more prominent Christological heresies just how the Church clarified her teaching on the Son of God. Much space is given over to the development of the true concept of personality, which the author claims proves to be the stumbling block for many modern non-Catholic scholars.

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WILFRED SCANLON, C.P.

SO WORTHY A FRIEND

By Charles Norman. 316 pages. Rinehart & Co. \$4.00

This latest popular biography by Mr. Norman presents Shakespeare in a guise that is not so new as it is Normanesque. Frankly, Mr. Norman likes to fictionize. With so few proven facts about Shakespeare's life, he was obliged to fill in aplenty. For instance, he has reconstructed Shakespeare's courtship and wedding ceremony with no more to guide him than the clerk's simple marriage record written in the church register at Stratford.



Chas. Norman

It is when Mr. Norman attempts to prove that the plays have an "undercurrent of autobiography" that he becomes less and less convincing. In *Hamlet* he believes that Ophelia's description of the prince with his "doublet all unbrac'd" is really that of Essex after his fall from the Queen's favor. And the chapter "Sonnets as Autobiography" contains more of the same sort of theorizing. This is to deny Shakespeare's ability to create, which the biographer, himself, likes so well to do. When every character and plot is made to revolve around the poet himself and his intimate circle, and when there is no mention of the philosophy in Shakespeare's works, Mr. Norman contradicts the accepted thesis that Shakespeare's genius is "for all time," as even his contemporaries believed.

It must be reported that there is an excellent first chapter proving there is a Shakespeare. The scholars will possibly give it a nod. But then Mr. Norman has a strange and bitter contempt for these "eminent commentators," though he did not hesitate to draw heavily from their works for his often splendid background material.

ELIZABETH NUGENT

SHORT NOTICES

FROM HOLY COMMUNION TO THE BLESSED TRINITY. By M. V. Bernadot, O.P. 129 pages, The Newman Bookshop. \$1.50. This is a welcome reprint. Father Bernadot is intent upon making the Catholic laity realize better how the Eucharist unites them with the Sacred Humanity of Christ and leads them into a closer fellowship with the Three Divine Persons. He does not hesitate to ask the ordinary reader to come with him when he attempts to explain deep theological notions like the divine circumcession, the meritorious and instrumental causality of Christ, the incompleteness of subjective redemption, and the like; but he presents his doctrine as bread for little ones and never loses sight of his objective, namely, to help us appreciate the value of our own lives when we live them in Christ.

OUR BLESSED MOTHER. Talks on Our Lady by Edward Leen, C.S.Sp. and John Kearney, C.S.Sp. 169 pages. P. J. Kennedy & Sons. \$3.50. This unique volume expresses the thoughts of two eminent spiritual writers on Mary, the Mother of God. It is a book which neither of them actually wrote, but which each had intended to write. Death came upon them before they could realize their ambitions. This book was made possible through the diligence of the Sisters who faithfully recorded the conferences of Fathers Leen and Kearney. Though the book lacks the finished style that we associate with their previous writings, it has a simplicity, directness, and charm that lends itself to the volume on "Our Blessed Mother."

THE LAST OF THE PROVINCIALS. By Maxwell Geismar. 404 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$3.50. In this study of the American Novel from 1915 to 1925, Mr. Geismar turns

our attention to five literary celebrities—H. L. Mencken, Sinclair Lewis, Willa Cather, Sherwood Anderson, and F. Scott Fitzgerald. He undoubtedly manifests his talents as a literary and social historian, and his engaging pen makes the entire work very pleasant reading. As a review of the works of the men under consideration, the book is valuable. But as an analysis of the conflicts within the writers themselves, Mr. Geismar's theme is too elusive to be especially enlightening, and after finishing his appraisal of their thought, the reader is apt to be as confused as the thought-patterns of the people he is trying to understand.

THE PERSON AND THE COMMON GOOD. By Jacques Maritain, 98 pages. Scribners. \$2.00. Just how the person is a part of society and not at the same time a cog in the machinery of the state is the question that Professor Maritain answers in this neat little volume. Starting with the Thomist concept of the person and its relation to the common good, (which he insists is not a relationship of opposition, but of mutual implication and reciprocal subordination), he goes on to show the philosophic meaning of person and the consequences following upon the distinction of individuality and personality as applied to the social whole. This is a welcome addition to the Maritain library.

REVIEWERS

OTTO BIRD, PH.D., is Editorial Secretary for the Center of Information Pro Deo. **PAUL JOSEPH DIGNAN, C. P.**, is founder and moderator of St. Joseph's Forum. Union City, N. J.

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ELDA TANASSO, M.A., is a free-lance writer who lives in Harrison, N. Y.

N. S. TIMASHEFF is Associate Professor of Sociology at Fordham University, and author of *Three Worlds*.

The Spirit Is Willing . . .

► Discussing his tennis technique, the stout, amiable, bald man panted:

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by JOHN S. KENNEDY

Flood Crest by Hodding Carter

► An earlier novel by Mr. Carter, *The Winds of Fear*, was reviewed favorably but with some reservations in this column. Its successor is not so impressive. Once more the author is writing of certain evils which he, a Southerner, discerns in the South. His scene is a plantation community alongside the Mississippi as the worst flood in years reaches its crest. A young army engineer directs the efforts to stand off the raging waters. He is a native whose family has lost its holdings and who hopes to recoup his planter status by marrying the attractive, loose-living daughter of a rabble-rousing senator. The senator is campaigning in the community just as the flood crisis is precipitated, and the unscrupulous fossil is making stand off the raging waters. He is a native whose family has lost its holdings and who hopes to recoup his planter status by marrying the attractive, loose-living daughter of a rabble-rousing senator. The senator is campaigning in the community just as the flood crisis is precipitated, and the unscrupulous fossil is making stand off the raging waters.

Mr. Carter strenuously mixes all these elements, at last bringing them to a boil in which berserk demagoguery, assault, rape, the near-collapse of the levee, and true love figure. He has employed many and varied ingredients, sprinkled them with plenty of pepper, and mixed them with some dexterity. But the result is factitious, as well as somewhat rancid. The symbolism linking the threat of the river and the threat of new ideas is rather muddled.

(Rinehart, \$2.75)

That Winter by Merle Miller

► The writing of this book has been, apparently, a means of catharsis for the author. That impression is corroborated by the narrator's saying at the very end that he "had to get it down the way it was, what people said and did and thought." The winter in question is the first after the conclusion of the war. Three veterans are living together in a New York apartment. The narrator is one of them; he works on a news magazine, drinks to excess, goes from one woman to another questingly, is tormented by war memories and ambitions, strives for a cynicism which will be a protective, if stifling, armor. The second is a young Jew who seeks to leave behind his people, his family, his very name,

be absorbed in the metropolitan amalgam, and marry a girl who is spitefully anti-Semitic. The third is the son of a millionaire; he fits nowhere, has lost an arm in service, and has become an alcoholic. After a book-length orgy of liquor, promiscuity, and assorted violence, the narrator goes off to visit the family of the friend for whose death in Belgium he holds himself accountable; the Jewish chap returns to his home and family; the wealthy misfit kills himself.

This is undoubtedly a frank account of the limbo through which many unorientated veterans passed, an accurate picture of fumbings and sufferings. Its mortal weakness is its lack of interpretation, its lack of the criteria and the vision essential to perception of the tragic meaning of all this preoccupation with the artificial, reversion to animalism, and insoluble bewilderment.

(William Sloane Associates, \$3.00)

Take This Woman by Lindsay Hayes

► One has the feeling that this work by a writer about whom no information is given on the jacket, is largely autobiographical. It concerns a marriage which was almost wrecked, only to be saved by psychiatry and psychoanalysis. The husband and wife are Trump and Lisa (honest). Trump is a masterful, self-righteous precisionist; Lisa a disorderly, unreliable romanticist. They love each other dearly and hate each other almost fiercely. For awhile they separate, with Lisa keeping their two small children. Then both go to a psychiatrist, and what follows is an unsparing clinical record. Lisa is sent to a prisonlike hospital where she is ceaselessly interrogated and observed. She is transferred to an institution freer and more constructive in its methods. There she comes to see what is wrong with her and what to do about it; also, she takes up creative writing and sells her first attempt at a short story for five hundred dollars (honest). Finally she returns home, has her third child, is reunited with her husband and family. She and Trump are now well adjusted to each other; Lisa has learned to do the housework and keep within the budget; all is well.

Much of the book is a microscopic review of Lisa's life. Her adult troubles stem from childhood: her parents never

gave her the chance to mature. Trump's parents had held up impossible standards of perfection for him. The whole thing is a case history in terms of an incomplete and overextended theory, never successfully translated into viable fiction, and offering some dialogue for which Noel Coward should get a cut of the royalties.

(Macmillan, \$3.00)

The Echoing Green by Eleanor Estes

► Here is still another novel in which the autobiographical element is unmistakable. It is the story of Jemmie Hand, from the time that she is in the lower grades of a public school until, at twenty-two she sets off for New York and a magical new life all her own. Jemmie is one of a rather large family which is always hard pressed financially. Her father has a way of flying into a rage incomprehensible to a child not yet schooled in the failures and disappointments life brings; in addition, he seeks solace in drink. Her mother tries many expedients to eke out her husband's pay, from making hats to teaching dancing at home. The child is a dreamer, sensitive, shy, yet confident of her ability one day to make a name as a playwright. Her growing up is almost minutely depicted, with insight, pathos, and humor neatly managed and without recourse to exaggeration. The reader will recognize detail after detail as authentic and part of his own experience; he will be touched and amused; he will come to admire, cherish, and cheer Jemmie; he will follow her story to the end, absorbed.

Some may raise their eyebrows at the questioning of God's existence indulged in by the protagonist, forgetful that this is a common phase of adolescence. The really disturbing thing is that Jemmie, typical of countless Americans, nowhere and never learns what life is all about.

(Macmillan, \$3.00)

Jenny Villiers by J. B. Priestley

► This is stale crumb of foolishness which should never have been served in book form. It is devoid of any evidence of the skill which Mr. Priestley has shown in other essays in fiction. The one particular which suggests that it might actually be from his pen, is the intermingling of periods far apart in time. The exiguous scrap of plot has to do with the restoration of a jaded playwright's faith in, and zest for, the theater. As his newest work is rehearsed in a historic provincial playhouse, he announces that he is through with the stage. Resting in the green room, he takes a pill, goes into a trance, witnesses things which happened in this very place a century earlier, awakens resolved to carry on. The reader is unlikely to awaken at all; certainly he will not rise up refreshed.

(Harper, \$2.50)

SEAL OF THE BENEDICT

Continued from Page 22

bedpost cracked like a pistol shot. His wife awoke, gave him a dirty look, then turned her back on him. He went downstairs, sullen and hurt. When he had moved the bed to get the moon out of his wife's eyes he had set one bedpost on his trousers, and in jerking his trousers loose he had jolted the entire bed. His wife hated to have the bed jolted or bumped, and so for his good intentions he had reaped absolutely nothing.

For the rest of the day Sereno and his wife acted like a deaf and dumb couple, except that they didn't talk with their fingers. On the second day the silence was just as complete. Sereno kept his ears and eyes open for the first signs of reconciliation. He didn't know in what form reconciliation would come this time. Similar rifts had been terminated in different ways: sometimes conversation was resumed with a remark like, "Where's the sports page?" or "There's someone at the door."

But this time the second day passed with no sign of peace. On the third day the silence was as complete and oppressive as always, on the fourth day it was a silence as profound as that of chickens going to roost, and on the fifth day Sereno could stand it no longer.

"Emma!" he cried, "I want to tell you what I really did at the garage that night of last week!" and he embraced his wife.

"But remember this, my pigeon!" he added, when the reconciliation was complete, "not one word of this to any one!"

When he left for work on the morning of that fifth day Sereno was as happy as a young calf in straw. He felt just like he always did after going to Confession—free and unburdened; and, except for the looks of the thing, he would have danced and skipped along. In the plate glass mirrors along main street he saw the reflection of a contented man, a man with a shining countenance, a man whose home life was idyllic; and when he got to the office he was so cheerful and good-natured that his employees had visions of a bonus.

This state of complete happiness continued for three days, or until Sereno ran into old Jake Sheffer, a retired farmer, a man with the natural curiosity of a racoon, and which natural sense had only been sharpened by leisure.

"Sereno," said Jake, "what's this about Father Meyers smashing his new car into a bridge and you working all night repairing it, so nobody would know about it?"

"Humbug!" said Sereno. "Nothing to it! Who told you?"

"My wife got it from Mrs. Kunzfeld, and Mrs. Kunzfeld got it from your wife!"

Sereno, when he got home, dragged his question right in with him through the doorway.

"Why yes!" said his wife; "yes, I did tell Mrs. Kunzfeld, but she promised me faithfully that she wouldn't tell a soul!"



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LETTERS

(Continued from Page 2)

should favor, by every lawful means, in every sphere of life, social institutions in which a full personal responsibility is assured and guaranteed both in the earthly and the eternal order of things.

"He should uphold respect for and the practical realization of the following fundamental personal rights: the right to maintain and develop one's corporal, intellectual, and moral life and especially the right to religious formation and education; the right to worship God in public and private and to carry on religious works of charity; the right to conjugal and domestic society. . ."

R. BERNARD, S.J.

St. Marys, Kansas

The Pope's Picture

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

After reading your excellent magazine for almost two years, I have to write and tell you how much I enjoy it. We receive several Catholic magazines each month, but in the opinion of the entire family yours is the best. It has penetrated deep into the heart of the Philippines and China, because we send it to missionaries who are striving to spread the word of God.

The other morning while riding on the subway I was reading the November issue of THE SIGN when a few of my friends immediately commented on the striking picture of the Pope. After glancing through a few pages each insisted upon taking it to the office, and several days later they phoned to say that numerous girls had subscribed. It really gave me a feeling of something well done when I heard this, because even a small thing like that is spreading the doctrine of Catholicism. I would like more stories like "Love In Minneapolis." It was excellent.

JEANNE CUSACK

New York, N. Y.

"The Daily News"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Those readers who protested because they believed Mr. Conklin's article on the Daily News was too charitable, probably do not realize how much anti-Catholic propaganda is treated as legitimate news by newspapers apparently more moralistic.

Dangers to morals usually can be recognized more quickly than dangers to the Faith. Often the latter are so subtle they cannot be easily recognized nor directly refuted. The danger to faith is probably worse when the respectability of the medium of propaganda disarms any suspicion.

The Daily News not only spares its Catholic readers that menace, it seems to try to promote harmony between them and its non-Catholic readers by editorially exposing the falsity of anti-Catholic propaganda, such as the report by certain clergymen concerning Archbishop Stepinac and religious freedom in Yugoslavia.

The objectors to Mr. Conklin's article ought to be congratulated—if the newspapers they patronize make similar efforts to prevent any confusion over such vital facts amongst readers who do not subscribe to Catholic publications.

HENRY V. MORAN

New York, N. Y.

Catholic Fiction

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

It's not my nature, I don't think, to be petulant, but I get a good case of the sulks every time I encounter a person with the state of mind that fiction in a Catholic magazine just can't be good. I've given up arguing. Up to yesterday afternoon, I've merely sulked. But no more. At exactly 4:27 this afternoon by the mantel clock, I found my answer.

Three copies of your magazine, October, November, and December, were lying on the table yesterday when a woman friend was visiting. She went into ecstasy over your Christmas cover. I asked her if she knew your magazine. She said, "Oh, yes. I know THE SIGN well. It's such an excellent magazine, except of course for its fiction." "Do you ever read it?" I parried. "Oh dear no," she replied, "Catholic fiction is such a waste of time." Whereupon I said, "Will you do me a favor? Tonight will you read four stories from these three issues and let me know what you think of them?" The four I recommended were "Bella Fleace Gave a Party" by Evelyn Waugh, "The Tenderness" by Robert Cormier, "Love in Minneapolis" by Richard Sherman, and "The Passing of Delia Hanrahan" by Martha McCarthy. She agreed to read them.

At 4:27 this afternoon the telephone rang. It was my friend. She had read not only the four I had recommended for last night, but all eleven stories in the three issues. She had just finished when she phoned. What was her reaction? She asked me for any back issues I might have so she could read and enjoy the stories.

No more sulking for me. I've found the answers to those who say good fiction just isn't published in Catholic mediums.

(MRS.) TRUDY GRAHAM

Chicago, Ill.

Stage & Screen

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I have enjoyed reading your magazine and the many interesting articles that appear each month. In regard to your Stage & Screen reviews by Jerry Cotter, I have often wondered why you do not publish the Legion of Decency list that appears in the Brooklyn Tablet. Your readers could then clip it out and have it for ready reference.

ELIZABETH M. HAMMETT

Niagara Falls, N. Y.

A Suggestion

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

As a very enthusiastic reader of THE SIGN, this is to suggest that, if possible, you print in your magazine the entire list of movies recommended or not recommended for adults and children. I feel sure that this would, indeed, be of great service to Catholic families.

Please continue to keep up the good work of putting out THE SIGN. I have found it to be one of the best periodicals that I have read in a long time. It is an ideal gift for Christmas.

MARY ESTHER CHRISTY

New York, N. Y.

Editor's Note: Due to lack of space in THE SIGN, we are unable to print the Legion of Decency list. However, you may obtain it by consulting your local Catholic paper.

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Marshall Plan

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

We wish to commend you for your splendid article on the Marshall Plan in the October issue of THE SIGN.

We fully agree that the best way to save Western Europe is to turn to the offensive and try to reclaim Central and Eastern Europe for democracy.

We sincerely hope that you will write more articles of this nature in the future for it is clear thinking of this type which will help Lithuania in her struggles to regain her freedom.

COMMITTEE ON LITHUANIAN AFFAIRS
Worcester, Mass.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Your comments in the October issue on the Marshall Plan are well presented, and I'm sure they will be read and reread by many thinking people.

Please continue to write more articles on the European situation as it appears in your understanding. We can never know too much about the conditions that now exist in Europe.

CASIMIR PINIGIS

Althol, Mass.

"To Each His Own"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I would like to tell you how very much we enjoy THE SIGN magazine. I've just finished reading Lucile Hasley's "To Each His Own" in the November issue, and I've enjoyed it more than anything I've read for a long while. It was a wonderful piece. She has a magic touch for humor. Thank you.

MARY F. KELLEY

Jamaica Plain, Mass.

A Printer's Appraisal

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

As a former printing pressman with some twenty-five years experience, I wish to compliment you for the appearance and composition, also the intellectual health of your magazine.

LEOPOLD MELOCKE

Jackson Heights, L. I., N. Y.

Love in Minneapolis

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Just to thank you for reprinting the story, "Love in Minneapolis." I read it when it first appeared in *Good Housekeeping* and intended to write congratulating them on their selection—so many stories in current magazines are trash, the usual triangle stuff, etc. Like so many other intentions, I delayed and finally forgot.

EILEEN G. SEXTON

New York, N. Y.

Letters should as a rule be limited to about 300 words. The Editor reserves the right of cutting. Opinions expressed herein are the writer's—not necessarily those of the Editor. Comment concerning articles or other matter appearing in the pages of the magazine is welcomed—whether for or against our viewpoint. Communications should bear the name and address of writers.

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